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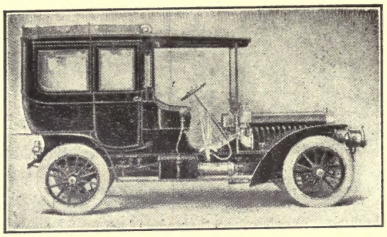

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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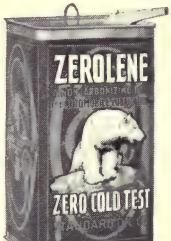

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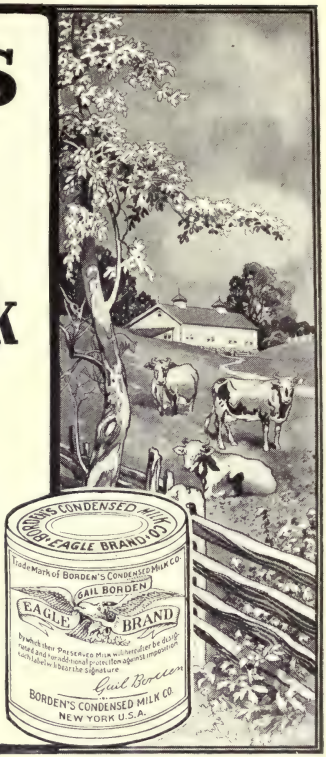

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Andrew Carnegie

From a sketch by Gribayidoff.

FORTIETH (ANNIVERSARY) YEAR

JULY, 1908

No. 1 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LII

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE FOUNDING OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," etc.

IN THE forty years preceding the founding of the Overland Monthly, history had been rapidly in the making in California. In 1828 the Franciscan Missions were in full swing; thousands of dusky neophytes reverently bowed their heads at the peal of the Angelus, and more or less vigorously worked at their diverse industries from sunrise to sunset. Every mission corridor rang with the clang of anvil and the roar of forge, the clatter of the shoemaker's hammer and the tap, tap, tap of that of the carpenter. The quiet pastoral civilization of the priests had taken the place of the rude barbarism of the native, and at the ports of Los Angeles (or Wilmington), San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco and Monterey, a certain amount of trade was carried on by vessels of favored nations with those who supplied the luxuries of life to the Spanish and Mexican population. The Mexican republic was fairly well established, and the new political chief of California, Echeandia, had not yet sprung his disastrous policy of secularization upon the non-resistant priests. A fool could have seen that the mission system, however it might then have been, or now be, criticized, was the backbone of the country. The missions produced most of the necessaries of life—vegetables, fruit, wine, soap, flour, grain for the horses of the soldiers; they made the leather and shoes, the cloth and clothing, and did the major part of the log-sawing and carpentering. Even their finances were called upon to pay the wages of the soldiers when the provincial treasury was low, and certainly no one could control the Indians as satisfactorily as did the padres. Hence to interfere with them was to court general disaster for the whole country.

But Echeandia did interfere. In 1831, by a political trick, as mean and contemptible as it was unwise and disastrous, he ordered secularization to take place, and from then on, until American rule came in and partially stopped the wholesale pillage, the Indians and the missions were the victims of as vile a series of spoilations as ever disgraced the history of any reputable people. Thus the Christian civilization of that epoch, as far as the Indians were concerned, was practically destroyed. The neophytes were released from the wholesome control of the past sixty years and turned loose as sheep without a shepherd, to become the prey of wicked, designing and soulless men of all nationalities who saw an opportunity to exploit them for their own benefit.

Then came Fremont and Sloat and Stockton and Kearny, and the destruction

of Mexican, and the assertion of American, supremacy. The governorship of Pio Pico gave place to the squabble between Fremont and Kearny, and ultimately to the establishment of Peter Burnett in the Governor's chair of the new State. In the meantime, Marshall had electrified the world by his discovery of gold. The years 1848 and 1849 became memorable and historic years, not only in California, but throughout every civilized country, for they saw the exodus of the floods of men and women who ultimately reached the new El Dorado and laid the foundations of the new civilization of the Golden State.

And now in 1868, another epoch in its history is dawning. With its literature, it is to thrill the world as twenty years before it did with its gold. Hitherto no one has ever looked to it as a literary center. Though it had newspapers and even magazines, they were in the main local. They were scarcely known outside the boundaries of the State, and comparatively little within. Men were too busy making money. California was regarded as given over to the mad race for wealth. Gold had been discovered twenty years; California had been the Mecca of the gold-lustful for all that period; the Golden Gate had received the many-shaped vessels of the world, bearing eager men of all nations ready to shoulder pick and drill and hurry to the mines; the civilization of the Mexican and Spaniard was already being crowded to the wall; the old *dolce far niente* days were rapidly passing; the mission bells no longer pealed forth the angelus over quiet scenes where patient Indian neophytes, devout Spanish senoras and senoritas and dashing caballeros alone moved to and fro; the liquid Spanish speech was now mixed with guttural German, choppy Chinese, limpid Italian, vigorous Irish, dulcet Portuguese, strenuous English, elegant French, with flavors of Arabic, Turkish, Swedish, Bulgarian, Russian and a hundred other nationalities; the indifferent business methods of Mexican traders had given way to the prompt, energetic, bustling style of American fortune-builders; the adobe was rapidly being displaced by the tent, the rude shack, the frame house and the solid brick building, and the lumbering carreta was rolled into the deepest recesses of the "back country" to make way for the hack, buggy and wagon of the new race, and new foundations for a new civilization were already being laid by a new, strenuous, eager, brave, strong, reckless, proud, individualistic people.

As I have already shown, as far back as 1831, Governor Echeandia had stealthily driven the deadly dagger of secularization deep into the heart of the Franciscan Missions, and later politicians (Mexicans not Americans), glutted themselves, like hideous vultures, with the flesh of the dead body of the civilization that had taken the place of naked savagery. Only the bones of this Franciscan civilization—in the shape of the ruined Mission buildings—remained. The Indians, for whom the missions were built, were already being degraded below their original low level by the vices communicated by besotted white men, and they were a fast diminishing factor in the problems of the new country. The swindlings of the land courts had already begun—as well as the acts of justice—and the old dons were compelled to lower their pride and come into court to prove their right to their vast holdings. Many were unable to cope with the scoundrels, learned in the new laws, which were so mysterious to the easy-going possessors, and they were ousted by false swearing, forgeries and bogus deeds.

Commotion was everywhere. Railways were being built; the Central and Union Pacific had already joined rails, and trains were running daily from the Atlantic to the Pacific; mining machinery was making the mountains, forests, canyons and foothills echo and reverberate with their roar; saw mills were busy ripping into planks and building lumber the giant monarchs of the Sierra forests; here, there and everywhere the clangor of anvil and hammer were heard; and the sharp tap of the hammers, the grate of the saw and the noises of the building of cities filled California from seashore to mountain top.

The Civil War had begun and ended; Lincoln's sad assassination had taken place, and added to the fury of the North; in San Francisco, Thomas Starr King's peerless and patriotic eloquence had thrilled the hearts of the loyal to deeper

love for their country and helped quell the ardor of those who sympathized with the South; Bret Harte had written and published some of his "patriotic contributions to the lyrics of the Civil War," as well as several of his better-known humorous and dialect pieces.

The Yosemite Valley had been discovered, and its wonders depicted in glowing terms in "Hutching's Magazine;" the first volume of poems printed in California had been issued, those sweet, thrilling, pathetic and weird conceptions of the Mormon songstress, Sarah Carmichael, given to the world by the army officers who had gone to Salt Lake City to teach federal manners to Brigham Young, and one of whom was afterwards to marry her, carry her off to Washington to testify to the awful and unpatriotic doings of the Endowment House, be angered by her refusal to betray the secrets of the church she once loved, and then return with her to the Mormon capital, her mind blasted by a cloud which never raised until her death two or three decades later.

The Constitutional Convention had been called, and its constitution finally adopted by Congress; J. Ross Browne had written many of his humorous sketches for Harper's Magazine, and Boston had published Theodore Hittell's "Adventures of James Capen Adams," the mountaineer and grizzly bear hunter of California; William Taylor, the energetic Methodist preacher (afterwards equally energetic as Bishop in Africa), had preached to crowd after crowd, week after week, in the streets of San Francisco; the Hounds had run themselves into nooses or kennels, and ceased to disturb the city with their offers of "protection;" the scoundrel gamblers and politicians had made themselves too conspicuous, had brought upon themselves the sledge-hammer blows of King of William, and Casey had killed him on the streets; the Vigilance Committee had been organized, and Casey and Cora hanged, Fort Gunnybags established, and the Governor coerced into acquiescence. Indeed in San Francisco, the metropolis of the new civilization, all the energy and power, noise and bustle felt and heard throughout the State seemed to focalize and concentrate. The sleepy old Mission Dolores was rapidly being encroached upon by the new and plebeian, the commercial and ungodly Yerba Buena, which, for purely mercenary reasons, had changed its name, without honesty and decency, for that of the mission it pretended to despise. The sand hills that used to barrier the old from the new were rapidly being swept into the bay; and the great ridge of sand that the winds of centuries had piled in oblique position from the bay front up towards the Twin Peaks, was cut down with "steam paddies," and formed the historic Market street, famed as one of the notable business highways of the world. Stores, shops and warehouses were to be found on every hand, and bustling business men good-naturedly jostled each other, and the miners from the mountains, as they passed on the crowded streets.

Romance was everywhere, though few had time to stop to consider it; the outside world saw and felt it, and over it all the glamor of gold shone as a glittering halo, bewildering, dazzling, exciting those under its beams and attracting and alluring those who were far away. But no one thought of California as a place of literature; it never entered the mind of the staid East that this new and romantic era was to create a new and romantic style of literature; that it was the forcing-house of poets, short-story writers, essayists, historians, novelists.

And 1868 saw the dawning of that idea in the mind of the outside world, for in that year the Overland Monthly was born.

When Anton Roman, who had had some little experience in both selling and publishing, decided to publish a magazine of California, devoted to the development of the country, he and his friends almost unconsciously turned to one man as the literary guide or pilot of the new literary ship. This man was Francis Bret Harte, who later set the example so many literary men and others have followed, by dropping one of his triple names and becoming henceforth merely Bret Harte, as he is almost universally known. Harte had already launched into a literary career. He had written for the Californian, a magazine that C. H. Webb had started some years before; and he had edited a small volume of poems under the title "Outcroppings," which Roman had successfully published two years before. But

he was diffident as to the success of a magazine. He questioned whether there were enough first-class writers on the Pacific Coast to assure the constant supply of such material as alone would be acceptable to him. For he was fastidious and critical to a degree. Without any large academic education, he was yet as rigid in his literary ideals as a puritanic old maid is in her morals. Roman, however, was confident. In his book-selling and publishing endeavors, he was constantly having manuscripts submitted to him that he regarded as worthy a place in such a magazine as he contemplated, and he persisted in urging Harte to assume the editorial responsibility. Harte then consulted with his literary friends, those in whose work and word he had absolute faith. Several of them definitely guaranteed that, if necessary, they would write regularly for the new venture. At Harte's request, two of them consented to act as a kind of editorial board, with himself. These were Noah Brooks, then editor of the Alta California, and W. C. Bartlett, editor of the Bulletin. They did advise with him about the first number, but both gentlemen had discernment enough to see, after that first issue, that their work was purely supererogation, and they henceforth left Harte to his own devices. There were two of his friends, however, who were nearer to him than any others. These were Charles Warren Stoddard, whom he affectionately spoke to and of, always, as Charley, and Miss Ina Donna Coolbrith. These three made such a compact of mutual helpfulness that Harte's objections were over-ruled, his questionings satisfied, and the new magazine was launched. Harte himself suggested the accepted title —The Overland Monthly—and wrote in the first issue a most interesting little editorial telling the why of the name. He also suggested the cover, "the grizzly bear," which is always associated in the minds of "old timers" with the Overland Monthly. As a practical printer, he, too, determined the typographical appearance, or format, of the Overland Monthly. He was to be absolutely free in his editorial choice of material, though Roman has since confessed that he was afraid "that he would be likely to lean too much toward the purely literary articles, while what I was then aiming at was a magazine that would help the material development of this coast."

For three months before the magazine appeared, Mr. Roman planned to have Mr. Harte with him all the time, in order that they might constantly discuss plans and stories that would help the new magazine to succeed. "Together with our wives," he writes, "we went, first to San Jose; then, after a month or so, to a pleasant retreat in the Santa Cruz Mountains, thence to Santa Cruz. * * * I have no recollection in detail of the many pleasant interviews we had together at our leisure moments, and during the many hours while journeying in the cars up and down the attractive valley of Santa Clara, and during our excursions in stage coaches across the beautiful wooded mountain roads. They were three months of delightful pleasure to me, and never can I forget his charming companionship."

July, 1868, was the memorable month. Though Harte expected to write a story for the first issue, he was unable to complete it. One of his associates, Noah Brooks, wrote his promised story, "The Diamond Maker of Sacramento," and it was published, and Miss Coolbrith contributed one of her sweetest poems. W. C. Bartlett, the other editorial associate—contributed his Breeze from the Woods, a vivid and glowing out-of-doors Western sketch, as strong in its descriptions, as fascinating in its style, as powerful in its philosophy, as quaint and subtle in its humor, as skilled in its observations, as anything that either Gilbert White, Henry D. Thoreau or Jno. Burroughs ever wrote. Other articles of note appeared, of which Noah Brookes thus comments:

"Benjamin P. Avery, that gentle and lovable soul, whose sympathetic hand touched nothing that it did not adorn, wrote of 'Art Beginnings on the Pacific,' a theme which found in him an intelligent and appreciative treatment. Years before, Avery and I had been associated together in the editorial management of a daily newspaper in Marysville; and now, after many changes, we found ourselves together in San Francisco; he was then a member of the editorial staff of the Evening Bulletin, and I was managing editor of the Alta California. His death in

China, in 1874, while he was United States Minister to Peking, deprived his country of the services of an able and patriotic citizen, and made a vacancy in the ranks of our American writers which never has since been filled. Avery was editor of the Overland Monthly from 1872 until he went to China. Another journalist who appeared in that first number was Samuel Williams, also of the Bulletin staff. Williams was a later arrival in California than most of us. He had come to San Francisco from the Albany Evening Journal, and by his trenchant pen at once made for himself a reputation which, however wide, could never exceed in strength the affectionate and friendly interest which he inspired in literary society in San Francisco. Like most of his subsequent contributions, his first was a leaf out of his journal of foreign travel. It was entitled 'Eight Days in Thebes,' and gave a vivid picture of the ruined Egyptian city on the banks of the Nile."

"Dr. G. T. Shipley contributed a bright little story, entitled 'Dos Reales,' and he was subsequently a prolific contributor of entertaining fiction. George B. Merrill, who had had much experience in the Hawaiian Islands, wrote pleasantly of 'Hawaiian Civilization.' Judge M. P. Deady, of the U. S. District Court, had a paper on the chief city of Oregon, with the somewhat affected title of 'Portland-on-Wallamet.' For some reason, Judge Deady's spelling the name of the river on which Portland stands, although probably the correct one, did not find general acceptance. John F. Swift, a San Francisco business man, unexpectedly to his less intimate friends, had already developed an uncommon talent for descriptive and humorous writing while traveling in Southern Europe and the Levant. A series of his letters, printed in the Evening Bulletin, brimming with delicious fun and showing notably shrewd powers of observation in the writer, were the first evidence of his rare powers. These letters were subsequently published in a book with the title of 'Going to Jericho,' and gave Swift a wide reputation. In Bret Harte's review of that book, printed in one of the early numbers of the Overland, the reviewer ranked Mark Twain, J. Ross Browne and John F. Swift in the same group of close observers and humorous writers. In his paper, 'Family Resemblances and Differences,' contributed to the first number of Overland Monthly, Swift instituted comparisons between the traits of mankind, some of the different races of mankind which he had studied in their own habitats. He was a genial, witty and attractive man, and his death, which occurred in 1891, while he was Minister to Japan, was deeply and sincerely lamented by a very large circle of affectionate friends. Another contribution to the first number, with a foreign flavor, was a delightful bit of character drawing by J. T. Doyen, entitled 'A Leaf from a Chinese Novel.'

"J. Ross Browne, whose name I have just mentioned, had then established an enviable reputation in the older States as a humorous writer; and his contribution to our first number, 'A Ride in Texas,' was unavoidably crowded out, but it appeared in the second number, and was followed in October by 'Old Texan Days.' Browne was a quiet talker, an industrious writer, and a most companionable man. Somehow, it always appeared to me that when he sat down to write, he missed much of the zest and humor with which his conversation was lighted. But his work was nevertheless widely and deservedly popular. Still another familiar California name, that of William V. Wells, comes to me as I write. His story of 'High Noon of the Empire,' was a vivid description of what he saw and heard in the City of Mexico, when the sun of the hapless Emperor Maximilian had reached its zenith. Wells was a direct lineal descendant of Samuel Adams, and his biography of that stern old patriot has since become an American classic.

"At that time Mark Twain had made his celebrated trip on the steamer Quaker City, and his jolly, mirth-creating letters had been printed in the Alta California, but they had not been published in his first famous book, 'The Innocents Abroad.' That volume did not appear until near the end of 1868, and Mark's paper on the first number of our magazine, 'By Rail Through France,' was a disappointment to those who expected to find in it some of the broad and rippling humor that had so distinguished his 'Quaker City' letters.

His subsequent contributions were chiefly reminiscent of foreign travel, but one of these, 'A Medieval Romance,' printed in October, 1868, was sufficiently full of rollicking and extravagant fun to satisfy the most exacting of laughers.

"I have said that the supply of poetry was at first somewhat scant. In the body of the first number were only three poems, one of these, 'In the Sierras,' was a delicate bit of descriptive and reflective verse by Charles Warren Stoddard, more familiarly known to his friends and comrades as 'Charley.' Stoddard's later magazine papers were chiefly in prose; they were transcripts of his South Sea experiences—perfect in their local color and tender sentiment. Many of these subsequently appeared in his 'South Sea Idyls.' In the August number of the magazine was printed his delightful poem, 'The Snow Plant.' Ina D. Coolbrith sent to this famous first number one of her subjective, thoughtful poems, 'Longing,' a good example of the poetic fancy with which she afterwards embroidered many a page of the Overland Monthly. The best poem in that number was a clever bit of verse, 'Returned,' by Bret Harte. It was composed on the lines of 'Her Letter,' a poem which Harte has since included in his collected writings, but which was, like so many of his good things, hidden away in the fine print of his 'Etc.' It was Harte's modesty that induced him to seclude many of his best minor poems in his 'Etc.' to Jefferson Brick, in his magazine for December, 1869. But that did not fool anybody. For 'Poverty Flat' was Harte's own creation, and none but he could have so deftly turned the lines:

" 'And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee.'

"Another delightful piece of versification was Bret Harte's 'San Francisco from the Sea.' Harte had promised a short story for this number, and when he failed to make that ready, with some confusion of countenance he said, 'Well, I have a bit of verse that will have to take its place.' The lines beginning, 'Serene, indifferent of fate,' added to the fame of the versatile poet and story-writer.

"From the first, emphasis was laid on the proposition that the Overland Monthly was devoted to the development of the country in which it was printed, and Harte was always anxious to give the magazine that 'local color' of which we had heard so much in literature and had seen so little. His own stories and poems were full of that color; in fact, they had no other atmosphere than that of California. He was disappointed that in the first number of the Overland Monthly he was obliged to use so many articles that were distinctly alien to our soil. This defect was duly remedied as the enterprise grew and steadied itself. John S. Hittell, for example, with his wonderfully exact and intimate knowledge of the material resources and social history of the Pacific Coast, contributed to the early numbers of the magazine many papers on mining, geology and our increasing agricultural resources. The old Alta furnished forth a group of writers in the Overland Monthly. Besides Messrs. M. G. Upton, Hittell and myself, Alfred S. Evans wrote several admirable sketches of travel among the mining camps on the eastern border of California, and John C. Cremony contributed some striking reminiscences of early times. Upton, who was a careful writer, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and an old journalist in California, confined himself strictly to matters of fact. He had no aptitude for fiction, although his own private fund of humor was apparently inexhaustible. The great earthquake of October 21, 1868, gave us all a topic for serious reflection, and Upton's careful paper on that disturbance, 'Earthquake Theories,' in the December number of the Overland Monthly, was a valuable contribution to the vast volume of observations on seismic phenomena. Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, in his paper, 'Concerning the Late Earthquake,' took a more scientific view of the subject; and Harte, in his 'Etc.' for November, 1868, apologized for some slight defect in the printing of that number of the magazine, the earthquake shock having disturbed the office in which the printed sheets were lying. But on the whole, Harte was disposed to treat the whole subject with a levity which some of the dignified dons of the city thought unbecoming.

"Henry George, who had been associated

with me in the editorial management of the San Francisco Times, since defunct, wrote for the third number of the Overland Monthly a somewhat optimistic paper on 'What the Railroad Will Bring Us.' The first transcontinental railway was then advancing upon California, and George, while he deprecated the concentration of capital which the great work was certain to hasten in accumulation, was disposed to regard the ultimate effects of the completion of the road as likely to be far grander than they really have proved to be. His dream of the prodigious enrichment of San Francisco has not been realized.

"Time and space will not allow me to catalogue even the names of the more notable contributors to the Overland Monthly during the first two years of its existence. But I must mention among the business men who gave the magazine steady support in various ways, Horace Davis, whose careful and well-considered paper, 'Wheat in California,' printed in November, 1868, was one of the first authoritative statements of one of the younger industries of the State. Newton Booth, Governor and United States Senator, wrote frequently for the magazine during those early days, his pen running rather to such abstruse, mystical themes as were suggested in his 'After Dark,' a peculiarly weird little sketch. Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States Revenue Service, wrote about fur-seals, walruses and other queer habitants of the Northern seas. Ralph Keeler and Prentice Mulford, two men whose brief careers ended in cloudiness and mystery, furnished fun and humor that did not in the least presage the tragedy that attended their several exits from life. Lawrence Barrett, who was associated with John McCullough in the management of the California Theatre from 1868 to 1870, wrote a graphic description of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race in 1867. British Columbia and the slowly-opening regions of the North Pacific were lucidly treated by Taliesin Evans, and Mrs. F. F. Victor's papers on things Oregonian and Northern were lively and attractive. Chas. Wolcott Brooks was another writer to whom the interests of the Golden State were familiar and dear. His papers were not numerous, but they were written with lucidity and accuracy of detail. I must not fail to mention General Edward McCook, one of a famous family of fighters, who, while he was minister to the Hawaiian islands, wrote one or two stirring chapters of his recollection of the Civil War. But chiefly does his name in the list of early Overland Monthly contributors come back to me now because of his having sent me a clever sketch of court life and social manners in the Hawaiian capital during the royal regime. It was printed anonymously in the Overland Monthly, none but Harte and myself knowing the identity of the author. Its publication made a great stir in Honolulu, where the truth and forcefulness of some of the portraits were recognized with wrath. After all these years, I may divulge the secret of this entertaining bit of writing.

"Looking back over these lists of old friends and associates in a literary enterprise which seemed to us of great pith and moment, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness. So many of them have gone over to the ranks of the silent majority; so few of them survive to greet me with the old-time cordial grasp of the hand. But this is the common lot of man. They were, and are not. The living are widely scattered. The dead remain not alone in fond memory, for their works survive, and of every one of them it may be truly said:

" 'They wrought well for their day and generation!' "

The second number of the Overland Monthly, however, was the most memorable one. While the first issue made a decided impression, both at home and in the East, it was the second number that compelled the Eastern critics to recognize and openly acknowledge that a new star had arisen in the literary heavens. Yet, strange and fatuous as it may seem, it was the second number, or Harte's story in it, which undoubtedly made his success as well as that of the magazine that came near wrecking it in California. The story has often been told, but it is worth telling again, as it will be many times. In their San Jose and Santa Cruz mountains rambles, Roman had used his best efforts "to

impress upon his mind that the field of story writing of the early California gold diggers and their mining camps was yet comparatively new ground, and almost entirely open on all sides for him." He had also secured for Mr. Harte "whatever was within my reach in the way of sketches, tales and incidents in print and picture form, showing the life of the miners in the gold diggings during the early pioneer days of California." Harte had absorbed this material to good effect, and the result was his story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The proof sheets came to Roman while he and Harte were at their hotel in Santa Cruz. "One copy I gave to him, and took the other to my own room, where I asked my wife to read it aloud to me. She did so, but the story so affected her that she could not finish reading it aloud. Then I took it and finished reading it. We were both pleased with it, and I so expressed myself to Mr. Harte."

But the story in proof sheet had caused no such pleasure in Mr. Bacon's printing office in town, where the Overland Monthly was printed. In Noah Brook's words: "A vestal virgin * * * declined to have any hand in the proof reading or publication of a story in which one of the characters was a soiled dove, and another of the dramatis personae remarked: 'He rastled with my finger, the d——d little cuss!'" This vestal virgin is said to have been the lady who afterwards became known as Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a prominent worker for San Francisco's kindergartens, the organizer of a large bible-class in the Congregational Church, and the woman who was the open foe of the Reverend Dr. Brown, of the same church, and who secured his downfall and doubtless well-deserved punishment for his immoral relationships with one of his congregation. She openly avowed her disapproval of the story, prophecied the immediate downfall of the magazine if the editor persisted in publishing it, and when he did persist, personally made it her business to see that, as far as possible, her phophecy came true. Harte's attitude may be understood by his later references to the prurient prudes who "frantically excommunicated my story and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." Yet in the editorial sanctum, where his friends, with Mr. Roman assembled at Harte's request, he treated it in a most serious manner. He said in effect: "As Harte, the author, I see no objection whatever to that story, nor do I as Harte the editor. As Harte, *the author,* I care nothing, however, whether the story goes in or not, but as Harte, *the editor,* I care everything. If that story is not fit to appear in the Overland Monthly, that fact demonstrates that I am not fit to be the editor of the Overland Monthly, for if I cannot decide upon the propriety of my own contributions, I cannot be relied upon to decide upon the propriety and availability of those of others that may be submitted to me. Therefore, while as Harte the author I am perfectly willing that the story be left out, as Harte the editor I say emphatically it must either go in or I immediately resign my position."

Needless to say, proprietor, associate editors and friends were unanimous in saying the story must go in. It did so. When the August number appeared, the vestal virgin's fine work also soon appeared, for whatever else one may say of her, none can question Mrs. Cooper's indefatigability and energy. The press, pulpit and lecture forum abounded in denunciation of the immoral story, its author and the magazine in which it appeared. A perfect tempest in a teapot raged for days. Harte grimly smiled and waited. I don't know whether he had read John Burrough's

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,"

and I would not like to say he was serene, but he did wait. He knew that there was a larger and wiser audience in the East, whose voice, if in his favor, would soon quiet any clamor in California. When the reviews in Eastern magazines and papers began to appear, the grimness of his smile was lost—it became a broad smile. The flattering comments were unanimous and enough to turn any one's head. From that moment his fame was made, and the fact that in one of the earliest mails there came a letter from the publishers of the prim, staid, puritanic, critical New England literary mentor, the Atlantic Monthly, offering Harte a salary that in those days was accounted a fortune for a story a month similar to "The Luck of Roaring

Camp," forever silenced all but the most persistently prurient of prurient prudes who had so foolishly condemned it. To-day, fathers buy it for their young sons, mothers give it to their daughters, and all alike enjoy its wonderful characterizations —its felicitous descriptions and its quaint and subtle humor, while all weep at its human sentiment and strong pathos. Here was a new field for story writing, and a new note in literature. While the power of Edgar Allen Poe was still felt, and rightly, too, here was a decided departure from his wild and weird, his blood-curdling and hair-raising stories. A new master, with a new medium and a new style was sending forth new canvasses for the world's delectation. For Bret Harte was essentially a stylist. Not only did he give new matter, new literary material, to the reading world, but he gave it in a new style. What a subtle and elusive thing style is when one attempts to analyze and explain it. One of my learned literary friends claims there is no difference between "spirit" and "style." To me the difference is great. The spirit is the essence of the motive of the writer—instruction, amusement, teaching, or the like; the style is the literary method in which the matter of the spirit is presented. The spirit of the mining camp is found in all Harte's poems and dialect stories. Who can read "The Heathen Chinee" or "The Spelling Bee at Angels" or "Cicily," and not feel and see, not only the pictures presented, but the mental and moral atmosphere which pervades the pictures. Then, in addition to this manifestation of the spirit of the place of which he writes is the exhibition of the spirit of the writer—the revelation of the spirit in which he—Bret Harte—looked upon what he wrote. In his "Wan Lee, the Pagan," especially the concluding paragraphs, you read as clearly and positively as if he had expressed his ideas, the spirit with which Harte regarded the persecutions of the Chinese. Here is one paragraph: "Dead, my reverend friend, dead —stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace, 1869, by a mob of half-grown boys and Christian school-children!"

But in addition to these revelations of the spirit of his subjects and his own mental and spiritual attitude in relation to them, there is the subtle and elusive something we call style. I do not propose to attempt to analyze Bret Harte's style, but I can transcribe a few specimens which give some of its elements. In "How Old Man Plunkett went Home," he quotes what purports to be an extract from the old man's letter: "I have always maintained that a perfect system might be invented, by which the game of poker may be made to yield a certain percentage to the intelligent player. I am not at liberty at present to disclose the system, but before leaving the city I intend to perfect it."

Now see how Harte's style sets before you what follows. Here is power; here is the flash of genius in just a few words: "He seems to have done so, and returned to Monte Flat with two dollars and thirty-seven cents, the absolute remainder of his capital after such perfection."

Again, in "The Rose of Tuolumne," where he tells of Ridgeway's being shot, how he sets before us both the spirit of the camp, and gives us specimens of his wonderful style in the showing. "After the first excitement had subsided, there was, I think, a prevailing impression common to the provincial mind, that his misfortune was the result of the defective moral quality of his being a stranger, and was, in a vague sort of a way, a warning to others and a lesson to him. 'Did you hear how that San Francisco feller was took down the other night?' was the average tone of introductory remark. Indeed, there was a general suggestion that Ridgeway's presence was one that no self-respecting, high-minded highwayman, honorably conservative of the best interests of Tuolumne County, could for a moment tolerate."

How like delicious tit-bits to the palate of an epicure such sly humor as this is to one who knows how to enjoy it—the defective moral quality of his being a stranger—and the idea of a self-respecting, high-minded highwayman who was honorably conservative, etc.

These are merely indications, but they show what I mean. His works are full of them—pervade them like the odor of musk or lavender. The moment you pick up a page, whether you see it is Harte's or

not, you smell this sweet and penetrating odor.

The Overland Monthly, during the succeeding years, was never free from it, until in 1871 he left California, never to return, went East, and finally died in England.

I have never had the slightest sympathy with those morbid and thin-skinned Californians who have felt "hurt" and "grieved" and "angered" and all the rest at Bret Harte's leaving California and at his mining camp pictures, claiming that they reviled the miners and threw discredit upon them. Bosh! As well condemn Dickens for the pictures he gives of the life of his characters—or Thackeray or George Eliot, or Zola. What Harte wrote in 1869 ought to have settled that question forever. Indeed, it never ought to have been raised. "I trust that in the following sketches I have abstained from any positive moral. I might have painted my villains of the blackest dye—so black, indeed, that the originals thereof would have contemplated them with the glow of comparative virtue. I might have made it impossible for them to have performed a virtuous or generous action, and have thus avoided that moral confusion which is apt to arise in the contemplation of mixed motives and qualities. But I should have burdened myself with the responsibility of their creation, which, as a humble writer of romance, and entitled to no particular reverence, I did not care to do.

"I fear I cannot claim, therefore, any higher motive than to illustrate an era of which Californian history has preserved the incidents more often than the character of the actors, an era which the panegyrist was too often content to bridge over with a general compliment to its survivors —an era still so recent that in attempting to revive its poetry I am conscious also of awakening the more prosaic recollections of these same survivors—and yet an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry, of which perhaps none were more unconscious than the heroes themselves. And I shall be quite content to have collected here merely the materials for the Illiad that is yet to be sung. This ends the long first chapter of the Overland Monthly.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In an early number of the Overland Monthly the present editor of the magazine will attempt to give a sketch of the present chapter in its life. The work by the Shinns, Milicent and Howard, Mr. Charles S. Greene, James Howard Bridge, Rounsvelle Wildman, Mr. F. Marriott and his editors and the story of the present ownership and the writers of to-day. The editor is not a "disciple of the total recall," and while he gladly and enthusiastically concedes a literary worth to Mr. Geo. Wharton James's writings and acknowledges the justness of his appreciation of the early Overland stars, he feels that the men who have carried the burdens and the joys of the latter-day publication of this magazine have never been truly valued by the people of California and the West. There is quite as much romance in the story of the Strenuous Now as in the weave of the precarious Then, and the Overland Monthly of to-day is a strong up-to-date magazine, and if anything, is a better advocate of Anton Roman's catch line, "Devoted to the Development of the Country." This devotion is not obtrusive or offensive. The Overland Monthly is a literary magazine, not bound by creed or corporation, with a fine record for outliving every competitor and critic.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE WORST BANKING SYSTEM IN THE WORLD

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

Americans have many advantages upon which we may plume ourselves as being in advance of other nations, but we have at least one humiliation to lessen self-glorification. Our banking system is the worst in the civilized world.

The statesmen of 1860 did not have a clean slate to begin with. Government credit was then precarious and needed support, and the temptation to use banking for this purpose proved irresistible. Sound banking was sacrificed to sustain the National credit when it was resolved that the currency should be placed upon Government bonds, which, in the opinion of Mr. Gage, ex-secretary of the Treasury, resulted in giving a marketable value to these twenty per cent higher than they would have otherwise reached.

The result is, that our banking capital is diverted to the extent of $1,250,000,000 invested in Government bonds by the banks, because currency issued must be based upon an equal amount of these bonds deposited in the Treasury. A reserve of twenty-five per cent against deposits must be kept in cash and a reserve of five per cent against circulation kept in Washington for note redemption. Mr. Fowler, the able chairman of the Finance Committee in the House, states that the loss caused by this reaches one hundred and fifty million dollars annually. Banking capital in France, Germany, England, Scotland, Canada, etc., escapes this loss, because their currency is based upon the assets of the banks. None of their capital is locked up in bonds as security for notes. Banks keep the reserves which experience proves to be necessary.

THIS, THEN, is clear—that banks in other countries start with a great advantage over ours, which are heavily handicapped.

There is another important advantage which these banks possess over ours. Currency based upon the assets of banks rests chiefly upon trade bills. In the nature of things, the bank is called upon to issue or redeem notes just as business requires; that is, as business increases or decreases, currency required is less or more. Business brisk, more notes are needed, and they remain in circulation; business dull, less notes needed, and some are promptly returned to the banks for redemption. All is elastic and automatic.

The law in European nations does not restrict the issue of currency equal to the resources of the banks, except that when the Bank of England was reorganized in 1844 the Government owed it eleven millions of pounds, and it was agreed that the bank might issue uncovered notes to this amount, but any issued beyond this should be covered by gold. The practice in emergencies is for the Government to allow the bank to disregard this and to issue additional currency uncovered, but the bank must at all times redeem notes in gold upon presentation. In ordinary times, the amount of notes issued by the banks does not exceed much, if any, one-half the amount issuable, Canada's average is fifty-four per cent; Scotland's is less.

We hear the reply: "All this would be

a great improvement upon our system, except that our bank notes have the bonds of the Government behind them, the best of all securities. Our people would never agree to accept bank notes without this. Other nations have not this undoubted security."

Let us look into this. Take Canada as an example, which has a proper manner of banking modeled after the Scotch system. Canadian banks issue notes based upon assets. These are secured in the following manner:

First. They are a first lien upon all the resources of the bank.

Second. Every stockholder is liable to an amount equal to the par value of his stock to meet the debts of the bank—upon this the notes have also a first lien.

Third. The Government taxed the banks five per cent of their average circulation until a fund was obtained, the proceeds of which are ample to pay any reasonable loss upon the notes, and this fund the Government now holds. If it should ever be found insufficient, the tax is promptly to be increased. This special fund, however, has never yet been called upon for a dollar. The interest upon it is now returned to the bank as superfluous security.

No bank note in Canada or in any of the other countries possessed of proper banking has ever failed to be paid upon demand.

Compare this with the security we have for our currency from Government bonds which have been sold in gold for a shade over one-third their face value (greenbacks fell to thirty-six cents), and they may sell so again should we be drawn into a serious war. They are at a fictitious price to-day equal to twenty per cent. It is not true, therefore, that these are the best security.

The Government secures the legal tender notes by keeping in Washington a reserve of nearly fifty per cent in gold (150 as against 346 millions), but the only redemption fund against our currency is five per cent in legal tender paper money, which the banks are required to maintain in Washington against their circulation.

There is only one substance in the world which cannot fall in value, because it is in itself the world's standard of value, and that is gold, which the banks of civilized nations have as their reserve.

There never was a time, and there never can be a time, as far as we can see, when a million dollars' worth of gold will not redeem a million dollars' worth of debt. Hence the currency of European nations is absolutely secure, being based on gold, while the currency of our country is not. A serious war would affect it, because our bonds would fall in value. Other nations go through wars, their bank notes never affected, because the reserves held in their own vaults are in gold. Their business world goes on much as usual. Ours would be in constant danger of collapse.

Men have railed against gold as if it had received some adventitious advantage over other articles. Not so; gold has made itself the standard of value for the same reason that the North Star is made the North Star—it is the nearest star to the true north, around which the solar system revolves. It wanders less from, and remains nearer to, the center than any other object. It changes its position less. To object to gold as the standard of value, therefore, is as if we were to refuse to call the star nearest of all stars to the true north, the North Star. Man found that gold possessed many advantages as a metal and was the one that fluctuated least in value; therefore its merits have made it the standard of value. That is all. If another metal appears that keeps truer to uniform value, it will displace gold and make itself the standard, as the star Lyra, under present conditions, will finally displace the present North Star.

Some men high in authority these days seem to be haunted and affrighted by the dread spectre of war, and clamor for four battleships this year when last year the President announced to the world that no increase of our navy was required, but only one battleship per year to keep the present navy effective. Those thus afflicted should ponder upon the consequences that would befall our whole financial fabric, if, under the strain of war, its basis crumbled even in a small degree compared with that which occurred during the Civil War. France, when

overcome, the enemy besieging her capital, moved on in all peaceful business departments in perfect serenity. Gold commanded one per cent premium for a few days, owing to the disorder reigning in Paris, which rendered it difficult for people to attend to business needs. With this exception, all went on as before from start to finish. As a war measure, the President should not delay asking Congress before it adjourns to lay the foundation—the only possible foundation—for a safe and perfect banking system, by separating the banks from the Government and requiring them to keep reserves in gold coin as European banks do. A beginning might be made by enacting that after a certain date banks should keep increasing amounts of their reserves against deposits and circulating notes in coin; as this increased, the bonds now held for security being released. This is practically the Indianapolis plan, which has won wide acceptance. Gold coin can easily be obtained. There is twelve hundred million dollars of it in the country to-day, with power to increase this, since our exports exceed our imports. Details should be left to the future, whether the European plan of one central bank or the Canadian plan of establishing a point of redemption in each district be adopted, or an organization of all National banks be made to co-ordinate the system and have authority in emergency to authorize an extension of note issue as central European banks have under Government authority, all our banks to be responsible pro rata for such additional issues. All these and other secondary questions are not now in order. To-day's duty is simply to make a beginning toward basing our banking system upon gold, instead of Government bonds liable to fluctuation under exceptional conditions.

To reach proper banking we need no revolution. We should make haste slowly. All our progress should be tentative, avoiding anything like shock to our present system, so fraught with danger, and rapidly assuming proportions that threaten recurrent disasters.

We only need to turn our faces and keep them in the right direction by beginning to inject more gold directly into our present system little by little, until, in the fullness of time, we can establish a banking system complete in itself, such as that which the leading nations and even Canada now so happily possess.

When we at last become fully prepared for the substitution of asset for bond secured currency, this can easily be accomplished without causing even a ripple of disturbance, thus relieving the Government from all part in our banking, as other Governments are relieved under their systems which work so admirably.

Our present plan is primarily an instrument designed to strengthen public credit, and scarcely deserves to rank as a banking system at all. Public credit no longer needs this support. Let us therefore gradually, not hastily, but slowly, very slowly, frightening neither the most ignorant nor the most timid, transform it into the instrument which the country so imperatively needs, if it is to be secured, as other countries are, against financial cataclysms, either in peace or in war.

Men in public life who keep before them this important task will live long in the grateful memories of their future countrymen, for our present plan is one of the greatest of mistakes, pardonable only because made under the pressing conditions surrounding the Republic after the Civil War.

We read that in the Senate recently, Senator Lodge, one of its leading members, declared that "bank circulation based upon gold reserves and a complete extinction of all Government credit are at this moment counsels of perfection." This is true indeed. Senator Lodge has all the leading authorities upon banking affairs known to the writer in agreement with him. The statesmen of to-day, our law-makers and embryo financiers, when dealing with the subject, will have no excuse to offer if they fail to turn the country in the direction of this perfection. There is but one right path.

SPIRITUALISM

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

HE LESS a man knows the more he believes what nobody knows, and the less he investigates the more he takes for granted. Dogmatism is the currency of ignorance, and baseless assertion the legal tender of self-conceit, only the man who invites contradiction mistrusts appearances, modesty is the daughter of mistake, and nobody who has proved what he knows pretends to know much. For this reason intelligence woos doubt until it is introduced to proof. Wisdom weds uncertainty until divorced by evidence. There is no sentiment about fact, no romance in naked truth, only fable wears the borrowed furbelows of fancy. Many contend that truth cannot doctor ignorance, that superstition is the only milk for intellectual infancy, falsehood the wet nurse for mental babes. So is whisky useful in delirium tremens, the dog's hair good for his bite, but they forget that if there had been neither whisky nor dog, there would be neither delirium tremens nor bite. We shall never know all; what we can know is only a little of what our parents did not know and what our children will know more of than we. The stagnation of perfect knowledge would be worse than the stagnation of perfect ignorance. Infinite wisdom, like artificially digested food, while relieving at first, would eventually atrophy; there would be no work for the brain, hence the rudimentary brains peculiar to those who imagine they have nothing to learn.

To satisfied certainty, everything is proof; few of us have our reason well in hand, and mental co-ordination is one of the rarest of intellectual endowments; where one concentrates, a thousand scatter. The sensuousness of the imagination is so alluring that only a disciplined mind can safely give it rein. The ignorant man's imagination is ever on an irresponsible foray in mental space, eternally bushwhacking amid the twilight realm of the impossible; every hovel breeds an architect of air castles; it is a prosaic nigger who doesn't spend his spare time in Utopia; the poet only advertises the day dreams the rest of us enjoy but cannot express. Every truth is travestied by lies, every substance casts grotesque shadows, and why should not our known and brief life invite sentimental comparison with eternity?

I grant that without immortality your present life would prove a failure, but would your being immortal prove immortality a success? The more worthless a man is here the more satisfied is he of his post mortem longevity and everlasting worth. I know that I am here, that is a monotonous self-evident fact, and the man who thinks he knows more has an understanding with definite limits and a self-conceit with indefinite boundaries. You ask: "If I am to be annihilated, why was I born?" You are an insignificant effect fulfilling some great cause, and it is presumptuous for you to expect to be eternally necessary just because you are temporarily no 'count. I blame nobody for expecting a hereafter or being resigned to extinction, but I have no patience with any body, who hires somebody else to prove either.

I deny no subsequent career to any man —make no present fuss over future feathers, only claim that that particular possibility is settled on this side of the grave by no proof of probability; I know of no mortal analogue to fit immortal argument, analogy, to me, seems to halt at the death bed.

I modestly confess to my descent from an anthropoid ape, but my family pride insists that he was in good health when he assumed that responsibility. And let me say, before I forget, that I prefer to be descended from monkeys and improve

on my ancestry than to have been "created a little lower than the angels," and fetch up at total depravity.

From that vast and innumerable army that has gone to recruit the "bivouac of the dead," not one has returned to testify in behalf of a future life; from all those great men and good women who have passed the last threshold of life, not one voice has sounded a note of hope, and he who would be satisfied of a life beyond the grave must invoke faith and faith alone. Death, while the most common of earthly occurrences, is the most mysterious; this is owing largely to the fact that the gentleman most interested is rarely endowed at the supreme moment with the requisite faculty for scientific research; as a result, our knowledge rests upon the experience of those whose reticence is too pronounced for practical use. Yet, spiritualists insist that proof is born on every death bed, and that death is but the mid-wife who ushers us into another life. I am not given to questioning anyone's general sanity for one lapse into lunacy, but I never hear a spiritualist try to prove that people 's consciousness is not impaired by their funerals without hoping that it is his only symptom. No fool willing to pay for the unknowable, has to hunt long for the rascal who knows it, and he who determines to buy the impossible is going to get something so much like it that he can't tell the difference.

Not only do spiritualists see and converse with spirits, they fall in love with them and marry them. I know a woman who married a spirit man, and the match has turned out a very happy one. The advantage of such a marriage is, there is no danger of the husband getting too superfluous; as children perhaps would invite comment, they have decided to remain childless. What puzzles me, though, is, did that marriage make her a widow? If not, could she marry a live man without committing bigamy? In ordinary cases, a dead husband is one of the essentials of widowhood, and I can't see that postponing the wedding till after the funeral alters the case. I know of a live man who married a spirit woman and raised a family, the children being foreign born, of course. Both wife and children are, perhaps, rather diaphanous for practical purposes, and in the opinion of some, altogether too thin, but I suppose it was the best he could do under the circumstances. I believe in marriage, but I also believe in grappling with facts; I might stand a spirit mother-in-law, but that is about as far as I should care to venture.

Some time ago I saw a woman go into a trance, and swap souls with Thomas Paine; we addressed her as "Mr. Paine," and secured much authentic data from him respecting himself and current events in the Spirit Land. Mr. Paine said he is happy, and has proved his book to be true, and his chief recreation is witnessing the disappointment of the orthodox arrivals; he said the Presbyterian immigrants are especially chagrined. After that we adjourned to another room "to talk with our loved ones," and pretty soon a medium came up to me and said, "You had a father!" I didn't know where she got her information, but she seemed to have my family history, to that extent, down fine. I assured her that from the various and emphatic evidences the old gentleman used to furnish, I thought I had. "Well," she said, "he is here, and holds a bouquet of violets over your head." I was happy to know that immortality had moderated some of the old gentleman's characteristics, but I said nothing. Then she said: "He says don't be discouraged; you will succeed in what you are doing." I wasn't aware that I needed the rest cure at that particular juncture, but as it was the first time the old gentleman ever accused me of doing something I ought to do, I felt further indebted to the becalming environments of the Spirit Land. But I can't get over those violets.

The medium also told us that the spirits ate, drank and worked. The spirit food and drink, according to her, are the aroma of earthly food and drink, while the work is the spirit of worldly "work." I thought I might stand the work, but I didn't admire the commissory department.

To do spiritualists justice, they are the only yearners after immortality who don't cease to yearn when they are "up against it." It is an uncommon spiritualist who doesn't consider his last breath a sigh of

relief.

Death to the majority, even with the assurance of a future life, is abhorrent; without the hope of immortality, with the prospect of being nothing and going nowhere, it is to most people unspeakably appalling. Personally, the chance of being nothing and going nowhere consoles me with the hope of not being more than I want to be, and going where I don't want to go.

I have seen several die, and to me the drawn features and marble coldness portray extinction, while that dreadful rattle in the throat seems to speak an everlasting farewell. But the great question is yet to be answered, an eternal problem impregnable to reason, unconquerable by science. Alas! the mystery of immortality is the immortality of mystery!

Spiritualism is not new; it has comforted fools and enriched rascals since the dawn of folly, and the sun rise of rascality. It takes little to convince most people that what they want to believe is believable.

While the scientist courts the sunlight and invites contradiction, the spiritualist sits in a dimly-lighted room, with others of the feeble-minded, while a fat woman in a Mother Hubbard and under the "control" of Beethoven or Mozart, plays "Nearer My God to Thee," on a wheezy melodeon. All of this is essential to the ensuing mental stagnation during which the spirits appear. Speaking of "control," a medium showed me a portrait of Napoleon she had painted while under the "control" of Sir Joshua Reynolds; it looked like a board fence advertisement of "Sunny Jim," executed with a white-wash brush. She said she was unconscious when she did it, and I said I thought she was. I hope Napoleon still is. If I were one of those distinguished "controllers" in the Spirit Land, I wouldn't do a thing to some of these mediums when they "pass over."

It is often an excellent plan, when you have anything "unusually good" to say, not to say it, and when you have been inspired to spring an "unanswerable argument" on the public to go slow and let the other fellow spring it. Don't know till everybody else knows! I've "been there!" No sensible preacher nowadays wastes time converting, he just uses the converted for all they are worth; the lost sheep is welcome if he wants to stray into the fold, but the ninety and nine on hand are the mazuma; yea, verily!

Inspiration is the irrepressible daughter of wanton Fancy, the irresponsible and fecund dam of "know it all," and from her fiat reason has no appeal.

Spiritualism is positive assertion established by negative proof; immortality is true because nobody knows it isn't. A sublimated jackass braying into the vacancy of an intellectual desert and waiting for a rational echo! Its followers parallel their claims with earthly sophistry till the parallel collapses, then crawl behind the bulwarks of dogmatism.

Once an Irishman went to the morgue hunting for a missing friend. "Can you identify him?" asked the officer. "I can that," answered Pat. "Wasn't he deaf and dumb?"

I am certain of much of which I am unconscious, nor do I wish to live till I am conscious only of what I am certain. But there is considerable difference between believing in *spite* of my inability to understand, and *because* of my inability to understand. My body may be the residence of an invisible essence that nothing but death can evict; perhaps that essence is invested with the attributes of conspicuous longevity. But if it be, why has science failed to substantiate what an old woman can prove at half a dollar a head? Why should the solution of this tremendous problem be relegated to the decision of a horde of crazy rhapsodists who think what they imagine, believe what they think and are certain of what they believe. And to them, doubting their ability to see the unseeable, hear the unhearable and know the unknowable is equivalent to an accusation of telling the untruthful. By no means! I am sorry that they are so truthful; if they were hypocrites, there would be some hope for them; we can occasionally reform a liar, but a fool— God help a fool!

"But," you say, "this nonsense comforts millions." Granted! "Then why try to substitute uncomfortable sense?" False comfort is an unnatural stimulant, an unhealthful intoxication that reacts in proportion; there is nothing lasting but

truth, with its rewards and punishments, its crosses and crowns.

Another thing, why worry about the dead? Why not confine ourselves to the living, making a specialty of what we can know, and knowing more of it instead of trying to scrape an acquaintance with what nobody can know by paying somebody to introduce us?

How foolish to think that our greatest and best men, who have gone, are so undignified as to favor ignorance with what they have denied to wisdom, refuse to our greatest scientists what they are said to expend upon the most emotional, credulous, superstitious aggregation of bifurcated donkeys included within the Scheme of Salvation? I have given the subject my prayerful attention, and I have arrived at the settled conviction that this world will not be what it should be until it is favored with a new Atonement devoted exclusively to the intellectual redemption of the spiritualist society and the socialist party.

Spiritualism not only claims to know what nobody knows, but proves the unknown with known nonsense, establishes eternity with temporal tomfoolery. Every seance is a commentary on fanatical faith; every "sitting" an object lesson in infinite infatuation. People who would resent the honestly earned titles of "lunatics," congregate in dignified stupidity around a fat, frowzy old fraud, who assumes the role of she middleman between them and some problematical spook? Shocking! Little children go to drink in this skim milk idiocy from the withered breast of the hag Superstition, and "talk with grandpa or grandma" whose ashes may have mingled with the consecrated compost of some second-hand grave yard forty years before they were born. Unspeakable!

Did you ever stop to think how much we should know if we didn't think we knew it? ever occur to you how much something we could find somewhere if we didn't waste so much time looking nowhere for nothing? Nobody knows much of anything who tries to know a little of everything else; concentrating on many is making a specialty of all.

I am as satisfied that spontaneous generation is responsible for our beginning, physical and mental, as I am that adaptation is responsible for our development physical and mental. I have no doubt that what we call the "soul" had its inception in the monad and has come down through the various phases of brute life, improving as it came, until it reached man. And what grounds have we for believing that evolution is going to pause permanently at him? May not our posterity ten million years hence try as zealously to dodge the disgrace of descent from us as the majority of us try to evade the odium of being descended from baboons?

Knowledge is not mothered by emotion and fathered by wish; it is the daughter of protracted mental labor, the inevitable offspring of difficult intellectual delivery. And when a hysterical old woman pretends to conceive and bring forth what the greatest man can't beget, I, for one, am going to suspect the child.

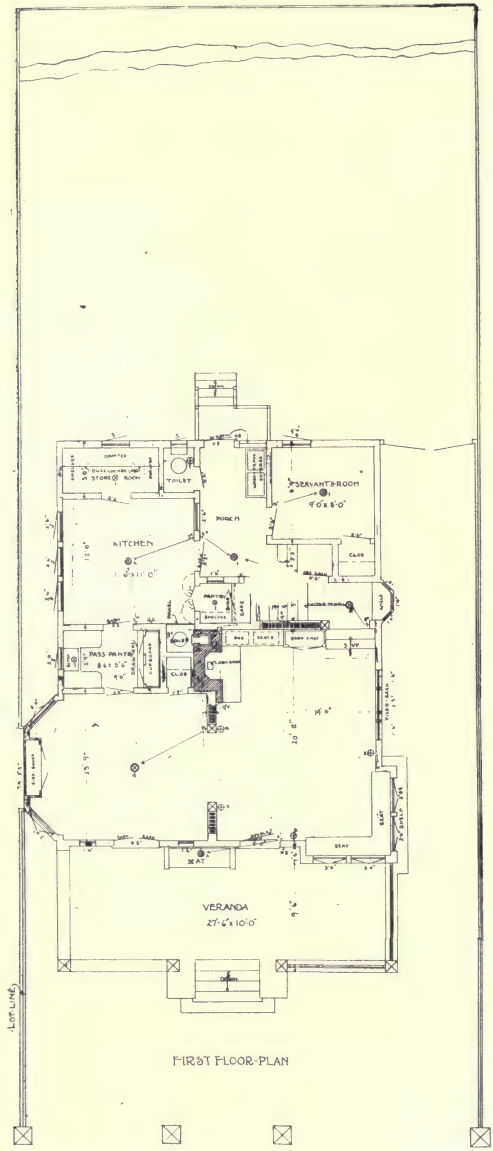
Human nature instinctively glorifies or shies at what it doesn't understand. Some of us are satisfied with what we know of this world; others want to be authorities on the next. Some claim that there is no resurrection independent of fertilizer and season; others insist on watching a cemetery for a problematical crop. Some say death ends all; others declare it is only letting go one life to get a better hold on author. In the meantime, while making the most of life, let the rest of us await the inevitable proof, "possess our souls in patience," and keep *cool,* at least for the *present.*

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS--III

BY DAEDALUS

All the plans given here are of Samuel Newsom and Sidney B. Newsom, Architects, Humboldt Bank Building, Market street, San Francisco.

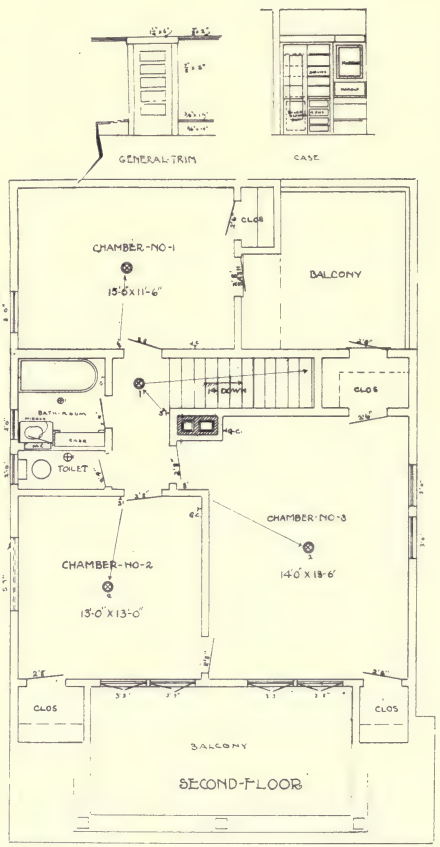
The beautiful foothills sloping towards the bay of San Francisco which have up to now lain dormant, are beginning to put on a different appearance; cozy home places of every description are building or grounds are being prepared, wide drives are being formed, elegant new gateways mark the entrances to terraces or parks, which are laid out for the more pretentious homes. All of this is made possible by the attention called to the country by the fire two years ago in San Francisco. Many people then were forced to go to the country, and now, after getting a taste of the more quiet and natural life, do not intend to go back to live in



NEWSOM & NEWSOM ARCH'TS
526 LARKIN ST SAN FRAN
AUG 29 1907

PLAN NO 4
SHEET NO 2
SCALE 1/4" = 1'

1ST FLOOR PLAN.

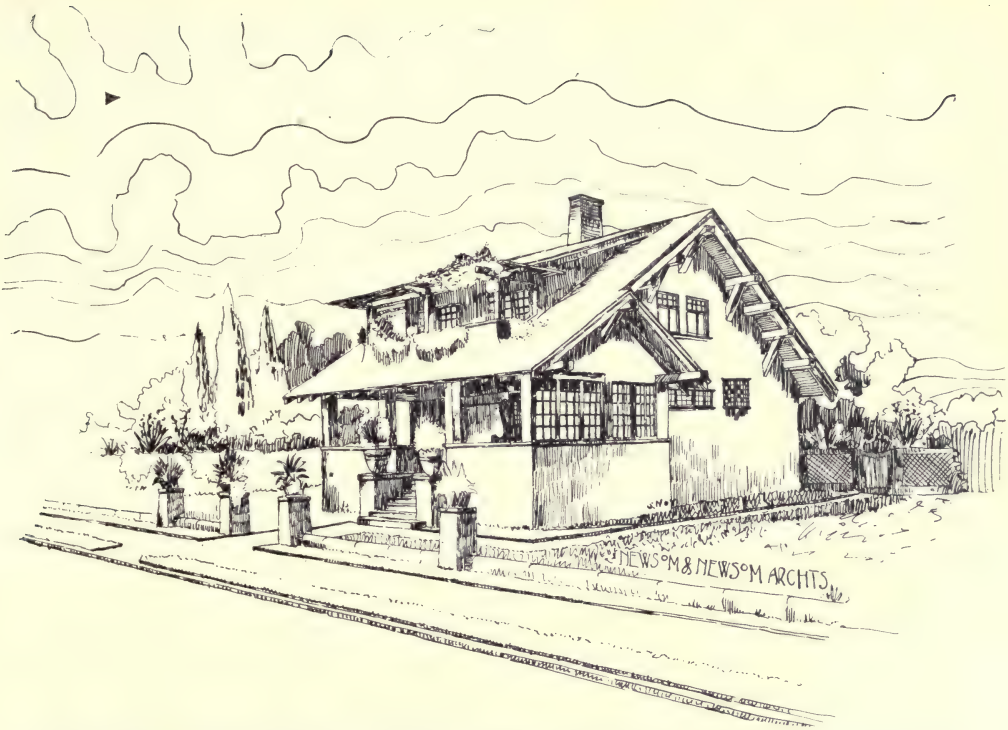


NEWSOM & NEWSOM ARCH'TS
526 LARKIN ST SAN FRAN
AUG 26 1907

PLAN NO 457
SHEET NO 3 X 1
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"

2D FLOOR PLAN.

Floor Plans of East Oakland Cottage. No. 1.

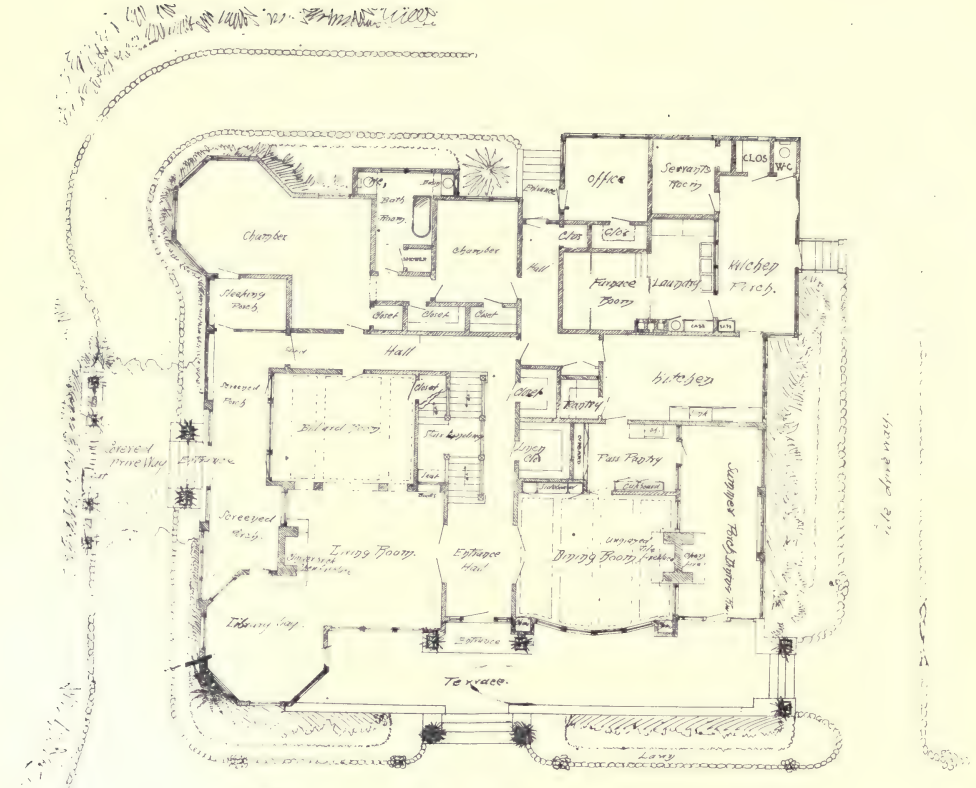


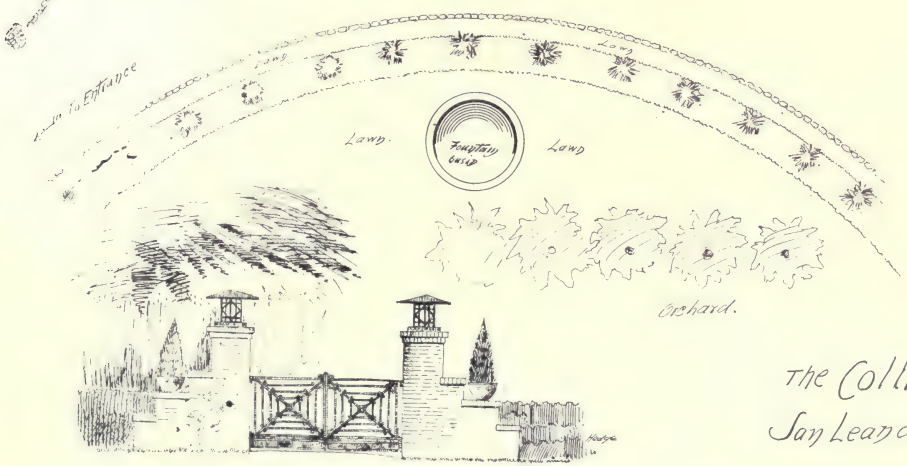
A cottage in the East Oakland foothills of eight rooms and bath just being completed. These places are in great demand, and many are now building. No. 1

the city. The extension of the electric car system in all directions, and the added ferry accommodations to San Francisco, also to the wonderful growth of the automobile army, make it possible for nearly any one to have a home away from one's work, and with the telephone still be in touch with all that is going on in the cities. One of the more pretentious places just about completed is situated on the Mulford ranch, near San Leandro. The outside is shown in this number.

This house is two story and attic. The sketch plan given shows the arrangement

THE ROBERT COLLINS HOUSE.



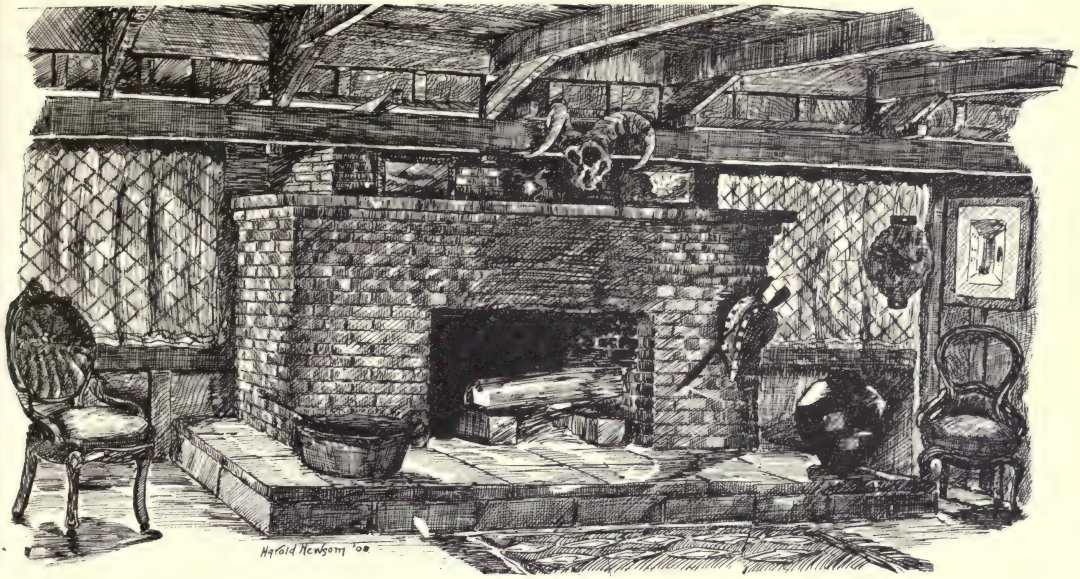


The Collins House
San Leandro Alameda Co. Cal.

Main Entrance Gateway.

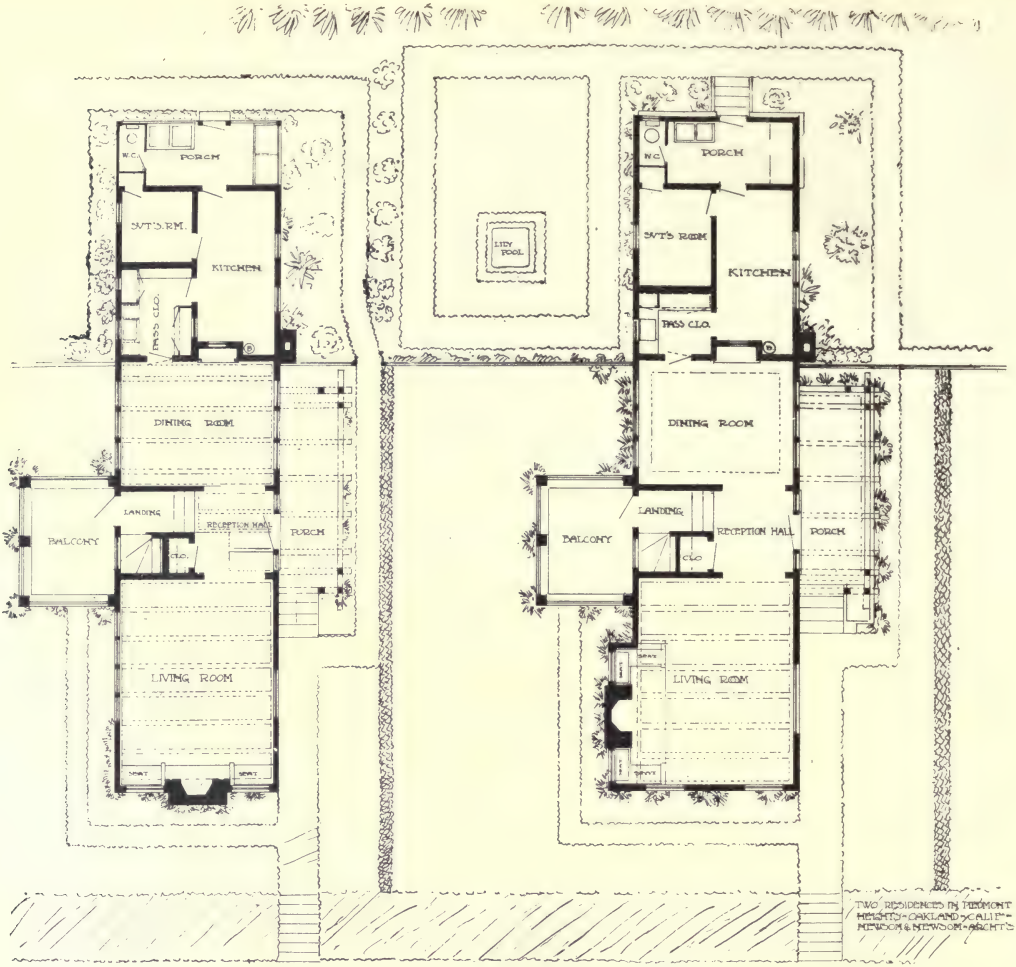
Newsom & Newsom
Archts. 526 Larkin St S.F.

THE GROUND PLAN.



THE FIREPLACE IN A PIEDMONT HOUSE.

HOUSES IN PIEDMONT, CAL.



PLANS OF TWO PIEDMONT HOUSES.

These little homes have 4 rooms, sleeping balcony and large porch on the lower floor. Also four rooms and bath on the second story. The main house is about 18 feet wide, besides the open porches and sleeping porch, and being narrow and facing south-east, they get sun from sunrise to sunset. They are therefore the most healthful houses one can live in. You look out in every direction from the rooms, and the view of the Golden Gate, the surrounding foothills and bay is an ever changing panorama. These houses have been severely criticised by the casual observer, but for a house to live in they cannot be beat, and after all, is not that what we want—houses to live in? And when the roses and vines get to work, two little transplanted English homes will greet us.

of the rooms on the first floor, and six large rooms and bath are on the second story, and the play room and two other rooms complete the top floor.

The foundations were put in concrete, and between the foundation walls, cement floors were laid on the ground to keep out dampness, as the house is in the center of a large fruit orchard. It was thought best to do so. The wide screened porch and sleeping porches, the open outdoor fire place off of the screened dining room, are all features novel to most houses; besides, five big open fire places. There is a complete hot water heating system and radiators in all the rooms, so that the whole house will be comfortable and economically heated even if the fireplaces are not all going or used.

Heavy timber constructs the cornice, porch and drive-way porch, and wide coursed shingles form the outside covering. Besides these more pretentious places are innumerable little home places built and building, which we will show from time to time.

"PORTALS OF THE PAST," FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES ROLLO PETERS.

San Francisco

BY HARRY COWELL.

Thou sacred city, for St. Francis named;
God-loved, God-chastened with quake and fire:
Thou chosen of my now-adult desire;
Thy mist-veiled beauty might itself have shamed
Who made thee one with cities evil-famed;
With Babylon, and Nineveh, and Tyre.
Thy Father's love, and not Jehovah's ire
Smote till His long-forgotten altars flamed.

True now as when were writ the deathless tomes,
Jehovah a right jealous god is he;
Yet grieves the All-Magnanimous to see
The hearth-gods grieving in neglected homes.
Them but rejoice: Destruction's self would be
Destroyed 'gainst thy indomitable domes.

THE GURUKULA ACADEMY, THE GREAT ARYAS ACADEMY ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

A NEW LIGHT IN INDIA

BY RAM NATH PURI

In line with the policy of the Overland Monthly to give its readers as wide an acquaintance with the countries that are tributary in many ways to this country. Ram Nath Puri has been asked to give a history of the "Arya Smaj"—a new religion in India. No attempt has been made to change the wording of the MS. in the least. Ram Nath Puri is a student of English, now resident in San Francisco. an earnest devotee of his religion, a teacher of its great philosophies.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DISPELL IGNORANCE and diffuse knowledge is one of the ten principles of the Arya Smaj—a new religion in India. The theology of the Arya Smaj may be summed up in one word, viz., the "Vedas." The Arya Smaj, literally "the society of the good and noble," is a body of men and women believing in the existence of God and the divine origin of the Vedas.

Arya Smaj is one of the most patriotic and one of the most active societies in India, and wields an immense power for good. It has done an incalculable amount of good work in the country, especially in

THE THIRD CLASS. THE SECOND CLASS.

These children are as brilliant as any class of American or English children of like age.

the Punjab, where the teachings have been assimilated and embodied into the life and thought of the people. It is essentially a philanthropic movement, and maintains various institutions of public utility and importance. The orphanage and educational institutions in the hands of the Aryas are really a blessing to the country.

The Gurukula Seminary.

It maintains a first grade college. Vernacular and Sanscrit schools and boarding institutions for women. Gurukula Seminary on the banks of the sacred Ganges at Harduar is a unique institution recently established by the Arya Smaj, where education in Sanscrit is imparted on the lines laid down by the rishies of old. The students have to lead a life of celibacy for 25 years at least.

Vedic Mission.

A grand organization exists for the propagation of the Vedic principles as enunciated by the great Dayananda. Preachers go about from one place to another enlightening the masses on various problems concerning with their welfare. A number of journals conducted both in English and vernacular are also devoted to the sacred work.

The Principles of the Arya Smaj.

1. The Primordial Root—the Eternal Unseen Sustainer—of all true knowledge, and of objects made known by true knowledge—aye, of all these—is the Supreme God.

2. God is Personification of Existence, Intelligence and Bliss. He is Formless, Almighty, Just, Benevolent, Unborn, Endless and Infinite, Unchangeable, Beginningless, Incomparable, Support of all, Lord of all, All-pervading, Omniscient and Controller of from within, Undecaying, Imperishable, Fearless, Eternal, Holy and Maker of the universe. To Him alone worship is due.

3. The Veda is the Scripture of true knowledge. It is the duty of every Arya to learn and teach Veda, to hear it read and to recite to others.

4. We should ever be ready to embrace truth and to forsake untruth.

5. All acts should be done in accordance with Dharma, after deliberating what is right and wrong.

6. The prime object of the Arya Smaj-Vedic Church is to do good to the world; that is, to promote Physical, Spiritual and Social good of every sentient being.

7. Our conduct toward all should be guided by Love, Righteousness and Justice.

8. We should dispel Niscience, and promote Science, spiritual and physical.

9. No one should be content with promoting his own good only; on the contrary he should look for his good in promoting the good of all.

10. All men should subordinate themselves to the laws of Society calculated to promote the well-being of all; they should be free in regard to the laws for promoting individual well-being.

The Founder of the Arya Smaj.

Swami Dayananda Saracuati, the founder of the Arya Smaj, was never tired of repeating that the religion invented by himself was but that believed in by the

THE TENTH CLASS. THE FIFTH CLASS.
Note the intelligent but fanatical expression on the faces of these students.

ancient sages from the creation of the world to the time of Jaimani, the celebrated author of the Purav Memansa. It was the religion professed by Kapila, the profounder of the Sankhya; by Gautama, the author of Nyaya; by Viyas, the author of Vedanta; by Harish Chander, the truthful, and by the immortal Krishna.

This great restorer of the Hinduism was a bachelor Sanyasi. He had to fight the horrible intellectual wars with the orthodox Hinduism. On one side was the whole force of orthodoxy supported by wealth and influence; on the other hand was a single Sanyasi, with all the disadvantages of his lonely position. He had to defend his position against other adversaries also, and his discussions with Mohamedan Moulvis and Christian Missionaries created quite a sensation, as before that time orthodoxy had never stooped so low as to talk on sacred subjects face to face with an alien. Swami Dayananda has left a permanent and ineffaceable mark on the moral and religious history of India, and influence of his thought has pervaded and permeated all the various ramifications of the society. He was destined to overthrow the mighty evils which had been gathering strength in the successive ages of History since the degradation of the Aryas; to divest the new civilization of the element that gave its brilliance, and to lead the people to the sublime ideals of the Vedas, from which results bliss and happiness.

The Vedas Known to the Hindus.

The Vedas appeared quite a new name to the Hindus when first uttered by Swami Dayananda. They stood aghast at the statement of Dayananda, but had at least to admit the leavening power of the Vedas. Vedas, he said, are neither books nor anything else of the kind which could be taken away or destroyed.

The Vedas are the laws governing the universe of matter and mind, and can not be separated from the world. They constitute the Divine law, and are hence undying and eternal. The Vedas being from God are infallible.

Renegades Taken Back.

A novel feature of the Arya Smaj is the reclaiming of renegades from Hinduism. The Arya Smaj does not believe that the Vedic religion is the monopoly of those bosses within the pale of Hindustan. It believes that the Vedic revelation was given for the benefit of all mankind, and has no objection to take into its fold not only converts from Hinduism to other religions, but even non-Hindus by birth, provided they accept the system of belief. Thousands of Hindus who had accepted other religions have been reclaimed by it.

The Conclusion.

All religions—invented by man—elate their inventors at the expense of God. Belief in the Sonship of Christ is an essential for salvation as belief in a prophet for the obtaining of free Pass to the Paradise of *Hooris*. The Arya Smaj, or the Vedic Religion, teaches that:

"Live, O man, for a hundred years, doing actions. There is no other way but this, but do not immerse in them. (Yajur xl2.)

The old Rishies of India have expressly laid down the following rules:

1. The purpose of the Vedas is seen to be the injunctions of Actions.

2. Injunctions means passages impelling to actions.

3. As Action is the purport of the Vedas, whatever does not refer to action is purposeless.

It is thus clear that the knowledge of Dharma (religion) has been imparted to us so that we may act up to its dictates. Nothing will avail against us, no harm may come if we have the Vedas in our possession and believe it to be Divine knowledge. Those alone who act up to its injunctions, whether believing them to be revealed or not, will reap the desired fruit.

HANGTOWN ON THE CREEK

BY ALFRED C. GOLDNER

A miner from the Mother Lode
  Strayed into 'Frisco town—
He was looking for amusement,
  He would do the place up brown.
He walked along quite unconcerned,
  As though he were no freak—
For he was born in Hangtown—
  Old Hangtown on the Creek.

He stepped into a whiskey-shop
  His inner-man to fill,
Where other topers helped him
  In his efforts time to kill.
But they could not stand the liquor,
  And for stupor could not speak.
(They had not been in Hangtown—
  Old Hangtown on the Creek.)

"Say, Barkeep!" said the miner,
  "I still have plenty left;
But if you don't believe it
  My wad I'll let you heft.
This place is all too tame for me,
  New pastures I must seek—
This ain't king-high to Hangtown—
  My Hangtown on the Creek."

Eventually he landed
  In a joint that wasn't slow;
And the judge (who didn't know him)
  Gave him thirty days below.
And now this miner, sobered,
  He was humble, mild and meek,
And sobbed for dear old Hangtown—
  Old Hangtown on the Creek.

His Honor bowed his head in thought,
  His eyes began to fill:
"You don't mean to tell me
  You were born in Placerville?"
"That *is* the place, Your Honor,
  And I'd like to cuss a streak,
For they've changed the name from Hangtown—
  Dear Hangtown on the Creek."

"The sentence is suspended;
  Mr. Bailiff, let him go;
I'll not blame him for saying
  That 'Frisco is too slow—
When I was young I visited
  In Placerville a week—
So let him hike to Hangtown—
  Where he can cuss a streak."

DEATH VALLEY.

THE UNCHARTED VALLEY

BY KENSETT ROSSITER

The great California and Nevada deserts furnish mirages of the imagination, and it is the mind that is deceived and not the eye. Mr. Kensett Rossiter has stepped just out of the beaten path in his tale, "The Uncharted Valley," and he has given us a splendid story of the mining West. The desert region of Nevada and California is the great treasure reserve of the world, hedged about by lack of water and consequent famine, that civilization might be delayed in the development of its wastes until the children of the world are ready.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

CAN YOU believe that if a great battle was to be fought right *here,* in the Funeral mountains, rain would follow?"

I once asked that question of a man who, in reply, told me a tale so astounding that it made me forget my hunger and thirst and the poor little burro that had trailed with me in that terrible sun-swept desert. I fancy things are not greatly changed in that wilderness, though several years have gone by. A few new settlements have sprung up in the night, and men have sunk iron wells into the ground. Around the home ranch there is a little green; also a puddle, perhaps several puddles, where cattle may drink. An iron road has come to cut the desert in two, and the prospector, if he is hard driven, knows that can he but reach that road and hail a passing train, it will stop and give him water. The railroad has to obey, for it is a law that man has made. The passengers, watching from their windows, see him start off again across the burning sands, and verily do they know that ten feet from the iron rails the country

is as new and as strange as it was when the world began. The sand is there, and the rocks, the horned toads, the cactus, and the awful stillness. Such things will never change. I cannot for a moment believe that evolution will further transform the horned toad. When the proverbial "bad man," whose native heath has been the desert, comes to the end of his allotted years, his friends are wont to share a genuine regret, because of the suffering which might be avoided could he but carry his blankets below. And yet, I have never experienced a day when the sun shone so hot as to melt the desert sands. There is, however, a substance, sometimes met with in that region, which has actually been converted into glass by the intensity of heat. It is obsidian; usually formed from a trachytic lava, of which the Indians made beautiful arrow points. But the process by which this obsidian is made is accomplished in the bowels of the earth, and as modern scientists affirm that this other place, which we call "below," is a sphere apart, it is hardly fair to draw a comparison.

Twelve days had passed since I had left the settlement, and now I was almost back to my starting point. I knew that if I could keep on I would be there in a few hours; only one hill now remained in front of me to hide the location of the town. I judged from the sun it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The last of my water had gone the evening before—I tried to save it, but I could not—and my throat was dry and parched, though I had been spared intense suffering. I had found no gold, and the only trace of man I had seen was a small obsidian arrow-head which I had picked up, wondering, as I dropped it in my pocket, what manner of Indian had been there before me. It had been a hard trip, but not without a certain reward, for is it not something to live for twelve days and nights in the wonderful, beautiful, terrible desert? And is there not a certain romance that hovers over a water-hole, when you feel that the next one is probably a hundred miles distant, and the chances of your stumbling on it are against you?

As I trudged along, looking down at the sand beneath my feet, I became conscious that some one was watching me. I don't know what else made me glance up, but when I did it was to see a man, evidently intent upon watching me. He was some distance ahead, but in the clear atmosphere I could see him plainly, and now and again he raised his hand above his eyes. Something bright flashed in the sun. Was it a rifle? Then suddenly he turned; the flash went up the side of the hill and was lost in the sky—it was the reflection from his canteen. I kept on; probably he would let me have water.

As I drew nearer, I saw that he was an old man—and yet, not so very old. His hair and beard bristled with grey, like a badger's coat. He was very thin, and his face was drawn.

"Hello, stranger!" he greeted.

I nodded.

He looked very steadily into my eyes. I had never seen eyes like his before; there was a far-away appeal in them. He seemed confused.

"What did I tell you just then?" he asked.

"You called me 'Hello, stranger!'" said I.

"Yes," he admitted, "and I made a mistake. You are from New England—I know it. Do you remember the water back in New England?"

I didn't quite follow him, but as it happened, I was from New England, so I said: "Yes, I remember, and I wish some of it were here."

He shook his head sadly. "There are scientific reasons that prevent it."

"Can you believe that if a great battle was to be fought right *here,* in the Funeral mountains, rain would follow?" I asked.

Something akin to a vice gripped my arm. It was his bony fingers! Was the man mad? Was his mind wandering? But no, his grip relaxed, and it appeared that something, which had apparently puzzled him, had suddenly grown clear. He spoke rationally enough.

"Yes," he said, "if a great battle was to be fought *anywhere* rain would follow. If we could send a powerful enough explosive up into the Heavens—something that would render a sufficient jar—rain would come then, it would *have* to. Look at me," he went on, "I'm pretty near all in. I've come from God knows where, way back in those hills, where no white man has

ever been," and he swung his arm to the northwest. "Yes, and I've had time to think about it. This is the ninth day without food or water—but I'm not lost—I know where I am. I'll make town to-night."

Nine days without food or water, and *I* had come to ask *him* for water! Are you sure it has been that long?" I asked.

"I'm only sure I have seen the stars of nine nights when I had no water. It may be one day longer, but I don't think so."

He spoke calmly, and I listened in silence and in wonder to what he told me.

"I have been out just thirteen weeks," he began. "You will doubt that, because it is a very long time for a man to battle with these hills and not succumb to them, but it is true. I have been out that long before, and I know; though this is the hardest trip I ever had. I have suffered more, but I have discovered something that is wonderful. It was new country I went into this time. There were tall mountains that were black; not like the hills here that change color when the sun strikes them. These mountains were always black—they were always terrible to look upon. I had never seen anything like them, but there were strong indications of minerals, and I couldn't make up my mind to come away. I picked up these," and he took several gold nuggets from his pocket and handed them to me.

"Well, one day I woke up to the fact that I was lost. I had never been badly twisted before, but now I was fully conscious of what it meant to be lost in the desert. About five days after that my grub and water gave out. I didn't feel so badly about the grub—the water was dif'rent, but I'm not going to tell you an account of my suffering, because it has not been more than other men have gone through. Finally I got to the point where my ears began to sing. I was some troubled, for I knew when that came I was in a bad way. But my mind was clear and I kept on. I didn't want to die in that country—I didn't like the idea of it.

"One night, it was the second after I had shot my burro, I was lying on the sands, when I turned, and saw something black in front of me. I could see no stars, and at first I thought that rain was coming in the night. But as I turned further on my side, I saw the stars above this black object that had suddenly taken shape, and I knew that I was camped beside a tall mountain. I didn't think it strange, because I knew that all day, as I crawled along, I had hardly raised my head.

"I became conscious that there was electricity around me; I heard low rumbling like thunder. I couldn't understand it; then I thought it was probably the voice of some volcano, and I fell asleep. I slept well that night, and it rested me. When I awoke, the sun was just coming up. I was very weak, but I felt more energetic, and again I felt the electricity in the air. I wondered if that could have wrought the change in me.

"Right before me was the mountain I had seen the night before; it was very high, and it formed a great black barrier that shut off the rest of the world. Dimly, beyond the summit, something resembling a fine mist, seemed to be falling. I thought it a mirage, but as I looked closely, I knew that, whatever it was, it was *real*.

"I don't know just what prompted me to climb that mountain, only I knew if I reached the top I could see over a vast area. Well, it took me just two days to gain the summit. I was very weak, but I think the electricity in the air must have helped me. Everywhere, as I climbed, I found great quantities of iron ore, and as I got up higher, the entire side of the mountain was almost pure iron. I supposed this gathered the electricity. The second day I got within a few hundred feet of the summit, but I could go no further, and I heard the rumblings again that night. The day before, further down the mountain, I had had to go around the crater of an extinct volcano, and I felt sure then the rumblings must be volcanic. But again, as I listened, they seemed to come from overhead, and all the time I could feel the electricity grow stronger and stronger. If I ran my hand through my hair I could hear it snap, just as a cat's fur sometimes will on a winter's night. I have experienced electrical forces before in mountainous regions, though never to this extent.

"Morning broke again, and never shall I forget the sight I was destined then to

look upon. When I think of it now I can only feel that God had made me suffer as I did—had lost me in His wilderness—that I might know what He had hidden there. I do not ask you to believe it; I don't see how you could, but I tell you again that it is true. There before me, and framed by tall mountains, was a valley, green and beautiful, a valley such as I have seen in the hills of New England. It extended for some eight or ten miles, and then the mountains were tall, and rough and black again. At the bottom was a river, now wide, now narrow, now twisting and following the line of hills.

Slowly, I climbed along rock ledges, under the branches of gigantic pine trees, through hardwood ridges of oak and maple, where ferns and moss were woven in the forest floor. The very leaves on the ground lay curled and wet as with a dew, and as I sucked at them, I breathed in the moisture. And all the time I felt these strange electrical currents. I heard again the rumbling, but this time I was sure it came from above. Presently, the sunlight in the branches became less bright, and the bright spots in the woods grew sombre, like the shadows. Then down the valley I saw the mist coming—I could see the rain slanting across the pines. Once a flash of light shot across the sky—the rumblings grew loud, then soft, then died away, and the rain ceased. But I knew the cause now—it was the mountain of iron that had drawn the electrical forces into a world of their own, fighting for supremacy in mid-air, till the crash came. Further below, in some alders, I killed a spruce partridge with a stick; there were several, but the others flew back into the pines. I heard a deer whistle, and I saw him jump and run into the stream. He was more like the Virginia deer than the species found in the West. His coat was reddish, and his horns still in the velvet.

"This was at the south end of the valley where the river issued, through limestone formation, from an underground source. Near where it gushed out, I drank. The water was warm, and there was much sulphur in it, though the taste was not unpleasant. Some ten miles below, the river came to an end as strangely and as abruptly as it began; there was only a swirl to mark the place where it disappeared. The foliage along the bank grew thick in a tangle, often bending into the water to be brushed by the sluggish current. I might have gone back into the woods where there was less undergrowth, and followed along, but I didn't want to lose sight of that stream. It might disappear like a mirage—but it didn't. Near me were several good-sized logs that had come down in a windfall. I managed to roll two of them into the water and made them fast with a grass rope. They didn't make a bad raft, and when I found something that would do for a pole, I shoved out.

"For some distance the banks were almost of a tropical nature, great, large-leafed plants, like elephant ears, and white lilies that resembled the calla of Southern California, grew rank in the tangle. After I had gone, perhaps half a mile, I came to a narrow gorge where the wall of rock on either side rose sheer from the stream. Drifting close in, I noticed that the entire rock surface was chiseled deep with Indian hieroglyphics. The designs were fantastic and strange, unlike any I had ever seen.

"Where the gorge ended, about a hundred yards below, the stream widened into a small lake. Toward the lower end was a wooded island. I ran my craft up on its sand beach and landed."

Here the old man paused. He seemed to be trying to recollect something. I drew my pipe from my pocket, but decided it would not help my throat to smoke. The small black arrow-head fell at my feet, and as I picked it up, my companion stretched out his hand for it. I gave it to him, and, after examining it closely, he handed it back to me.

"Obsidian," he said.

"Yes," I admitted.

"There were great chunks of it on the island," he resumed. "The Indian must have brought them there to make weapons, for I found probably several hundred points, some skinning knives and axe-heads, all made of obsidian. I don't know what made me do it, but I began making some of those spear points myself. The Indians made them by heating the stone red hot, and then using a little piece of

buck-skin dipped in water. Wherever the buck-skin touches the stone it will shale off. I used an end from one of my raw-hide boot strings, and the process was not difficult. I suppose I made half a dozen in this fashion, heating the stones at the fire I had built to broil my partridge.

"A short distance from my fire was a dead stump of a pine tree in which a wood-pecker had bored a hole and made her nest. I could hear the young ones chirping, but the old birds were circling near, so I didn't disturb them. A few feet from the pine stump was a mound. I hadn't noticed it before, but now that I had turned Indian, and was making arrow points for amusement, my thoughts ran to Indians, and I thought this might be one of their mounds, so I began to dig into it. It was covered with moss and earth, and then I struck a decayed, fibrous substance, which likely one time was wood. I tore it away, and there was—— It was *gold*—nuggets—and there were *thousands* of them. You may know I was excited. I piled them into stacks, some I washed in the river. When the twilight came, I had stacked just fourteen piles of those nuggets; but still I didn't get to the bottom of that mound.

"There was no water on the island, but directly across on the mainland a brook came in. Its water was much colder than the river water, so I camped there that night, for I wasn't afraid any one would rob me of my gold. A few steps from the brook I noticed something coming up out of the ground. It was a sulphur spring, and so hot that steam was rising.

"I had been asleep probably several hours, when I awoke, startled by some mysterious terror. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could see the island plainly. The earth trembled, and then—but no words can describe what followed. Slowly, as if by some strange magic, I saw the island being drawn down into the water; first the sand beach was submerged—then bushes and trunks of trees. Lower and lower I saw it sink, till finally only the tops of the highest branches remained, and then they too, were gone, and the terribly black water flowed by. I lay there, terrified, trying to believe it was an hallucination, and then I thought I would go mad. Why had God let that treasure lie there centuries unclaimed, and when an honest man found it, take it away with the night? Toward morning, from sheer exhaustion, I must have fallen asleep, for presently it was broad daylight. I looked—there was not a ripple on the surface where the island had been. But over the water a lone wood-pecker hovered. She was looking for the pine stump and her babies.

"I got on my raft and pushed out. Suddenly my pole couldn't find bottom, and I almost lost my balance; this was the place where the island should have been. Later, I dropped white stones, and could see them sink for a long time, before they disappeared in the blackness. Before, there had been no place where I could not see or touch bottom with my pole.

"Well, I stayed there two weeks. I built a little shelter and waited. Sometimes I was able to kill a spruce partridge, and sometimes I wasn't; but there was a shallow set-back in the river where I could scare fish up, and before they got by me, could always get one or two.

Some part of every day it rained, not a hard rain—more like a drizzling mist—and always preceding it, I felt the electric currents and heard rumblings. Three times I felt seismic disturbances. The jars were slight, though once the surface of the water was disturbed, sending little waves to the shore. At a certain place on the mountain I often saw steam rising. I don't know if it was caused by volcanic action, or if it was another sulphur spring, for I didn't go to it.

"Each day I waited and watched for the island, but it did not reappear—it had gone forever. Well, I couldn't stay there always, so twelve days ago I filled this canteen, and—here I am."

The old man looked at me intently. "What do you make of it?" he said.

I shook my head.

* * * *

Five days later, when I met my friend on the street, he was collecting a new outfit. The night we got in the boys had taken him to Pete somebody's mother, because they said he was going to need a "spell of nursing," and that she had "took care of him afore." The last thing the old man said to me was that there was

something *else* he wanted to tell me, but he couldn't think what it was.

The following day and the one after, I called on Pete's mother, to receive the news that her patient was doing well. And now I had come face to face with the gentleman himself. He didn't seem like the same person. He looked twenty years younger. There was a spring in his step and a twinkle in his eye.

"Hello, Stranger," he greeted, and held out his hand.

"You look as if you were getting ready to go back to the island," I told him.

He smiled.

"Do you remember when I told you the other night that there was something I wanted to tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have thought of it now."

I waited.

"My home was originally in New England," he began, "but I've been out here a good many years. I've had some hard trips during that time, but this last was a little harder than the others. When I ran across you, I had been nine days in the burning sun without food or water. After a man has passed through the first stage of such suffering the pain leaves him, and his imagination develops. I've known the desert pretty well, and I know how it takes a man.

"Sometimes," he continued, "when we experience a very vivid dream, we may be, in our sleep, conscious that it is a dream, and yet not have the power to throw it off. This was all the more real to me the day I met you, because I was conscious of what I was saying. I was conscious of it, and yet I couldn't stop. I kept seeing my hills of New England and thinking about the water, till everything got blurred and mixed up. And you helped me along when you handed me your little arrow head. There seemed to be some story about that I had to tell; it was impossible not to. I guess I was in a bad shape!

"There wasn't any valley, then?" I gasped.

My companion smiled. "Yes," he answered, "there was. I remember it now. Way back in the interior somewheres, I climbed up a steep bank, and down in a hollow on the other side was a pool of stagnant water, that smelt badly."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Can't you understand it?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes," I stammered, "but I would rather have believed it true."

He looked at me blankly at first.

"So would I, "he answered sadly. "There's just one thing we need out here, and that's water. If a fellow goes long in a sun like this without water, he gets thinking about it, and then—the desert will *play* it on him."

DUKE KUNG, 76TH LINEAL DESCENT FROM K'UNG FU TZU (CONFUCIUS.) THE PICTURE SHOWS HIM STANDING BESIDE AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD VII, WHICH HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO HIM AT HIS OWN REQUEST.

THE STORY OF DUKE K'UNG

THE LINEAL DESCENDANT OF CONFUCIUS

BY ASHBY FORD

Few families can trace their descent, with confidence, for even ten generations, and not even the head of the oldest and most blue-blooded family in Europe can do so, through seven times that number, and moreover boast that his house is within a stone's throw of the spot where the founder of his family was born, and that his seventy ancestors lie buried in one place. Yet there is such a man, and the reader will readily admit that, even in a democratic age such as this, he must be a person worthy of some attention.

UKE K'UNG, commonly spoken of as K'ung Sheng Ren ("Holy Man K'ung") is the man in question, and he is the direct lineal heir in the 76th generation of K'ung Fu Tizu ("K'ung the Sage") better known in the West under the Latinized name of Confucius.

His hereditary title of "Duke" is one that is almost, if not quite, unique in the Chinese "peerage," in that it will, unlike most such honors, be passed on to his son without diminution, just as would be the case in Europe, while it is a general rule in China that when a hereditary title is conferred each successive heir inherits the next lowest rank only, so that it will become entirely extinct after being held by five generations at the most.

The permanent residence—one might almost say the palace—of K'ung Sheng Ren, is in the little country town of Ch'u Fu, about the center of the Province of Shantung. It was in a small village, now swallowed up by the growth of this town, that Confucius was born. To-day, over the exact spot, as pointed out by tradition, rises the great Confucian temple which rivals in splendor any in the Chinese Empire, while close to the temple gate is the home of the heir to the great scholar in whose memory it is dedicated. At a little distance to the north of the town, approached by an avenue of old trees, which would be a fine one but for the fact that the Chinese know so little of arborculture, is a walled cemetery, several acres in area, where lie the bones of the sage and of his descendants.

Few of the K'ung family seem to have attained to any notable eminence during the last two thousand years. One of the uncles of the present duke is, or recently was, the Commissioner of Education in the Province of Honan, a post of considerable honor which he probably owes rather to family connections and tradition than to force of character, though he is a scholar of no small attainments, and a most polished gentleman.

The Duke spends most of his time at his home in Ch'u Fu, where he is reasonably accessible to such foreign visitors of recognized position as visit the town; he is, however, occasionally called by business or pleasure to Pekin and to the Provincial Capitol Chinan Fu. I had seen him on one or two previous occasions, but it was with no small curiosity that I went by invitation to join a small party of officials, who would accompany the Duke in the inspection of one of the many "modern" schools that have been opened of recent years in China for the diffusion of Western learning.

It is entirely too much to expect anything like punctuality in a high Chinese

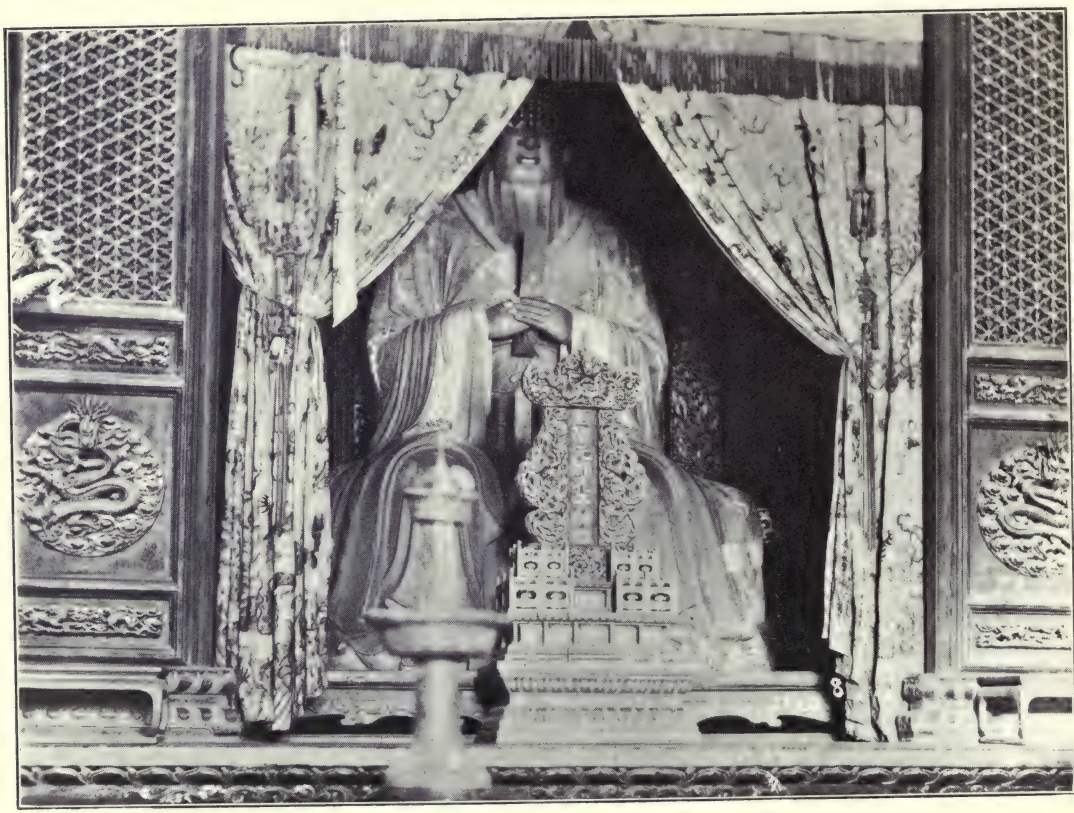
official, so that it is advisable on such occasions as this to arrive early, and be prepared to wait indefinitely if one wishes to miss nothing. Acting on this principle, I arrived about 9 a. m., and was received by the Director and Co-Director, who kindly allowed me to make a little inspection on my own account.

It is no part of my purpose to give the conclusions at which I arrived. In general, the school resembled others of its type, being more pretentious than successful. It was evident that, here as elsewhere, the opinion and advice of foreign teachers and advisers were politely, but systematically, ignored, after being sought with effusiveness and paid for in good silver.

By the time I had ended my tour of the buildings we had been joined by three or four taotais, also more or less concerned in educational matters, and all adjourned to the large reception hall to chat, sip tea or puff at the ridiculously unsatisfying Chinese water pipes, which must be re-filled after every inhalation.

In a very short time, however, we were interrupted by the announcement that His Excellency, the Governor, was on the point of arriving. This caused a general hasty putting on of official hats and adjustment of official necklaces and robes before we filed out to the entrance.

Wu T'ing P'ing, Governor of Shantung, is an interesting man with a record behind him—about seventy-two years of age; his official career commenced during the days of the "T'ai P'ing Rebellion." In later times he was secretary to Li Hung Chang. Coming to more recent years, while a Taotai in the Province of Shanshi, he received orders in the summer of 1900 from the Governor of Yu Hsifn to kill all foreigners in the area under his



"The Great Image," Kung Fu Tzu (Confucius) in the Confucian Temple at Ch'u Fu, the native place of the sage. Comparison will show us that this image bears a striking likeness to Duke Kung, and tradition asserts that the image is a good likeness to Confucius.

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SCENE IN THE GREAT CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, CH'U FU, SHANTUNG. THIS TEMPLE IS ERECTED OVER THE SPOT WHERE, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, CONFUCIUS WAS BORN, B. C. 537.

control. He collected them together, men, women and children, and despatched them under a strong escort to Hankow and safety.

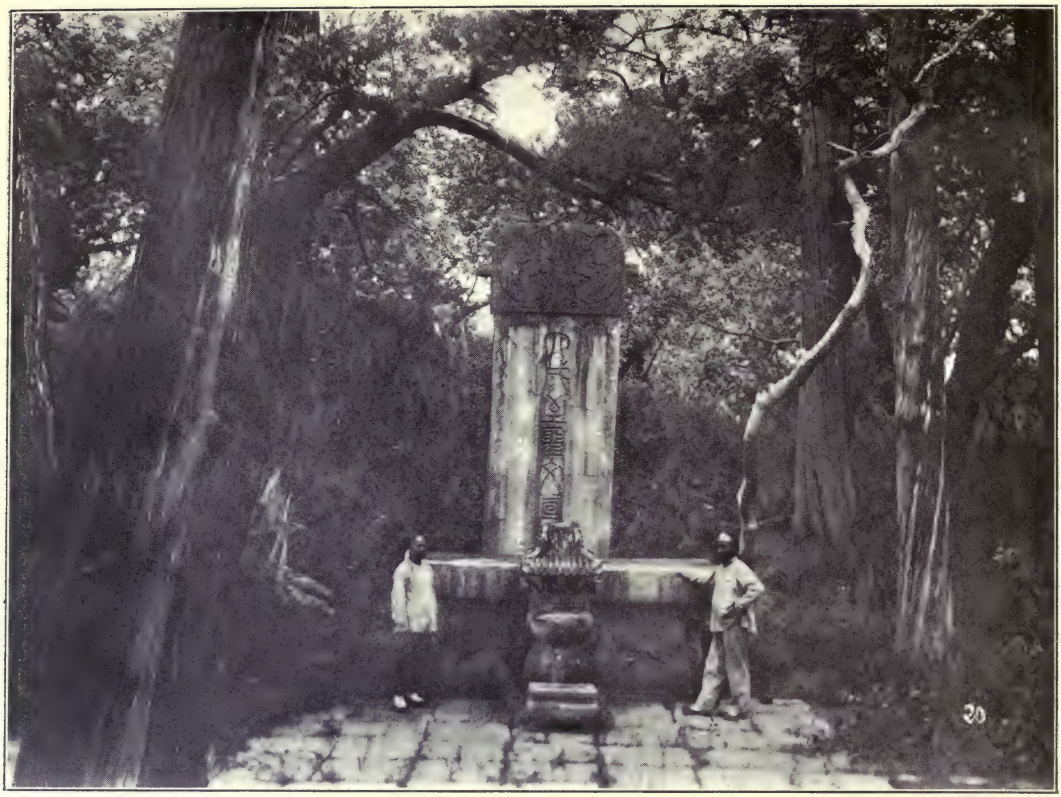
In person he is short, rather thin, with a face but slightly wrinkled. His mustache and long "imperial" are grey, or one would never realize his age, so bright are his eyes and so quick are his movements. His manner is most gracious, and when he speaks slowly and clearly his tones are most kindly, no matter whether his remarks are addressed to his equal or to a coolie.

Greetings over, His Excellency started on a round of visits to the class rooms with a pleasant word for each teacher. He had arrived in company with the Commissioner of Education for the Province, who played, however, an entirely minor part through the whole of the proceedings.

Once more returning to the reception room, pipes and conversation became the order of the day. Naturally the Governor led the talk on more than one occasion, interrupting, in most youthful fashion, to get up and look at this or go out and look at that.

The morning was wearing on, and I, for one, was not sorry when refreshments were served. It took the shape of large bowls of native macaroni in a soup containing tit-bits of boiled lettuce, ham, cuttle, fish, etc., and plates of steamed meat and onion dumplings. The macaroni should be eaten to the accompaniment of a sucking sound, which a foreigner's early training in table manners makes it difficult for him to produce.

Suction of macaroni being over, and bowls, plates and chop-sticks being cleared away, it was applied to the water pipes once more, but now resulted in a more pleasing sound. The hands of the clock was moving on inexorably, however, and still the "Holy Man" had not made his appearance. Our host was becoming obviously uneasy, when at last the word



AT THE GRAVE OF K'UNG FU TZU (CONFUCIUS), BORN B. C. 551. DIED B. C. 479. CHU FU, SHANTUNG.

came, and all hurried out, except, of course, the Governor, to receive the new arrival.

The appearance of the Duke is in his favor. He is about the average height of his countrymen, and well proportioned, so that anywhere he would be considered a "fine figure of a man," but perhaps for this fact that on closer inspection, one notices a certain flabbiness and a rather too early tendency to lay on flesh. His age, to judge by appearances, must be between thirty and forty. He has a broad and intelligent face, which, however, is rather spoiled by a look between superciliousness and ennui, which is the natural result of the life into which he was born. His most remarkable feature is his nose. The upper part is low, as is typical in the Chinese, but the bridge suddenly rises in such a way as to produce an organ that is distinctly "Roman" in type. Such noses are not uncommon among the Mohammedan Chinese, who, in many cases, have had Semetic ancestors, but surely none of this despised sect can have mixed blood with the great sage.

Many stories are told to the discredit of K'ung Sheng Ren; probably not one-tenth of them are true. At least our first impression of him discounts them a good deal; but his manner, as he met us, and hurried forward to the reception room to greet the Governor, had in it a touch of sullenness which, however natural, was not prepossessing. Even before he was seated, a possible reason for this behavior was disclosed. He at once began to explain to the Governor, and to all and sundry, that he had suffered and was still suffering from that plebeian complaint, the stomachache. It should have known better than to attack so sacred a character, but alas, the man who pays no respect to his stomach will find that it pays still less respect to him. The colic had been severe, and the Duke detailed the symptoms in a loud voice, with graphic language, and with still more graphic gestures, which made language superfluous.

Without doubt, K'ung Sheng Ren is a master in the art of gesticulation, and not only did his stomach ache, he was cold, too; he had put on two sheepskin coats, as we might see for ourselves, and still he was cold. The Governor inquired whether he had a doctor amongst his traveling party? No? Then he would send one or two good men to consult over the rebellious organ.

Our host suggested some refreshments, but this only brought a refusal, and, if possible, more detailed symptoms; he would, however, have some tea. Tea (and more symptoms) having been discussed, a fresh round of inspecting of the class rooms and students' quarters was commenced, with what object it would be hard to say, for all the students had by now assembled for dinner—it was past 12 o'clock—and we were carefully and tenderly guided away from the dining room by the director. I happened to be aware of the fact that only a few days before there had been almost a riot in the college over the question of the quality of the food supplied.

The Governor now intimated that he must leave, as he had other appointments for that day, and after seeing him to his "chair" we retired once more to the reception room. The Holy Man still looked sulky—the virulence of his symptoms seemed in no way to have abated—but bodily complaints were not further discussed. He asked a few questions as to the work of the school, which resulted in the director sending for various reports, regulations and samples of Chinese literary essays produced by the students. While waiting for these, the Duke carried on a whispered conversation with the Commissioner of Education, in a manner which, shown by less lofty and holy personality, would be considered extremely rude.

The papers arriving, they were hastily glanced through and passed on to a servant for safe custody. After a little further conversation, of a more politic and general nature than before, Duke K'ung rose to depart, and the remainder of the guests, having accompanied him to his chair, were free to go to their several ways.

Such are the impressions resulting from my longest interview with the Holy Man of China. I had met him before, only for a short time, and had hardly had an opportunity to form even flimsiest judgment. On this occasion I saw for some time the two principal personages of the Province brought together and contrasted. If the contrast was hardly in favor of the man with long descent, perhaps he is still not to blame; he may not have known that such a supper was sure to disagree with him.

The impression of arrogance which he leaves is accentuated by his harsh and rather loud voice, but this again may indicate no more than a physical defect.

The influence which this man has, or might have if he wished, on the destinies of China is immense, for his advice on all educational questions is received with a respect traditionally due from all to the descendant of the great sage. So far, he seems to have used his power sparingly, but on the whole in the direction of at least partial reform.

His eldest son is still an infant; but it is said he has used his family authority to have more than one of his nephews educated on modernized lines.

ACROSS THE TABLE

BY WALTER ADOLPH ROBERTS

Mr. Walter Adolph Roberts is introduced to the readers of the Overland in this issue through the medium of "Across the Table," a piece of fiction the plot of which is laid in Mexico. Mr. Roberts has just returned from the Mexican Republic, and his work is being published in the standard magazines all over the country. "Across the Table" is a mining story, a piece of fiction of an unusual style.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

I HAD BEEN prospecting for many years and was accustomed to strange surroundings, but it seemed that I had never before struck any spot so desolate as that adobe hut in the mountains of Sonora.

We had ridden out from Nogales early that morning. Bennett, my partner, was an old-timer in Mexico, and I had allowed him to lead the way. I knew very little of the man, for we had met by chance in the Montezuma Hotel the night of my arrival in Nogales. But, he was a miner, every inch of him. It did not take me long to find that out, and as I needed a partner I had grub-staked him.

He was an unusually silent man, and had given me no explanation of the route beyond the statement that he knew what he was about. Half a mile from town, we had struck out from the road, and plunged into the rough country between Nogales and Cananea. The morning's tramp had been a weary one, the rest at mid-day only too short, and now, after a struggle with the burros all the afternoon, Bennett had called a halt at the door of the wretched little hut that seemed to depend upon the bare brown hill behind it to save it from tumbling to the ground.

"This will give us shelter for a week or two anyway," said Bennett, shortly.

"The country does not look promising," I grumbled.

"I know it to be plumb full of gold," asserted my partner, and as I was depending on his judgment this trip, I acquiesced.

We tethered the burros and prepared the evening meal in silence. Then we entered the hut, unpacked our blankets and made our beds side by side upon the ground. In one corner was a patch of earth baked hard, and above it a hole in the roof. Observing this provision for a fire, I gathered some dry mesquite and soon had a small blaze going. As the light flickered up, I had my first clear view of the interior of the hut. It was bare except for a deal table that stood near the center and two blocks of wood, one on either side of the table, which had evidently been intended to serve as seats.

Surprised at finding even this furniture, I crossed over, sat on one of the blocks and leaned with my elbows on the table.

"It is going to be cold to-night," I said, yawning, and even before I had finished speaking, I raised my eyes to find that Bennett was seated opposite to me.

"It was just like this that Billy Hall, the Kentuckian, and Shorty Cummins sat three years ago," said by silent partner, and I noticed that his eyes gleamed unnaturally. "And now, do you wonder why I brought you here? I quit after it all happened; you or any other man would have quit; but they knew where the gold was, they did!"

"Who were they?" I asked testily. The man's nervous stare affected me in some unaccountable way, and I did not see what connection his remarks had with our adventure. A moment later I was star-

ing back hard into his eyes, and my flesh tingled as he told me what follows:

"It was back in 190— that I first came here. I built the hut, for I felt sure of the country, and a tent is unsubstantial if one expects to be settled for a year or more. I hoped to strike a placer claim. There's no reason why there should not be one, for you know that's what made Magdalena, sixty miles from here. I worked day and night, you may say, for I was determined to make a stake that would last me for the rest of my life. I was sick of prospecting. It had only brought me hardship in the past, but I knew I was good for nothing else, and if I was ever to settle down and have a home of my own, the dirt would have to do it.

"I worked for three months without striking anything. But I would not give up, for the country looked good to me, and besides that I had a queer feeling that I could not shake off that there was gold here.

"At last, one November morning, as I put the pick over my shoulder and stepped outside, I saw two men with burros going down the canyon. They were prospectors, and I went white with rage at seeing them. I knew I was too near to Nogales to hope that other prospectors would not come along, but in spite of that I was mad, mad clear through.

"They may have seen the hut before I came outside, but they did not look back, and after a while they disappeared down the trail.

"They might be going to Magdalena, I thought, and it looked that way, for I did not see them again that day, nor the next, nor the next.

"The fourth day I was out pretty late. I had forgotten the men, and as I swung up the trail I was thinking of something very different, dreaming perhaps of the future. They did not occur to my mind even when I saw that there was a light in my hut. The Yaqui Indians had been troublesome for weeks past, and it was the fear of them that made me steal as softly as a mountain lion towards the door. If Yaquis had taken possession I would have to quit, that was all, but I wanted to be sure about it.

"If you will look at the door you will see that it is round the corner like, and unless a man inside is staring straight at it he would not see a fellow who was squinting in with half an eye.

"So I felt pretty safe in crawling up on my belly and taking a look at what was going on inside.

"At the first glance I almost jumped to my feet and went in to ask my visitors their business.

"It was not Yaquis in there, but the two prospectors I had seen four days before.

"But, as you know, I am a man who acts slowly. As I looked again, something seemed to hold me back. The men were silent. There was nothing strange about that, but they were sitting just as you and I are sitting now, and staring at each other across the table.

"It seemed years before either of them spoke, and when at last the words came, they hit me hard.

" 'It was a rich strike, partner. We are in luck at last,' said the taller of the two men deliberately.

"His accent was tell-tale. I knew him for a Southerner at once, but it was not that fact which interested me. It was just two words of what he had said: 'Rich strike! Rich strike!' Good God! Hadn't I been toiling my heart out for that for weary months, and they had found it in four days.

"I waited breathlessly for the other man's answer.

" 'Yes, it's rich,' he said jerkily, 'and placer, too. But it may not turn out any too good for us. We are near Nogales. They will get wise and stake out claims all round us as soon as we go to work.'

" 'What else do you expect, Shorty? Doesn't that happen every time? We can each get a claim that ought to make us rich.'

" 'Oh, you're a tenderfoot! What do you know about it?' sneered the other, whom in a flash I remembered as Shorty Cummins, of old Nevada days. 'We are in a prospector's camp right now. He'll know soon enough and spoil the game for us. I seen him five miles away this afternoon. But he'll be back to-morrow sure, and the gold is so near, he'll know when we go to work and queer us. Maybe he'll call it his claim. I seen where he's been at work all round it.'

"'We can fix him,' said the Southerner slowly, and the menace in his tone was so unmistakable that my hand went to my gun.

"'Fix him—yes.' Shorty Cummins jumped to his feet and lashed out blindly with both arms. 'But what do I know about you, Billy Hall? What do I know about you? It's only two weeks since we met, and you're so damned strange that I don't know any more about you now than I did then. It will be hard for two of us to work this mine on the quiet and get away with enough to make it worth our while. But I've heerd tell of men, I have, who'd give away a secret like this, sell it for cash down and let a partner go to hell. I ain't stood bad luck for nearly half a life-time to run the chance of being fooled now.'

"The man was incoherent and he knew it, for he stopped suddenly.

"'Shorty,' said the Southerner quietly, 'it's hard to hear that from a man I've packed blankets with, even though it's only been for two weeks. You're dead wrong if you think I'd go back on a partner, but now you've spoken, we might as well have this out.'

"He motioned Shorty to resume his seat —and as the latter did so, the smooth, low-pitched voice went on. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget what he said. It's burned in to my brain like the first brand on the skin of a yearling calf.

"'We were drunk with good luck this morning, but that's worn off, and we are selfish once more. I am no better than you. The trouble with both of us is, that we want it all. Why shouldn't we? Chance threw us together, but that could not make us friends. It's not outsiders you're afraid of. It's me. Good God! what devils gold makes of us! Luck never came to us before, and we can't stand it.

"His shoulders humped convulsively, and he half fell across the table.

"'It's home I'm thinking of, the home in Kentucky I left ten years ago. I want to take back enough to pay me for this living death in Mexico. But we'll play fair, Shorty. Don't let the one who lives feel that he struck the other man from behind.'

"As he spoke, his hand went to his belt, and the next moment his gun, a Colt's, lay on the table.

"Cummins was staring hard. His lips were set in a fixed grin, but his hands twitched.

"'Acrost the table!' he muttered. 'We'd both die that way!'

"'Not if we leave one gun unloaded.'

"'Mine's got no shells in it,' said Shorty, thickly, and he laid a Smith & Wesson beside the other revolver.

"Billy Hall picked it up and revolved it two or three times. I afterwards remembered that he seemed to handle it clumsily. Perhaps, like most miners, he was accustomed to a Colt's, for he did not break it. Presently he nodded and put it down.

"'Mine's a full house,' he said, 'and now we'll spin a coin three times for the choice.'

"The face of Shorty Cummins was ashen white. His hand went to his throat. The mechanical calm of the other seemed terrible in comparison.

"'Heads are mine, tails yours,' said Hall, as he spun a dime he had taken from his pocket. It tinkled for a few seconds and then lay still.

"'Tails,' said Hall. 'Now you try.'

"Cummins took the dime and spun it with trembling hand.

"'Heads!' he almost shrieked.

"For the third time the coin flew upward. It fell on the table and tinkled away into silence. The two men were crouched low over the table and at first they did not seem to realize what had happened.

"Then Bill Hall leaned back. 'Choose your gun,' he said, and I knew who would be the murderer.

"I felt like letting out a scream of horror and rushing in between those two madmen. But what would have been the use? They would have killed me like a dog and gone on with their game. For when a man is drunk with gold he is more savage than a million redskins.

"Cummins was calmer now. The fear of death that had passed over him had left him limp, almost nerveless. Reaching over he picked up Bill Hall's gun and leveled it.

"The other stared down into the barrel and did not flinch. I seemed to be living through centuries as I waited for the report, but still it did not come.

"Cummins was shaking again, and presently he swung the revolver away from the bee-line he had drawn on Billy Hall's forehead.'

" 'I can't do it. It's murder,' he said brokenly.

" 'Shall I shoot myself?' sneered Hall. He was game through and through. But suddenly a wave of understanding passed over his face.

" 'It's hard to kill me just so?' he said. 'Will this help you any?'

"He picked up the empty Smith & Wesson, leveled it and snapped it off.

" 'My shot first,' he joked grimly. 'Now both together.'

"There was a roar that shook the 'dobe walls and my eyes closed at the flash.

"When I opened them again I rose quietly to my feet and walked over. For across the table they both lay with shattered foreheads, while the blood oozed out and soaked into the soft deal.

"From the dead hand of Billy Hall I took the gun and broke it. Four chambers were empty, but in the fifth lay an old cartridge with the back so covered with verdigris that he could not have seen it in the poor light. But, partner, that chamber had been brought under the hammer the first time he snapped it off at Shorty Cummins."

RESURRECTION

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

A sepulchre of sodden earth—a pall of cold gray sky.
A deathful silence save the dirge of th' wailing wind's last sigh.
A dreary void all colorless—no vibrant life doth thrill
Across the widening wilderness—the far dim stars are still.
Beneath the bare bleak earth a germ—a germ of life is pent
In grave-clothes, till an inward thrill, and cerements are rent;
And groping roots reach out to grasp the bosom of the world;
And upward springs a budding plant with leaves like wings unfurled,
And on its head a coronal of glittering rainbow hue—
Like saint with fabled aureole—a lily crowned with dew.

The heart of a tomb. All pulseless, cold;
Long laid beneath the silent mould
Of doubt and vanity and hate.
And yet beneath Sin's mountain weight
A spark divine, with power untold;
And from the door the stone is rolled!
From unseen roots of Faith there spring
The leaves of Hope, fast blossoming;
And then a wondrous flower in bloom!
The flower of Love. And from the tomb
The soul has risen! Thus, re-born
Dost doubt the resurrection morn?

BILLY--THE--KID

PART I.

BY J. E. SLIGH

The true story of some of the stirring events in the life of the famous Southwestern outlaw, Billy-the-Kid, as told by Mr. J. E. Sligh, is decidedly interesting. The story of this outlaw has often before been told without the convincing detail furnished by Mr. Sligh, who was resident of Lincoln County, at the time of the "war," and the subsequent capture of the "Kid." The pictures with this article are from very rare photographs, kindly loaned the Overland Monthly by the author.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE MOST daring, reckless and famous outlaw who ever terrorized the Southwest was Billy-the-Kid. He was a home product. By which is meant that he did not commit some crime in the East and was forced to go West, and there continue outlawry, but his first crime was committed in Southwest New Mexico, when he was a mere stripling, and in that territory he completed his bloody record. His father was a soldier in the regular army, and was stationed at Ford Bayard, near Silver City, New Mexico, where he died, leaving a wife and three children, Billy being the eldest, and at that time about fifteen years of age. His mother was left without means of support other than by her own hands. She was an honest, hard-working woman, and Billy did what he could to help her support the other children. He was known as the "Kid" by all, and being a bright, lively and attractive boy, gained many friends. He soon drifted onto the cattle range and became an expert rider of bronchos, and a proficient in the use of the lariat—no cow-boy can ever become a leader in a general way unless he can first become a leader in the work of the ranch, riding bronchos, throwing and branding cattle and horses, fighting Indians, and whites, too, and in the games incident to ranch and cow-boy life. While he had always been known as "the Kid" up to this time, he now began to be called Billy by his fellows, and soon after he came to be known as Billy-the-Kid. He was only a boy in stature and weight, and his face was smooth, though of age at this time. He was about five feet high, small hands and feet, dark, swarthy complexion, with hair as black as the ravens which infest those plains in great numbers. The distinguishing mark about the Kid were his eyes. They were black and very bright. They seemed to glow with something like the fierceness of the couger or mountain lions when he became excited. At such times his expression seemed to be that of unconquerable determination, and that was his peculiar characteristic. If the boss wished any difficult, dangerous piece of work done, he would place Billy—he invariably called him Billy now—in charge of it, feeling perfectly sure that it would be done. If the Indians got on the rampage, as they often did and threatened the ranchers, and began to kill cattle, Billy-the-Kid was always chosen as the leader against them, and many were the fights with the Apaches, in which he invariably came off victorious. He seemed to be absolutely devoid of fear, and, consequently, was as cool, calm and collected in a skirmish with Indians as if he was simply rounding up some wild stock. The Apaches soon came to know him and fear him.

A raid by some renegade Apaches on a small rancher at about this time, 1878,

WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO, FOR A LONG TIME THE HOME OF THE OUTLAW, BILLY-THE-KID.

and the part taken by the Kid in driving them off will show the estimation in which he was held both by his comrades and by his foes, the Apaches. The Indians, four in number, had made a raid on a rancher who lived northeast from Fort Bayard, on the edge of the plains, where some springs burst forth. His family consisted of himself, wife and four children, the eldest a girl of ten years of age. Irvington, the rancher, had gone to the mountains about five miles west of his home, for some timber to complete a corral he was building. No trouble from the Indians was anticipated, as a friendly feeling seemed to be well established between them and Irvington. Four young bucks, who were out on a hunt, it seemed, saw Irvington going to the mountain, when the idea entered their minds that it would be an easy thing for them to raid his home, take what they wanted and outrage his wife and little girl, who was well grown for her age. Accordingly they dropped back over a low ridge that ran down from the mountain, out of sight of the rancher, and, making a slight detour, came upon the ranch from the rear of the corral. Dismounting and fastening their ponies—simply dropping their lariats, they suddenly appeared at the open door of the ranch house. Mrs. Irvington and all the children happened to be in the room. Supposing the Indians to be friendly, no war paint being displayed by them, she was not frightened, and, rising, she went to the door and asked them what they desired. At this they stepped into the room and closed the door behind them; one of them remained at the door and another went to the only window of the room and took his position there. One of the other two seized Mrs. Irvington, while the other took the little daughter in his arms. The woman began to struggle with all her might, crying at the top of her voice the meanwhile. The Indian struck her full in the face, knocking her down and rendering her senseless for the time. The little daughter could offer no serious resistance, and was frightened so that she did not know what she was doing. The other children had run under the only bed in the room, under which was a trundle bed in which they slept. Getting under this, and as far back against the wall as possible, they lay quiet, trembling with fear. Grasping Mrs. Irvington's clothing the Indian took hold of her with the evident intention of placing her on the bed,

but he never straightened up, for just at that period of time the door was violently thrown open, the Indian who was guarding it being taken off his guard, and jostled back against the one who was bending over Mrs. Irvington, and Billy-the-Kid jumped into the room, firing two shots at the two Indians who were in front of him, killing them both. He turned at once to the other two, but one of them was too quick for him, and darting out of the room, escaped. The remaining buck was game and made a fight for his life. He got one shot in, but failed to score, and the Kid's shot put him out of business. The Kid's next thought was for the Indian who had escaped from the room. He did not know but the buck was waiting outside to take advantage of him as he came out of the house. Opening the door as widely as possible, he looked out, and could see nor hear any one; with his gun prepared for shooting, he ventured out, and, looking off across the valley, saw the Indian fleeing as for life. His next thought was for the woman and her children. The mother had regained consciousness. Waiting for a few moments, the Kid re-entered the room to find the whole family safe and unhurt, except for the blow the woman had received. She could hardly believe that the Kid, single-handed, had killed three of the bucks and had driven the other off, but such was the fact.

It seems that he was out on the range, far below the ranch, when he observed the four bucks going towards the ranch. Watching their maneuvres, he became convinced that they meant mischief, and he followed them, arriving just in the nick of time to rescue the family from death and outrage. He rode up to the ranch and dismounting, ran for the door, intending to take them by surprise and kill or disable them before they could recover, and this he did. Billy-the-Kid was an expert with his pistol and his gun. He was an unerring shot, never excited and exceedingly quick. Many is the coyote and jack-rabbit that he has killed while his pony was at full speed, and the coyote running for dear life. It was really an easy thing for the Kid to kill the three bucks the way things turned out; but probably no other man on earth would have acted just as he did and accomplished what he did. This was characteristic of him; he always did what no other man thought of doing; was always cool and collected, while others were excited and not thinking of what to do until too late.

The buck who escaped was fearfully excited and expected to be shot by other men whom he believed were outside, but took his opportunity to get out of the house into the open; and getting out, mounted his pony and fled. He reported that a crowd of men had ambushed them and killed three while he escaped. When the facts became known, through friendly Indians, they could not make the buck believe that there was only one man against himself and three others, but it put a wholesome fear of Billy-the-Kid in the hearts of the murderous bucks. It also caused the whites to respect him as they had not before. It showed that Billy-the-Kid was game, cool and collected, and that he would fight under any and all circumstances, regardless of the odds against him.

For years before this, the people of Southern New Mexico had not seemed to care for the lands which lay outside and away from the various Mexican settlements, and many fine locations for ranches were to be had simply for the making of locations. Now the men of means who had heretofore confined their attention to the improvements of the towns and settlements, began to reach out for the lands where water could be had that would control the range. It was now being appreciated that the gramma grass of New Mexico was about the best in the world, and that the man or men who could control large bodies of it would reap golden harvests. Soon a scramble took place. Locations were made under the direction and for the benefit of the lawyers, merchants and capitalists. Sometimes there would be fierce contests over such locations —not before the land offices, but on the ground, between the parties, their retainers and supporters. It was simply a question of who was the strongest, the weaker party getting out of the way, and sometimes losing a lot of cattle or sheep, as the case happened to be. It was in one of these ranch contests that Billy-the-Kid terminated victoriously for his side, that

THE OLD GLASS MILL AT WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

he got into trouble with the courts and grand jury, and caused him to remove to Lincoln County, and to protect himself from the officers of that county, enter upon what came to be known as the Lincoln County war.

In the beginning of the Lincoln County war Billy-the-Kid had very strong friends behind him, and they rendered him material assistance. He could not be controlled, however, and one by one his big friends dropped away from him, and he was left to conduct his own affairs and take care of himself as best he could. This he was perfectly willing to do, as he believed himself well able to paddle his own canoe. He might have done so successfully for years, but for the discovery of gold at White Oaks, which brought into the county a large number of intelligent, law-abiding people from the East.

These Eastern men invested in mines, ranches, farms and town property in White Oaks and the town of Lincoln, the county seat. White Oaks was eighty miles east of Socorro, on the Rio Grande, and about the same distance from Roswell-on-the-Pecos, and it was about half-way between El Paso on the south and Las Vagas on the north, the distance from each being about 160 miles. The mining boom at White Oaks brought in thousands of good men, as all bona fide booms do; many of them remained to invest and others sought more inviting fields. Those who remained soon became the controlling force in business and in politics. Realizing that the war in Lincoln County was very disadvantageous to the prosperity and growth of the county, the business men soon created a sentiment that demanded that the law should be enforced in all cases, and the "war," especially, should cease.

Billy-the-Kid and his friends came to White Oaks quite often, always on the quiet, and conducted themselves respectably, and if they had continued such course, probably the Kid might have been pardoned and the war closed. The Kid had a few very bitter enemies in White Oaks, men who had been fighting him before White Oaks was discovered, and who came to the mining camp and located permanently. These men were really afraid of the Kid, and did not wish to see him become a citizen of the camp. Consequently, when a move was made by Judge Ira E. Leonard, formerly a district Federal Judge in Missouri, to obtain a promise of pardon from Governor Lew Wallace, then Governor of the territory, upon condition that the Kid should surrender himself and make a clean breast

before the court, a strong sentiment was raised against it by the old timers. It was not hard to convince the new-comers that if the Kid were pardoned that the war would not really end, and that it was best to let the law take its course without any interference from Governor Wallace.

At that time, Judge Leonard was a partner of the writer, who then ran an assay office in White Oaks. It is well remembered that the Judge aroused the writer from sleep one night about two o'clock, and introduced him to "Billy-the-Kid, one of the whitest men in New Mexico." The Kid was there to see about his pardon from the Governor, but it came to naught on account of the local opposition, as stated above. This caused the Kid to become very bitter toward Bill Hudgins, the leader of such opposition, who was running a saloon and gambling hall in White Oaks, and he determined to get even with him if possible.

Hudgins was kept posted as to the Kid's intentions through the betrayal of that worthy by one of his gang whom Hudgins's whisky had demoralized. A close watch was kept by Hudgins and his friends upon the Kid's movements, for according to their belief, it meant death to Hudgins if the Kid had a chance to kill him. They made the most of such condition to the new-comers, thus intensifying the feeling against the famous outlaw.

It was during this time that the Kid and some friends came to White Oaks, arriving one evening after dark. Hudgins's friends were on the alert and it soon became noised around that Billy-the-Kid was in town. The whole place became excited, and things looked serious for awhile. The Kid gang soon got on to the facts and left town, going out Lone Mountain Canyon to some springs about four miles north. Here they camped for the night. Next morning they sent a man to town for some more whisky and other supplies. This man either gave it away or else was watched; at any rate it was known before eight o'clock the next morning that the Kid was at Lobo spring. A posse was at once organized and went out to capture him if possible. The Kid's men were on the lookout and saw the posse coming. They at once decamped down the canyon, the posse following. John Hudgins was the leader of the posse and was in front on a fine horse, owned by him. Coming to a straight stretch of the canyon, a shot rang out from below, and Hudgins's horse fell dead, shot through the brain. If the horse had not raised his head just when he did, the shot would have killed John Hudgins. This put a wholesome fear in the breasts of the posse, and they returned to White Oaks.

The Kid and his friends continued their flight to the north of the Jicarilla mountains, and stopped with a friend of theirs, who had recently located a road house at a water hole by the roadside. Some freighters, passing, recognized the Kid, and brought the news to White Oaks. This was about seven in the evening, and by nine o'clock a new posse had been organized, with Bill Hudgins as the leader, and when daylight broke the next morning they had the *jacal* shack, which did duty as road house, and in which the Kid was peacefully slumbering, surrounded.

After good daylight, the owner of the shack came out to attend to his chores, when he was arrested and kept by the posse. Some indiscretion on the part of some member of the posse gave the Kid an idea of the condition of affairs, and seeing a hat above a small log, from the window of the cabin, a rifle ball whizzed through it, grazing the top of its owner's head and scaring the life nearly out of him. This gave the thing away, and a rifle fire was kept up at intervals, from both sides, for several hours. Finally, the Kid hung out a white cloth.

"What do you want?" sang out one of the posse.

"We want to talk this thing over and see if a compromise cannot be arranged. What do you want, and who are you after?" returned the Kid party.

"Oh, you know what we want and who we want; it's the Kid, alive or dead," replied the posse.

There was silence for several minutes, while the shooting from the outside continued. The white flag was again raised, and a voice from the cabin said:

"Send Jim Sanders here to talk with us and arrange for a surrender of all in this cabin."

THE OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP, WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO. THIS IS THE OLD SHOP WHERE BILLY THE KID, THE OUT-LAW, USED TO HAVE HIS HORSES SHOD.

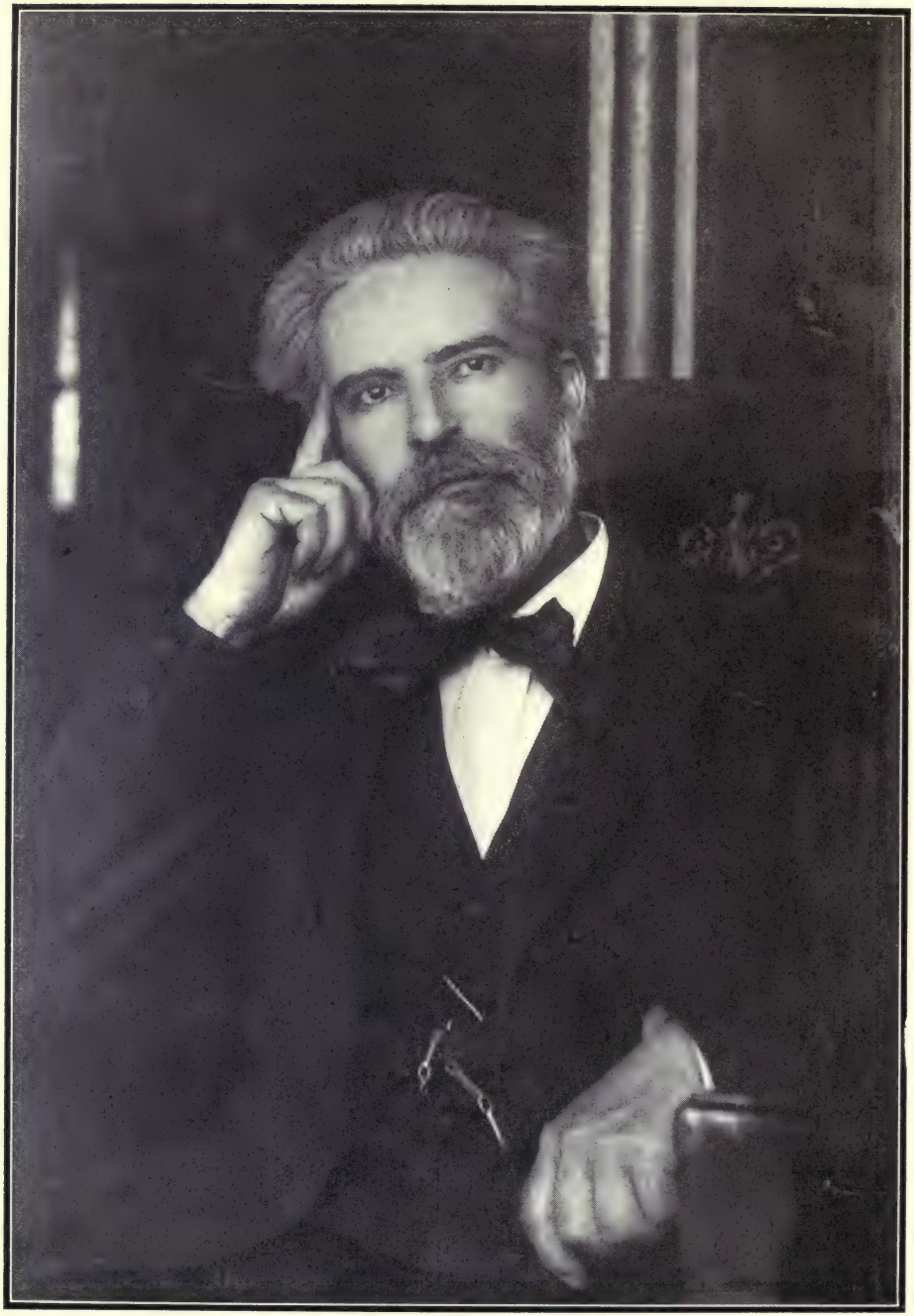
"Will you promise to hold him harmless and to allow him to return to us if you and he do not agree?" said Hudgins.

"Yes, of course we will not hurt him, nor try to prevent his return when he wants to go back," said the Kid gang.

Hudgins was not in favor of Saunders going, but that man, with others, thought the Kid was too brave a man to take any such advantage of any one, and that Saunders would be perfectly safe. In this they were altogether mistaken. The Kid refused to allow Saunders to return, saying the posse would not shoot in there while Saunders was there for fear of killing him. There were four of the Kid's party; Saunders had left his arms with the posse, and he was helpless to resist the Kid's orders. This continued for about two hours, the posse being greatly worked up over the turn affairs had taken. They were afraid to shoot in the cabin any more for fear of killing Saunders; they were getting awfully tired and thirsty lying under the blazing sun without water, and they did not know whether Saunders had been killed, or tied down close to the door, or whether he had deserted to the Kid's gang—Saunders was an old desperado from Texas.

Just at this time the men who were facing the window saw Saunders come flying through it, but a shot from within killed him almost before he struck the ground. It was the Kid, as it afterward was learned, that killed him. This so demoralized the posse that they got hold of Saunders as quickly as possible, under cover of the rifles from the outside, and went back to White Oak, where Saunders was buried with all the honor possible.

The Kid had gained another victory, but it was the dearest victory he had ever bought. It crystalized the public sentiment against him solidly, and the people declared that they must elect a man as sheriff who would make it his business to rid the county of all outlaws. Pat Garrett was the man selected, and he was elected sheriff by an almost unanimous vote. How Pat captured the Kid and how the Kid killed two deputy sheriffs and got away, and how Pat Garrett finally killed the Kid in Pete Maxwell's room, in his ranch on the old Fort Sumner reservation, on the Rio Pecos, has been told heretofore.



EDWIN MARKHAM.

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

BY F. G. MARTIN

Poetic limner, thou dost mix transfused
Pigmental flame supernal with moil sweat
From drudgery's swart brow distort, to paint
A type of nobler feature far than him
To beasts made brother--trac'st his lineaments
In Faith and Hope and Love, triunal hues
Of heaven, which bespeak him like to God
In attribute of spirit recreate,
In mind more kingly garmented, in frame
Meet tabernacle for soul-ark divine.
Nor stay'st thy brush nor deem'st thy work full done
Content alone prime MAN exalt to limn.

Illiberating, too, curst CHILD, a Ham
Birth-doomed, from treadmill toil, from gyves of hell
On infant lives pressed sore by Mammon greed--
Lead'st man and child, anew both born, back to
Edenic Opportunity's estate,
All sentineled with cherubim of Law,
Far flashing with the flaming swords of Right
And Justice, panoplied. Now, limner bold,
Thy thund'rous prophecy athwart thy work
Let roll, till from thy canvas, animate,
To state sublime the creature lordlier
Comes forth, from Ideality to Real.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

CONDUCTED BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

Author of "A Song of Autumn"

EDWIN MARKHAM, Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Madge Morris Wagner have recently been elected honorary members of the club. Edwin Markham will be remembered as the author of "The Man With the Hoe." A full sketch of his life was given in the Overland Monthly of October, 1907. Two of his latest poems are "Virgilia" and "The Homing Heart." Benjamin Ide Wheeler is the honored President of the University of California. He is a deep student of the classics and well versed in literature. Madge Morris Wagner is the author of poems—one of the most touching and beautiful being "Rocking the Baby."

Members of the club will find a most helpful book in "The Short Story," a collection of stories edited by Brander Matthews. The editor's notes are critical and well calculated to define the story. The tales selected run from the "Gestae Romanorum." Published by the American Book Company.

Another book helpful to those in search of literary culture will be found in "England's and America's Literature," an awkward title, but one that fortunately will not deter the real student. The volume gives broad views and appears to be sound in its judgments. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author is Eva March Tappan, a high-school teacher, formerly of Worcester, Mass.

"The Californians."

"The Californians," by Gertrude Atherton, is a story of love with a background of romantic California. Helena Belmont, a New England girl, and Magdalena Roberts, daughter of a Spanish Californian, are friends living in San Francisco. They take part in a number of startling escapades; they dress in boy's clothes and go to see a fire; they are arrested for this foolishness, taken to the police station, where they are recognized and sent home, and Magdalena is whipped by her severe Castilian father.

The Spanish girl has an admirer, Trennahan, who, after winning a place in her heart, is attracted by the intellectual Helena. Such is the friendship of Magdalena for Helena and such is her devotion to Trennahan, that she gradually surrenders her interest in the gentleman, feeling that Helena is more worthy of him than she. None but the strongest could make this sacrifice, but Magdalena is strong. She has fought and won the ordinary battles of life, has even thought herself through a maze of superstition to a practical religion that has kept her blameless.

But Trennahan's love for Helena is not genuine, and Helena discards him. This Magdalena cannot understand, and her resentment of Helena's treatment of Trennahan is deep. All the passion of her old Spanish blood is aroused, and her impulse is to murder. But Helena feels the hatred of her one-time friend and escapes; finally Trennahan comes again to Magdalena, entering her life just as Magdalena's father, Don Roberts, long now of unsound mind, has committed suicide.

This is the second edition of "The Californians," and it goes without saying that it will be as popular as the first. Macmillan, $1.50. New York.

The Sonoma County Short Story Club has issued a printed programme, showing the work for the entire year, with a list of

the active members. This is now the third year of this club's existence, and enthusiasm is in no wise in the wane.

The following letters are self-explanatory. They indicate clearly how widely the influence of the Pacific Short Story Club is extending.

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18 Woburn Building, Euston Road, N. W., December 18, 1907.

Dear Sirs—I thank you for making me an honorary member of your club, which I imagine to myself somewhere under the shadow of the palm trees. I remember how the moonlight fell amongst them one night in San Jose. I wish I could attend your meetings. But alas! Marconi has not yet discovered how to transport so weighty a thing.

Yours Sincerely,

W. B. YEATS.

Oakland, Cal., March 12, 1908.

Dear Mr. Bland—Will you kindly present to the Short Story Club—as its President—my sincere thanks for the honor extended to me in admitting me to its honorary membership, as well as for the gracious manner in which I find myself notified of the occasion. I hope soon to be able to meet more of the members of the club, as well as to renew my pleasant relations with such of them as I have had the fortune to meet already.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE STERLING.

Stanford University, Cal., February 27, 1908.

Dr. Henry M. Bland,
San Jose, California.

Dear Mr. Bland—Permit me to acknowledge my election as an honorary member of the Pacific Short Story Club. I take great pleasure in accepting this honor, and I shall feel that I am in good company.

Very truly yours,

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

"The Art of the Singer," by W. J. Henderson, is a serious discussion centering about the themes which one who is a master of music should know. The work is critical as well as instructive, and has therefore considerable general interest. The writer never loses sight of the idea, and it is a good one to bear in mind that music is a vehicle for the expression of thought. Therefore, the first aim of the singer should be to make the thought he wishes to express clear to his audience. The making of music, which should be intellectual, purely sensual is condemned. The chapter titles deal with the whole range of vocal music, from "Fundamental Breathing" to "Wagner-Singing."

Scribner's, New York.

A new booklet of "Poems" by Arthur S. Howe, of San Jose, deals with humanitarian and transcendental subjects. The author exhibits feeling, but falls short of condensed and final expression, though there is much promise in his work, and he will doubtless find many readers. Mr. Howe is his own publisher, and the volume bound in paper is neat in appearance. It may be obtained for 15 cents by addressing 405 South Second street, San Jose, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA ROAD-RUNNER.

A NOBLE BIRD-CITIZEN

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON

The story of the Road Runner as told by Mrs. Millard F. Hudson will delight the Californian, for the Road Runner is one of the most familiar birds of California. He is the friend of every stage driver, and he is found in nearly every county of the State in his usual impertinent familiarity. Mrs. Hudson has a rare faculty of description, and is withal acquainted with the scientific, as well as the lay history of her subject.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

POPULAR impression prevails in the cities around San Francisco Bay, that the road-runner is practically extinct, though many well-informed persons know better. The bird was never so much at home in that part of California as in the drier regions south of the Tehachapi Mountains, where he can still be met at almost any time by those who know where to look for him. On the deserts and in the dry, rocky mountains of that region, he is still quite at home, and lends the country one of its most charming features. The great public park at San Diego is one of his favorite haunts, where he can be met almost any bright morning. Since the California Legislature has shown a disposition to take effective steps for the protection of our feathered friends, he seems likely to flourish again as of old and to become once more one of the commonest, as he is already one of the most interesting, of our wild birds.

In the suburbs of a Southern California town, while "cutting cross lots" one day, I came upon a man in a ravine, busy trying to draw a bead with a shotgun upon something in the bushes a little way up an adjacent hillside. Stopping to avoid flushing his game, I soon perceived that it was a road-runner, standing in the path, half curious and half shy, raising and lowering his crest and flirting his tail. A quick wave of anger came over me, and I said to the man: "My friend, don't you know that you are about to get into trouble?" And I informed him that he was violating both a town ordinance and a State law. As he made a surly reply in a broken tongue, and meanwhile kept on trying to shoot the bird, prompt action seemed necessary, and I therefore stepped in front of him, walked up the path, and drove the road-runner off some distance, followed by the curses of the disappointed pot-hunter. Since then I have learned that it is no uncommon thing for these shy-friendly birds, after cultivating the acquaintance of a kind-hearted neighbor of ranch or suburb, and becoming quite at home, to end by helping fill the dinner pot of some unfeeling hunter. One is reminded of the remark attributed to a Frenchman, after swallowing an oyster, that he felt as though he had swallowed a baby. Certainly, any real lover of birds would as lief eat a dove or a lark, and almost as quickly a baby, as a road-runner.

The proper name of this bird is the *Geococcyx Californianus,* but he has many popular names, among them chaparral-cock, ground-cuckoo, lizard-bird, snake-killer, war bird, medicine bird and road-runner, the last being the most popular in California. To the Spanish folk he is known as *el correo del camino,* from his fondness for running in the roads and paths, and this is doubtless the origin of the name of "road runner." They also call him *la churrea* (pronounced choor-ray-ah), which is an attempt to reproduce his cry, a low, muffled tone, somewhat difficult to locate as to direction and distance. Still another Spanish name for him is *el*

paisano, a word meaning a compatriot or fellow-countryman, used in much the same sense as the German word *landsman.* This latter name is also quite commonly used in the Southwest.

Each of these popular names has its reason for being in some habit or characteristic of the road-runner: Chaparral-cock, because he bears a superficial resemblance to the pheasant and lives much among the chaparral; ground-cuckoo, because he belongs to the cuckoo family, and lives chiefly upon the ground; lizard-bird, snake-killer and war-bird, because he kills and eats reptiles; and medicine-bird because in some places his flesh is considered a sovereign cure for certain diseases.

He belongs to the order of *scansores,* the family *cuculidae* or cuckoos, and the genus *geococcyx* or wagler. His habitat is in northern Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States. In Southern Mexico he is replaced by another species, the *geococcyx affinis.* In California he is occasionally seen as far north as the headwaters of the Sacramento, but his true home is in the southern part of the State. In the mesquite thickets along the Rio Grande river he is at home, and is often tamed by the people of Spanish descent, not only to keep their gardens clear of insects, but to be eaten in case of sickness. The following description is taken from Cooper's *Geological Survey of California*:

"Tail very long; the lateral feathers much shortest. An erectile crest on the head. A bare skin around and behind the eye, colored blueish-white and orange when alive. Legs very long and stout. All the feathers of the upper parts and wings of a dull, metallic oliveaceous-green, broadly edged with white near the end. There is, however, a tinge of black in the green along the line of white, which itself is suffused with brown. On the neck, the black preponderates. The sides and under surface of the neck have the white feathers streaked centrally with black, next to which is a brownish suffusion. The remaining under parts are whitish, immaculate. Primary quills tipped with white, and with a median band across the outer webs. Centrally the tail feathers olive-brown; remaining ones clear dark green, all edged, and (except the central two) broadly tipped with white. Top of the head dark, blackish blue. Length 20.00 to 23.00; extent, 21.00; wing, 6.00 to 7.00; tail, 12.00 to 13.00. Iris brown and yellow; bill olive; feet black."

A technical description like this, however accurate, conveys but an imperfect idea of the striking appearance of the road-runner. Meeting him in path or road, he keeps at a moderate distance, and will linger to observe you, unless pursued. His large, sparkling eyes are fixed upon you intently with mingled fear and curiosity; his crest keeps rising and falling, and his long tail bobbing, seeming to reflect the varying shades of his thoughts. The play of light upon his feathers is exquisite, and it is hard to believe that such sober colors can be so arranged as to produce such brilliant effects. From the tip of his long, curved beak, to the end of his waggling tail, he is alive, every inch of him. He looks like a long-geared young turkey, but is really about the size of a pigeon, and weighs only about a pound. Start in pursuit, and he will surprise you with the ease with which he keeps his distance, running swiftly along the road with his rudder-like tail held a little to one side. As an old Texan remarked: "It takes a right peart cur to catch one," and he might have added, a fast horse. After running a short distance he will usually dart into the bushes beside the road, but he seldom uses his wings, unless hard pressed, and then only for a short distance. The wings are short and much curved, and not adapted to sustained flight, although they enable him to spring to a height of ten or fifteen feet into a tree, and even to fly a considerable distance from a height or over descending ground. In some instances it seems that the bird rather enjoys these impromptu races, and he has even been known to regularly meet a man who traveled over the same road every day, coming out of the bushes at the same spot, and starting off with an expressive flirt of his tail for his morning race of half a mile.

This populist-like preference for keeping to the middle of the road finds some excuse in the bird's habits and diet. He makes his home in low thickets or patches of cactus, and loves to dust himself in the beaten track; the road is also a favorite

haunt of one of his favorite articles of diet, the small lizard.

It is on the desert, where all living creatures hunt and are hunted, that the road-runner seems best to fit his environment. He is the only desert dweller quick enough to dodge the fangs of the rattlesnake. Even the lizard, although surprisingly quick, cannot escape him. His appearance is not particularly bloodthirsty, though he will sometimes snap his mandibles together and coo rather harshly when you approach too near, but in action, no desert dweller is more cold-blooded and business-like. When domesticated, he will sometimes play with a mouse, like a cat; and on his native heath, where the only laws are those made by hunger, his fierce beak snaps the scorpions and centipedes in two like a pair of shears.

The road-runner is not gregarious, but lives in pairs, like his dearest enemy, the rattlesnake; and wherever one is seen, another is sure to be near by. You might travel in a desert region for a week and not see one, but do not imagine he has not seen you; he is there, lurking in the shadow of greasewood, cactus and sage, with which his neutral colors blend to perfection, as he seems quite well aware. But stop a day or two in one spot, and he is quite certain to appear in the distance, showing an amusing mingling of suspicion and curiosity. Throw out some crumbs, and after running away at first, he will invariably come back to eat them; and after having tasted your fare, he is likely to be on hand at meal-times, and ultimately to become almost tame enough to eat from your hand. But at first you are under grave suspicion and must prove yourself worthy of his confidence. Good acquaintance is promoted by the avoidance of sudden motions and by talking to the bird.

His food varies somewhat with the locality, but he is by preference a meat-eater —devouring lizards, horned toads, snakes, scorpions, mice, crabs, snails, grasshoppers, centipedes, caterpillars, beetles, and, it is to be feared, young birds of other species. There is a caterpillar which infests the wild passion-vine in Southern California, of which he is very fond. He often comes to the outbuildings of a ranch or suburban home, in search of cocoons, meat, poultry scraps, and even eggs. When thoroughly tamed, he lives on much the same food as domestic poultry, but is a tireless "rustler" for the peculiar diet which he prefers. He is also likely to become as mischievous as a magpie, delighting to carry off and hide small articles, to spill ink and tear up papers. His lordly air while strutting about amidst a flock of hens is highly amusing.

The ordinary note of the road-runner is a low cooing noise, resembling that of the dove, for which it is sometimes mistaken. Englishmen coming to Southern California mistake it for the cuckoo, with which they are familiar. The male has been seen to stand on a high boulder, and after strutting up and down the rock for a time with tail and wings hanging, stop to call, putting his bill down on the rock and going through contortions suggestive of pumping up the sound. The nest is built in a bush, low tree, or clump of cactus, rather loosely constructed of twigs, quite shallow, and lined with almost any soft material that may be convenient. Grass, manure, feathers, inner bark, mesquite pods, snake-skin and roots have been found used for the purpose. The nesting season is early in the spring, beginning in March or April, and sometimes well into the summer. The eggs are from two to four, white in color, slightly larger than a pigeon's egg, and nearly equal in size at both ends. The young show the same love of running in the middle of the road as the old birds, and are sometimes run down and killed by freighters on the desert.

I have said that the road-runner makes snakes a part of his diet. It is agreed that he kills and eats the rattlesnake, as well as the harmless varieties, and this fact is one of the causes of the high regard in which he is generally held; but as to the means which he uses to kill the rattlesnake, there is a difference of opinion. He is quick enough and his savage mandibles strong enough to spring upon the snake and despatch him with his bill, and this it is well known that he sometimes does; but whether he does not sometimes choose a more poetical means of doing his venomous adversary to death, is the point in dispute. There is a tradition that, finding a rattlesnake asleep and sluggish on a cold morning, he proceeds to

build around him a corral of the brittle joints of the cholla cactus. When this is done, he rouses the snake by dropping a stick or a piece of cactus upon him; the serpent, trying to escape, is wounded by the prickly hedge, at which he angrily strikes, only to be wounded again. Meanwhile, the road-runner keeps darting in and out, and using his bill with effect; and at last, blind with rage and pain, the snake bites himself and dies.

This is a very pretty tradition, and one firmly believed by most people of Spanish descent, as well as by old dwellers on the desert, many of whom declare they have been eye-witnesses of the performance. But some scientists, among them one of our best authorities, Mr. Theodore S. Van Dyke, scouts it as altogether improbable. I am not aware that any scientist of note has written in defense of the tradition, and it would be presumptuous for a layman to attempt to settle its authenticity out of hand, but it may be permissible to suggest a few considerations.

The question appears to be one to be settled by the testimony of eye-witnesses, rather than by a discussion of possibilities or probabilities. There seems nothing inherently impossible in the tradition, and one reliable witness ought to raise a strong presumption of its truth. It is probably not a frequent occurrence, but one which a person might never chance to see, though living on the desert for years. Many men who are not trained naturalists, are, nevertheless, keen and accurate observers, and their testimony is not wanting in the present case. Besides the "old residenters" who can be found ready to testify, let me cite the direct and positive statement of Mr. Thomas N. Moyle, in the Overland Monthly for May, 1894. In the instance which he witnessed, two road-runners carried off the nest of a wood-rat, and used it in making their corral around the snake, there being no cactus handy. Mr. Moyle's narrative of the gallant defense of his home by the father rat, of the mother's carrying their young to a place of safety on her back, clinging to her tail with their own, and of the co-operation of the two birds in driving off the rats, so that they might take the sticks from the nest unmolested, all make a very pretty story. The fact that these birds used small sticks, instead of cactus, suggests that possibly the object of the corral is merely to impede the motions and thus prevent the escape of the snake, that the bird places no special reliance upon the cactus thorns, but merely uses the most convenient material, and that the reptile is really killed by the road-runner's bill, instead of its own bite. Something of this kind, I venture to suggest, may be found very near the truth. It must be admitted that even cactus thorns would probably make but slight impression upon this thick-skinned snake, especially on a cold morning.

But the fact that the road-runner kills rattlesnakes at all is a remarkable performance, and fully entitles him to the affectionate regard in which he is held by most of the people of the Southwest. I have never heard of any systematic attempt at his domestication; but it would seem that he has many fine qualities which ought to endear him to the farmer or the dweller in the suburbs, and make them firm friends and allies.

MODERATION

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

A shy, unassuming young woman
Was noted for wit and acumen.
Said she: "I'm so charming' 'tis truly
alarming.
I *must* be a little more human!"

THE CIRCE OF LAHONTON BASIN

A STORY OF NEVADA'S DESERT

BY RICHARD L. RINCKWITZ

TO SUDDENLY stop a girl upon the public highway, seize her horse by the bit and throw him back upon his haunches—all this for the simple purpose of demanding information—was at best a questionable action. And yet, with all my brutality, I winced under the torrent of her abuse. The truth is always bitter; from pretty lips, it is doubly so, even though the girl be—but this had been mere conjecture upon my part. I may have been hasty in judgment.

Urged alike by spur and voice, her little Indian pony reared and struck at me viciously. "A locoed prospector," "a drunken Gringo," were a few of the mildest terms she had used. I flushed angrily. The night before I had been drinking, but worry and fear for Chestor's safety had since sobered me. I was far more sane than she, so I only tightened my grip on the bridle, carefully avoiding whip and hoofs alike.

"I think you can tell me a little about him," I said quietly. "You saw more of him lately than I."

"I have not seen him since—I know nothing of him," she exclaimed furiously. I knew she lied.

"A prospector does not always keep to the road," I said, watching her face. "Four days ago I was south of Sand Springs in the foothills, to the left of Buck Horn pass, and I saw you together on Hidden Trail."

She started at this, doubtless wondering how much more I knew. Suddenly I found myself staring into a wicked little 45-calibre Derringer. Cornered, her Indian blood had come to the surface.

"If I were a man, this would be an effective argument. As I am a woman, you had better step aside—it might go off," and I took the hint.

Freed, she was in no hurry to depart, but grinned wickedly at my too evident discomfiture, taking the precaution to keep me covered.

"Your friend, Mr. Chestor," and the tone was bitterly sarcastic, "is really very near—and yet so far," she added, as an after thought, laughing outright. I failed to see anything to laugh at, so kept silent.

Truly, the vagaries of a woman's mind are hard to fathom. A minute ago, we had been at sword's point. My life, I knew, had been at the mercy of her little finger, and now she seemed disposed to chat about the weather.

"What do you think of my dog?" she asked suddenly. "Has he changed any since you last saw him?"

I looked at the cur. If you have ever seen one coyote dog, you have seen them all—black or spotted, they are alike in one respect: Fawning, cringing, eyes shifty, and ever ready to run at the slightest hostile gesture. I had often noted these traits—in this dog they were evident to an unusual degree. But now I started with surprise at the change in him. He came forward menacingly, hair bristling, teeth showing, and the eyes gleaming balefully.

"You had better watch that dog," I advised. "Some day he'll do you an injury."

"I was about to remark,' she said, more to the dog than to me, "that Mr. Chestor has a horror of being known as a 'squaw man'—says it would be worse than a *dog's life.*" The peculiar emphasis and the sardonic laugh that followed, gave me an insight to the past few weeks. I had often warned Chestor against playing with this kind of fire. Indian blood alone is bad

enough—hidden by the velvety veneer of the Anglo-Saxon, it is a veritable volcano.

"This tells me nothing of Chestor," I impatiently broke in. "While you sit there talking nonsense, he may be dying of thirst."

"Softly, softly," she remarked. "Really, you *white* people are so impatient," and again that laugh gave me cold chills. She was far whiter than I, hence the sarcastic laugh. "Believe me, Chestor is not in want—of water."

"A very wise dog, not?" she questioned, seeing my absorbed contemplation. Lately, my ideals of women had undergone a change. "A woman, a dog"—the fragment of some old adage occurred to me. A dog is without guile, but cannot speak. I stooped to stroke the trembling cur, and wished I could understand his nervous whimpering.

"I think the cur is tired of me," she called, turning her horse slowly. "I will leave him with you awhile." It was only with difficulty that I held him. His eyes became bloodshot with rage, and yet, when I let go, he quickly returned.

* * * *

The mining excitement at Sand Springs brought us to Nevada. Journalistic free lances, Chestor and I left San Francisco at the first hint of a gold strike, scenting "copy"—possibly a scoop, with the prospect of a good claim on the side. For weeks the boom hung fire, and we made our headquarters at Fallon, in a tent. It was agreed that Chestor should mainly keep in touch with the Fallon mine owners, and that I should make trips to Sand Springs as a prospector.

It was with no little concern that I noticed the growing intimacy of Chestor and the Princess. As the daughter of General S. by his first wife, a Piute squaw, Chestor knew her; but I learned more. When on the first rung of the ladder—little more than a "hay baler"—it seems the General considered the daughter of Chief Onesides a good match. With the coming of prosperity—eighty thousand sheep in the Sierras, and possibly a faint outline of political honors on the horizon—the point of view changed somewhat; also, an Indian woman at thirty is not as pretty as a girl of eighteen, and divorces are easy to get.

South of Fallon in the foothills, so the story goes, are a group of caves, known only to the Piutes. To these they would retreat when hard pressed. With the coming of the whites, the caves were used less and less, until at last they were known only to the chief and the members of his tepee.

Left to her own devices, forsaken for a brighter and whiter light, with a child in the white man's wigwam, and an alien in that of her people, the squaw found solace in the hills. Here in the caves of her ancestors, she could live in the past, since the present and future alike were denied her.

The way over Hidden Trail is long. Returning after sundown one evening, she found the doors closed against her. Heartbroken, the divorced wife lived a few years among her people; long enough to see her daughter call a white woman "mother."

And the daughter—she whom the whites with unconscious irony called "The Princess"—with the apparent stoicism of an Indian, saw her mother go "back to the blanket"—the drudge of an Indian encampment. Outwardly, to her father and the new mother, she affected indifference; ignorance, even of the true state of affairs. The clandestine meetings were many. That her mother should sink low was but so much additional gall and wormwood, compared to the "might have been;" so much more to be accounted for on the day of reckoning—when or how she did not as yet know.

And one night an Indian boy came with a message. She followed him, through the red light district, down dark alleys he led her, to that part of the town that is infinitely worse. Here, in squalor and filth, she found her mother, dying. Rapidly, incoherently, at times, the squaw spoke, of her childhood, the first year of married life—and the succeeding ones. Many things the girl did not fully understand—or attributed to the ravings of a wandering mind.

Coming away, she found herself clutching a little vial, sealed and covered with Indian hieroglyphics. Vaguely she recalled the frenzied words of counsel and caution. The Indian characters were strange to her. And then she opened the other little package tied up in buckskin,

and found a modern hypodermic syringe and several sheets of paper covered with the English writing of her mother.

Out of her teens, the Princess held court, with many to do her homage. The social life of a Nevada town, at best, is a restricted one. Remittance men, Governmental engineers, miners, assayers, correspondents—gamblers—all accepted the inevitable and worshiped—the General's money-bags. The Princess was wise beyond her years—with a wisdom that is the heritage of another's sorrow. Too well she knew the power behind the throne—that which so mysteriously removed the stain of the tar brush. Without it, she would have been simply a squaw, a half-breed, and her name trailed deep in the dust. Scorning the subterfuges of others in similar circumstances, she proudly proclaimed herself an Indian, even going to the length of dismounting on the off-side, Indian fashion, instead of the near one, as we do.

With subtle graces her silky webs were spun; unconsciously each victim sold his birth-right for her smiles—and basked; but always there was an invisible Nemesis that stalked gauntly on the outskirts, humorous and sardonic by turns.

The fun began with young Overstreet, the pious one. Little fish, they say, are easier to catch than big ones—and decidedly he was a little fish—and a queer one. Shy, quiet and unobtrusive, he had flitted about in Fallon, ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for a church—harmless at worst—and best. Upon him fell the first spell. Soon people forgot his "mission," seeing him only a devoted admirer of the Princess. Then, one evening, he appeared in the bar room of the Cabinet.

"I've been bit—bit by a snake," he announced, baring a skinny arm. A bunch of brawny miners examined him, and finding one small puncture, filled him up with whisky. Desirous of showing his skill at cards, he was then fleeced by the gambling element. The next morning, Fallon was treated to the unique spectacle of a tearful, would-be minister astride the ridge-pole of a gin mill.

"All is wickedness down below," he confided to the jeering crowd, between sobs, and invited them to journey with him up into the realms of space—on a ridge pole.

Sam Richards and Welbert Crawley, rival suitors and cattlemen, fell out one morning. Sam lost an ear and Welbert got shot in the leg. Henry Morgan, a remittance man, finding his monthly allowance inadequate to the demands of courtship, forged a check and is now in jail.

I could tell of locoed Charlie; of Bill—but why stir up old memories! People knew, in a way, that to court the Princess was akin to selling one's soul to Mephisto; a man loved, got shot or lost an ear—it was a nine days' wonder, and easily forgotten—in a land where strenuous deeds are in order.

But with me it was another matter. Chestor and I were as Damon and Pythias, inseparable. I knew him well, and I had twice seen the Princess with her "savage out," to use an expression of hers. For the sake of "copy"—or love—Chestor would venture into a lion's den. I had noticed little by-plays between the two—an ominous glitter of the eyes when things went wrong—flint and steel—the inevitable sparks; friction. Daily I had expected trouble, and now, at the opening of this story it had come.

Returning after two weeks' absence, I had found a note on the table, dated back twelve days.

"Am off for a two-days' trip," it read. "Will surely be back soon, as I have date to fill."

And then came the clatter of hoofs and her appearance, followed by my rash actions. That she should ask first for her dog, completely ignoring my questions about Chestor, angered me; the more so, as the cur put in an appearance while she spoke.

Slowly the hoof-beats grew fainter, then ceased. Absorbed in listening, I failed to at once notice the dog's insistent actions. And then, looking down, I saw that he carried a roll of manuscript, as one often sees dogs carry parcels in town. It was in Chestor's handwriting. I read:

"Dear Old Hoss—At present I am in durance vile—a captive in the cave of *Her* ancestors—sabe? This will very likely astonish you; whether the move was premeditated I know not. I was always fully

aware without your warnings (which I now wish had been heeded) that I was playing with fire, but thought she was only *playing a game*—one she has played before. You know I had no matrimonial intentions, and thought she also knew. To my surprise, I now find her in earnest—and the role of squaw man I have no desire to play.

"This morning we had a nasty 'heart to heart' talk—masks off; no beating about the bush. With all that talk about the *others* fresh in my mind, I spoke as I felt; and the naked truth raised a storm of Indian vituperation about my devoted head. I find myself in a pretty mess—the only window is heavily barred, and the door bolted on the outside. The devil only knows how she slipped out; I didn't see her go.

"The day has been endless; only a little light coming in from the window, and now, with the approach of night (it is only four o'clock, but dark) I would go crazy if it were not for that black cur of hers.

"Am writing by candle light; found a small stump by accident; guess it will last an hour. Am pretty hungry—wonder if she expects me to eat the dog—raw. Come to think of it, he has eaten nothing since morning, either.

"Several of her veiled threats now occur to me (at the approach of night, am like an old woman.) What she meant I fail to see. Remember reading somewhere of an Indian girl killing off an unfaithful lover with the monotonous drip of ice-water—no ice here, at any rate.

"The calm before the storm broke, put me off my guard. We had launched into an interesting discussion of psychic phenomena, with occasional reference to Hudson for facts. Also, I remember a remark of hers—in the light of later developments—it now seems pregnant with meaning, about a Malay custom of waking a sleeper gently—the supposition being that during sleep the soul is wandering—off on a visit; and if the sleeper woke before its return, some one would be minus a soul—grin, confound it! She holds, it would seem, that as I refuse to come 'hair, flesh and hide,' she has a first mortgage on my soul—the devil! Some of that stuff they hand out to Indians at Carlyle is evidently bearing fruit—laughingly assures me that a fair exchange (of souls) is no robbery—wonder whose I shall get?

"Have been sleeping—one night, I expect (and hope.) Don't feel well; whether the queer atmosphere of this place (or doings) I know not. Woke up drowsy; can't shake it off, somehow—this is a regular Black Hole of Calcutta. Found a "repast"awaiting me upon awakening—some Indian bread, you know the kind, made of mesquite beans; water with a nasty taste, and some stuff she must have brought from town. I dined. The dog acts queer, seems depressed in spirits also. I tried to pry open the window bars—nothing doing. Had hoped to get out the dog with message on collar.

"Am losing track of the days and time—forgot to wind watch. Have been trying to undermine the door, but can hardly keep my eyes open, this——"

What followed I could decipher with difficulty, no two sentences being alike in style. Some were very faint, others written in a peculiar, jerky fashion, as of one in many moods.

"Have had peculiar and vivid dreams—even "see" things while awake. Upon awakening this morning, I had the odd experience of seeing myself writing, as if in a mirror. The vision persisted quite a while—must have fallen asleep while writing, as the dog lay blinking in my roll of bedding.

"Jack, I don't know how this thing will end. Just found several small punctures upon my arm. Remember the little chap that said a snake bit him? I've been drugged—the *Snake* bit me——"

The letter broke off abruptly. I lost no time in useless preparation, but set out for the foothills at once. The dog seemed as anxious to get under way, as if he understood. I was glad of this, as without him I could never hope to unravel the mysteries of Hidden Trail.

My hopes were unfounded. The dog seemed as much at a loss in the hills as was I. Two days were lost in futile effort. Always he led me into the hills up to a certain point, then doubled and took to the north. It was a most baffling quest, an endless search.

Finally, from an Indian I learned that Chestor had been seen in the neighborhood

of Pyramid Lake. There, waist-deep in the mud, we found him.

I have often seen steers mired. Patiently the vaquero flounders about, his horse girth-deep in the ooze and slime. Slowly the lariat tightens, and the steer gradually finds a firmer footing. One moment he totters about, tongue lolling; then, with the first impulse of the newly awakened life in him, he charges, friends and enemies alike forgotten.

As it is with the steer, so it was with Chestor—with this difference: torpid, in a stupor or shamming, he watched the rope descend, but as the coil closed about him, his sullen silence gave way to an outburst of fury. Like a coyote trapped were his actions. Snarling, foaming at the mouth, he fought every inch of the way and finally had to be overcome and tied down.

When a man becomes insane, locoed, we say his mind is wandering. *He is not himself*. Who, then, is he? The curtain of night descends, the body sleeps. Not so the soul. No longer in abeyance, it wanders forth. Memories of past experiences assert themselves; phantom shapes overshadow each other, prismatic in effect. Perspective, shrouded in the lapse of centuries, is distorted. The sleeper tosses about, restlessly; mutters incoherently, or cries in alarm. In the morning, with the light of another sun full upon him he remembers, or thinks he does, and smiles; but always there is the feeling of a life's experience crowded into a few short hours—of sleep.

More by accident than design, I found the Hidden Trail and the caves. The door was shattered, as if from a charge of powder. Made of oak and bound with iron stolen from pioneers in the days of the gold fever, it now lay a useless mass.

I stooped to enter, and found a comfortable, almost luxurious interior. Navajo rugs from the South, skins, furs from Alaska, all lay scattered about, together with stone hammer and axe-heads.

Startled at my sudden entrance, the Princess looked up. Dishevelled, hair hanging loosely, and with the marks of recent tears, she was still beautiful.

"So you have found him—and I have lost him," she said, scornfully. Then, as if in answer to my unspoken question, she pointed to a corner of the room. Gradually, for the light was dim, I became aware of the covote dog, seemingly asleep in a roll of blankets.

I looked closer. The eyes seemed closed and about the mouth were flecks of foam, interspersed with blood.

The second time my question was answered ere spoken.

"He became mad, so I shot him," she said briefly, and again pillowed her head on the cushion. Devious are the workings of a woman's mind. Repressed sobs shook her, and I quietly withdrew.

PERFECTION

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN.

With reverence most deep I yearn
To weave a rime in praise
Of Her who's led my pen to turn
To scribbling love-lorn lays.
But do not cast a cynic's leer
Upon my simple screed,
My inspiration, never fear,
Is very rare, indeed.

I shall not laud her beauty fair
With phrase to reach the skies,
And rave about her raven hair
Or limpid, liquid eyes.
No words will cry her matchless grace,
Her luring smile, nor fain
Her sculptured, classic Grecian face—
For Mirabel is "plain."

No great accomplishment is hers,
Viewed in the worldly way,
Real ragged rag-time she prefers
To Verdi any day.
She has no love for tomes profound;
In fact—'tis sad to see—
She'd much more rather read, I've found,
Miss Laura Jean than me.

But, ah! a nobler, greater gift
Impels my paean loud,
A something by its might to lift
Her far above the crowd;
What tho' she be not art-wise bent?
Nor versed in law of book?
O, kindly planets, I'm content—
For Mirabel can *cook!*

SEATTLE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-NINE.

SEEING SEATTLE

THE METROPOLIS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY NINA ALBERTA ARNDT

NEVER WAS a night more exquisitely lovely. And as you stand dreamily absorbed in the bow of the floating palace, you fear to move lest you miss a single feature from the evanescent world of enchantment through which you are passing as the stately steamer glides on, on, toward Seattle. But a few liquid miles now lie between you and the "City of the Seven Hills," the Metropolis of the Great Northwest.

Overhead spreads a canopy of splendor from which the stars sparkle like resplendent gems; while the full moon shining with unwonted brilliancy drops its molten silver upon the deep blue waters that are teeming with vessels great and small. For into this most animated of marine views come and go almost every type of craft that floats. Here a mighty ocean liner ablaze with lights, sweeps majestically past, bound perchance for the Orient or some Asiatic port; while alert and busy little tugs bustle hither and thither; and stalwart, white-winged merchant vessels, bearing their precious cargo, glide by and are lost in the distance. Gay excursion boats flit here and there; while the noiseless Indian canoes scurry in and out between the moving procession.

Leaning upon the railing, you watch with breathless fascination the wake of these little craft, for so wonderfully phosphorescent is the water of this inland sea that the shifting ripples sparkle and glow with a thousand scintillations of limpid gold. Then from the sea lit with its mystical drops of golden fire, your eye wanders beyond to the distant, snow-crowned mountains looming vague and

misty in the tranquil white loveliness of the night. Another moment, and through the dark foliage of the evergreen hills the lights of many camp-fires are gleaming. While a little further on innumerable constellations twinkle into view as yonder rises the bold shores of West Seattle; some one remarks this is Seattle's "Coney Island." Upon the high promenade, numerous figures are moving to and fro; while below in the silver moonbeams playing upon the water, merry bathers are sporting, their gay laughter awakening reverberating echoes. Everywhere can be seen boating parties; and now and again the throbbing tones of the guitar or the sweet notes of the mandolin are caught by the vagrant breeze and wafted out to you.

Still on you glide! then—Glorious! beyond all expectation you behold the future Queen City of the West! Never was a city more brilliantly lighted! As from the water it rises in a broad semi-circle, ridge upon ridge, to an elevation of about 300 feet, with here and there even higher hills. Thus, looking from the deck of the steamer upon the city aglow with light as it rises tier upon tier, it casts so magical a spell upon you that you almost imagine you are gliding straight into Fairyland.

Two fairy castles, burning from base to dome with incandescent lights, stand out conspicuously magnificent from all their brilliant surroundings. On the one you read the great electric sign: "Snoqualmie Light," and are told this is Seattle's power house. The other on a high bluff with its myriad of lights and great electric star, guiding tourists to its hospitable roof, is the Hotel Washington. Here a little later you register your name, and as you curiously turn its pages you are surprised at the number of celebrities who have been entertained at this famous hostelry.

Early the next morning, from the spacious veranda of this scenic hotel, as you look upon a never-to-be-forgotten scene, a delicious feeling of contentment steals over you, so balmy is the air, so brilliantly blue the sky, so fleecy white the clouds, so gloriously beautiful the vista from the rippling greenish-blue waters of Puget Sound to the miles upon miles of snow-crowned mountains that rise against the heavens.

A turn to the left and the regal Mount Rainier stands out in bold relief like a sentinel keeping watch over the city. Ah, true are these graphic words:

"Majestic in thy grandeur, proud Rainier,
Thou standest like a haughty jeweled queen:
Thy scepter sparkling with its uncut gems
And jewels glittering on thy brow serene.
A sea of sapphires ripples at thy feet,
While sunbeams on its placid bosom play,
Yet, proud Rainier—a very queen thou seemest,
Fashioned by Him who fashioned earth and sea and sky—
Ah! Too, Thy silent might doth teach me, dear,
How great art thou—how infinitesimal—I!"

A little later, starting on a tour of the city, you board a "Seeing Seattle" car, which is comfortably crowded with tourists and their friends. Seated next to you is a bright, athletic looking girl, who, after a few desultory remarks, inquires if you are from the East; on being answered in the affirmative, she tells you that though now living in Seattle, she is also from the East. Involuntarily you ask: "New York?" "New York!" she repeats, puckering her forehead as though trying to locate that distant State. "Oh, dear no!" she exclaims, "I'm from Montana." It is now your turn to look thoughtful, as you try to think of Montana as being East.

"Fare, please!" You open your purse and hand the conductor a two dollar bill, which you notice he takes rather unwillingly, and which he critically examines, first one side, then the other, in an incomprehensible manner. It is so long before he pockets the bill and hands you the change that you grow quite conspicuous, and your cheeks tingle accordingly. Seeing your perplexity, your Montana friend laughingly informs you that the conductor is not accustomed to handling two dollar bills, and was probably doubtful about accepting it; as most of the money used in Seattle consists of gold and silver. That pennies are just beginning to come into circulation, and until recently the smallest coin in use was a five cent piece. Al-

though even now if you buy anything which comes to less than five cents, you seldom receive change.

In looking about as the car bowls along, you marvel at the series of hills and, remark that walking must be very difficult and tiresome. Your companion tells you that few people undertake to walk even if going only a short distance; everybody from the school-children to the postman and policeman depend upon the cars.

As the car makes a loop through the business section of the city, you study with growing interest the cosmopolitan life seen upon the busy thoroughfare. Surely, all quarters of the globe have added their quota to this scene of activity. While the many Japanese and Chinese give an Oriental and picturesque touch to the moving picture.

It is with a feeling of genuine astonishment you view the many beautiful and substantial buildings that line the streets when you learn that in June 6, 1889, this entire business portion of the city was swept out by fire. Indeed, from the ashes of seventeen years ago, the resurrection appears truly marvelous.

The car comes to a standstill as it reaches Pioneer Square; the site where, many years ago, an old sawmill stood, and where now stands a grotesque looking totem pole at which every one gazes curiously. This unique pole, you are told, was brought here a few years ago from an Indian village on Tongas Island, Alaska. The totem is the family tree or genealogy of the different Indian tribes, and this one is supposed to be the record or history of some tribe or family of Indians now extinct. It is carved from a cedar tree—sixty feet high and eight feet in circumference, and is said to be over one hundred years old and considered one of the finest in existence.

A moment later, and again every one becomes interested in the strange sight of seeing a whole family of Siwash Indians squatted upon the stone entrance to one of the large department stores, while around them have gathered a crowd, probably of tourists, who are curiously examining the wonderfully woven baskets and souvenirs which a huge bundle displays. You are informed that this is not an unusual sight, as these Siwash Indians take peculiar places to sell their wares; it may be upon the steps of the principal banks, on the sidewalks of the business thoroughfares, or again you may find them squatted in the aisles of some department store.

The next stopping place is at the Great Northern Docks; here the car tarries for the tourists to gain a comprehensive view of the home port of the two largest steamers afloat upon the Pacific Ocean, the great Seattle-Oriental liners, the Dakota and Minnesota. These docks are also the American port of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Co.) A company controlled by Japanese capital, and one of the largest steamship corporations in the world. Indeed, Seattle may well point with pride to her docks, where can be seen the great ships of all nations discharging their cargoes from Alaska, the Asiatic ports, the west coast of America, the Pacific Islands and Canada, to again reload with American products.

The car speeds on, and soon reaches the little town of Ballard, situated on Salmon Bay. Here an air of business and life proclaim it to be a flourishing manufacturing town, which has the noteworthy distinction of being the largest shingle manufacturing place in the world. And you are not surprised to learn that Western Washington furnishes the cheapest lumber in the world from the extensive lumber industries to be seen everywhere around Seattle, as well as from the many vast forests with their giant cedar and fir trees, which often rise to a height of more than 200 feet, while many are from 8 to 14 feet in diameter at the base. And that from these great industries of the State the value of the products amount to $35,000,000 annually.

On the return trip between Ballard and Fremont the car passes the course of the proposed ship-canal, which you are told will connect Lakes Union and Washington with Puget Sound, thus giving Seattle one of the finest of fresh water harbors. From which great benefit will be derived as the barnacles which attach themselves in great numbers to the bottoms of ships, frequently to such an extent as to even impede their progress through the water, and now can only be removed with great difficulty; but when vessels can enter this harbor, the fresh water will quickly kill

SEATTLE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

and detach these clinging shell fish, thus saving much expense.

The car now circles Green Lake, the smallest of the three lakes within the city limits. Here you catch a passing glimpse of the many comfortable homes that line its shores. Presently you are passing through Woodland Park, the largest of the city's many parks, a singularly picturesque resort in all its wild natural beauty. A little later the car skirts the shores of Lake Union and speeds on for about a mile.

The next place you become particularly interested in is Capitol Hill. For as you glance at the attractive and beautiful homes that grace this residential section of the city, it seems hard to believe that a little over four years ago it was only a wilderness—a part of the thick forest.

Here you notice many a quaint-looking Japanese servant; and your companion remarks that most of the servants employed in the city are Japanese; and that they make excellent help. Another tourist, overhearing your conversation, leans forward to tell you that the other evening she was invited with a party of friends to dine at one of these hospitable homes; among the guests was a Mr. Brown, who was quite bald; when entering the dining room, Yano (the Japanese servant) singled this man out with a fascinated stare, which so amused the host that he inquired, "Well, Yano, what do you think of Mr. Brown?" The Jap hesitated a moment, then with quaint drollery answered: "Me —t'inks he's a—wery polished gen'elman."

During the whole ride in kaleidoscopic procession, scene after scene of varied interest flashes and fades from view, but as the car winds into Madrona Park, you are unprepared for the glorious surprise that is uncovered as Lake Washington is reached. For here stretches a rare panorama that is indeed enchanting! The smiling vista of clear, cold water dotted with evergreen islands, the idle flapping of the yachts' white sails, the gentle ripple of water from the gliding canoes, the white trails of creamy foam left by the swift passage of the many launches, present a fascinating spectacle, for in busy idleness all sorts of pleasure boats are skimming over its polished surface.

While beyond the lake, and above the emerald foothills to the east, the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade range lie glittering in the sunshine. To the north in stately grandeur, the beautiful white-robed Mt. Baker rises its glorious snow-crowned head 11,400 feet into the deep, intense blue sky; and there to the south, like a gigantic Titan sugar loaf towering 14,500 feet above the level of the sea, stands the sovereign of all—the proud Mt. Rainier. You gaze with almost devotional intensity, at this wondrous vision of exquisite beauty; changeless, yet ever

changing! Now shimmering under the sun's loving touch in an evanescent rainbow of prismatic colors. While many are the "ohs!" and "ahs!" called forth by the wonderful effects of lights and shadows constantly chasing each other over this majestic snow-mantled cone.

With a reluctant farewell view of this most superb of nature's paintings comes the exclamation: "A kingdom for a camera that would catch and hold the colors of such a picture."

The day of endless pleasure is drawing to a close as the trim little launch Buffalo leaves its mooring. And as the running ripples of tiny waves sound that soft cadence as the launch glides swiftly onward, your heart thrills with the joyous expectation of witnessing that bit of the world's famous scenery—sundown on Puget Sound.

Overhead, fluffy white clouds voyage dreamily across the deep sapphire of the sky, while to the west, like a great golden ball, the slow-sinking sun sends forth its sunset glory; now flushing the wandering clouds with palest of gold, which slowly deepens to a dazzling orange; then suddenly the refulgent orb paints upon the sky a commingling of the richest and rarest colors which glow with increasing lustre as they circle northward and southward. This wonderful intermingling of soft primrose, pure crimson, pale mauve, deep purple, tender green, tawny orange and azure, is startling in the intensity of its splendor, as it flushes everything from the forest to the distant mountains.

There in the background, in all their lofty beauty, the Olympic Mountains lie in a bath of golden glory. While before you the last sheen of the dying day is sprinkling over the majestic dome of Mt. Rainier a dusting like molten opals. In breathless admiration you watch the hues of sky and mountains mirror their radiance in the water. Then slowly, slowly the colors melt into a soft, rosy-pink light, till the very air is filled and permeated with that tender, mysterious glow; and as the boat glides down the long trail of rosy splendor like a pathway into this wonderful sunset land, in ecstatic wonderment, you feel that the most prosaic would fain become enthusiastic:

"Could poet's pen or painter's brush
Depict the splendor of the scene—
Could camera fix this glowing blush
Of Heaven's after-glow serene—
Ten million wondering eyes and minds
Would feast with gladness on the theme,
Sad darkened hearts, where no ray finds,
Would catch of heaven a brighter gleam."

DAWN

BY DONALD FRAZER

There Trouble's mountain-peaks unfold,
Impassable in Sorrow's night;
Hope's sun arises; and Behold,
Each crest a stepping-stone of light.

ARMY VS. NAVY LIFE

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

Late Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

A FEW MONTHS ago a prominent American General made the statement, which was widely quoted, that "there is something wrong with the army." His comment was elicited by the difficulty in recruiting for that branch of the military service, and in keeping men from deserting. Not only enlisted men but commissioned officers are difficult both to get and to retain.

The navy has no such difficulty. While the army is under-officered and short of men, there are more applications for commissions than there are vacancies, and there is no trouble in keeping the authorized strength recruited with men of the best material.

What is the trouble? In time of war the army gets all the officers and men it needs. Not so in time of peace.

A little comparison between the peace-time life of the two services seems to shed considerable light on the subject.

In the first place, for both officers and men the army, generally speaking, offers a great amount of arduous, monotonous, lonesome duty in remote posts along the coast, at interior sections and in the Philippines. It is a life of hardship and little variety. In the navy, on the contrary, there is constant change, a warm bed to sleep in, a large supply of good food always at hand, no "hiking" to speak of, and plenty of comforts such as ice, frequent mail, frequent shore leave and the like.

In the second place, while the pay of officers is the same in both services, the navy gives higher pay to its men, who have many grades of petty officer to which they may aspire. After a few years' service, the naval petty officer earns a permanent tenure of his rating. There are many advantages possessed by the navy over the army in the way of emoluments for both officers and men.

There is a picturesqueness, too, about the navy that the army does not possess, and this, added to the opportunities offered for seeing the world, appeals strongly to the young American of an adventurous spirit with military tastes. There is picturesque ceremony in every port visited, and there is a fascination about the naval maneuvres lacking in those of the army.

Another and by no means a slight attraction of the navy is the different character of the manual labor required of the enlisted men. Soldiers are required to perform tasks which, while necessary, are often extremely distasteful to the young recruit, such as making and cleaning roads, attending to flower beds and shrubbery and the like. The man-of-warsman has only his little piece of the ship and his gun to keep clean.

In brief, the trouble with the army seems to be in the character of its life in the hum-drum time of peace, whereas the navy is nearly always attractive to the young American. Solitude and monotony at lonely posts on shore wear on the soldiers. The man-of-warsmen have constant change, and creature comforts too frequently denied their brethren of the army.

Congress has recently increased the pay of enlisted men of the army, but this only lessens the "something wrong," which cannot be eliminated unless the nature of army life is changed or until war comes. History has shown that American soldiers without pay or price will cheerfully endure any hardship as long as there is fighting to be done.

NATIONAL SENSITIVENESS

BY WILL SCARLET

Will Scarlet is well-known as a newspaper writer. For the last two or three years it has been noticed that the Jew, the German, the Irishman and others, were busy developing a new sort of cult. A defense of an aggressive character was immediately entered into whenever and wherever the various nationalities and their characteristics were assailed in caricature or ridicule. Will Scarlet has been asked to diagnose the growth of national dignity in the adopted races and nationalities in America, and our readers may judge as to whether he has hit the nail on the head squarely or not.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

I DON'T KNOW why the old-style vaudeville was called a "variety" show, for the truth is, there was no variety about it. The same old dancing and singing, the same old horse-play and slap-stick comedy——much of it excellent in its way—came every week. And most monotonously of all came the Hebrew impersonator, who wore an old-style Derby down over his ears and walked on his heels; the stage Irishman with a florid complexion and often with green Galways, the dude Englishman with an absurd monacle and an accent that never was on sea or land, and the man from over the Rhine, with a chest where other people wear their waists and a marked proclivity for Teutonic consonants.

An audience of to-day would not tolerate for ten consecutive seconds the old-style national character impersonations. It is rare, indeed, to find a vaudeville actor nowadays possessed of sufficient nerve to essay a portrayal of the stage Irishman; and, in any case, he dare not don whiskers of emerald hue or allude to household pets of the porcine variety, or trill overmuch that fascinating Celtic "r." The Yiddish comedian we still have with us, but he is fast losing popular favor, and has refrained for ever so long from making allusions to bankrupt sales and infants who have swallowed nickels. "Bah Jove!" and "dontcherknow" are not to-day in the vocabulary of the stage Englishmen for good and sufficient reasons. Likewise, the German comedian—whom we dare on longer designate as "Dutch"—must have taken a correspondence course in physical culture, for his erstwhile paunch is very considerably reduced.

These things are significant. They illustrate the fact that during the last two-score years national sensitiveness has been gaining ground. The stage Irishman and the stage "Dutchman" and the rest were, of course, gross caricatures; but once they were tolerated, even enjoyed. To-day they are hissed and hooted and greeted with stale eggs. "Our sacred nation" has become a holy thing indeed. Neither in magazine skits nor in stories nor on the stage are national caricatures suffered to exist without vigorous and effectual protest. Plainly, we don't want that sort of thing any more.

And why don't we? One reason is, that the members of the various races have attained a higher standing in American life. When, for instance, did the odious stage Irishman reach the height of his celebrity? It was at a time when the men of the Irish race were as a class engaged in menial occupations, when Mr. Murphy worked on the railroad with pick and shovel, and Mr. Brady wielded the janitor's broom. To-day, you find Irish-

men working on the railroad—but not with pick and shovel; and if you ask the average janitor what time it is, you are not likely to hear him answer in the rich and classical brogue. On the contrary, Irish names and Irish faces are seen to-day in places of honor and responsibility, which they have reached through the operations of the eternal law of the survival of the fittest. If this doesn't go far to explain the passing of the stage Irishman it would be interesting to know what does.

Another reason for the national sensitiveness that exists here and now may be found in the better understanding between the various races, an understanding that is here and here to stay. The "sheeny" caricature we do not tolerate, because we are in a position to see how untrue and unjust a thing it is. We know now what we didn't know once—that the Jews, while being splendid business men, are not close-fisted, small-souled, potato-hearted gougers. We have rubbed shoulders with Mr. Goldstein, have eaten his bread and salt and drunk of his wine—which he always seemed reasonably happy to pay for—and we have learned that he doesn't walk on his heels and doesn't wear a hat many sizes too large and doesn't gesticulate with his hands at right angles to his forearms. So we do not favor any more the wretched Hebrew monologue.

Similarly, even in the face of all our hereditary doubts and traditional prejudices, we have found the German a thoroughly decent fellow. He lives next door and we are in a position to know whereof we speak. What opened the door to our conversation was the fact that the man from over the Rhine minds his own business—a delightful trait which, somehow, the "variety" comedian had never given him credit for. Then the scales fell from our sadly sophisticated eyes, and we beheld in Hans a hard-working, clean-living, conscientious and otherwise desirable human being who got solace and maybe inspiration from that long-stemmed pipe and huge stein, but who was rarely haled before the police judge for disorderly conduct. So went down another manikin.

Our new and growing attitude to Hans and Mr. Goldstein—springing largely from our better knowledge of the gentlemen—has had its effect on them. To use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, they have our moral support. This means something; but the fact that they know they have it means more. When they air their national sensitiveness they need have no fear of our smiles or jeers; they know that our sympathies are with them, and accordingly, when occasion arises, they are not afraid to protest often and protest loud. National sensitiveness thrives most when it is nursed and petted, and to-day we are coddling it in a way and to an extent hitherto unknown.

And this coddling process is an augury that makes the optimist rejoice. It is as a finger-post whereon is writ large that he who runs may read, "The best is yet to come." The world, after all, is not a bad sort of world. At any rate, it is surely becoming a better world—a truism which the very existence of national sensitiveness amply proves. For national sensitiveness could not exist were it not sanctioned, at least tacitly; and it would not be sanctioned—tacitly or otherwise—were not men good-natured and forbearing and kind.

National sensitiveness, then, is not a thing to be deplored. In the first place, deploring it wouldn't do any good. But, besides that, the existence of national sensitiveness is a cheering sign that civilization has advanced—and is advancing. In the millenium, indeed, it might be out of place; but the millenium is not yet. Let us be contented, if not satisfied, with the portents that flash in our sunlit skies assuring us that even better things are on the way.

GALUSHA A. GROW

FATHER OF THE HOMESTEAD BILL

BY EDWIN MAXEY

One by one those who guided the destinies of the nation during the most trying period of its history are being summoned into another world. Among the last remnants of that veteran corps whose ranks have been decimated by the grape and canister of time was one who during the Civil War held the most important legislative position under our system of Government. For years after the great struggle, he lived to enjoy the reward which always comes from a consciousness of having had great opportunities and of having made the most of them. But finally he, too, not wearied of his burden, but unable to bear it, has been compelled to take the achievements of a long life for a pillow and seek rest in that sleep whose night giveth place only to the morning sunlight of immortality.

GALUSHA A. GROW was born four-score years ago in the little town of Ashford (now Eastford), Connecticut. Left an orphan in early childhood, the responsibility for his training fell upon his noble mother, a woman of energy, intellect and strong puritan character. Thus, like Lincoln, with whom in manhood he was intimately associated, he was at an early age deprived of a father's directing care and counsel; yet waxed strong under the genial glow of a mother's love. Like Lincoln, also, he was taken from his native state when but a child. At the age of ten his mother brought him to Pennsylvania, and settled on a farm on the banks of the Tunkhannock, where now nestles the little village of Glenwood. The location is not one which would be chosen for a bonanza farm, but its scenery is of that rugged and picturesque character which fosters a love of nature and of freedom. To the Northward is old Elk Mountain, rising in solemn, majestic, Alpine grandeur, a noble specimen of nature's handiwork; to the southward stretches the narrow but beautiful valley of the Tunkhannock; while in the distance, the long and graceful lines of the Blue Ridge mingle like ocean waves with the Western horizon.

His education, a very liberal one for those days, was begun in the common schools, continued in the old Franklin Academy, at Harford, and completed at Amherst College. At the end of his college course, like many an ambitious farmer-boy, he took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. He was for a time the law-partner of David Wilmot, whose name is embalmed in the "Wilmot Proviso."

Study and confinement at length undermined his health, and he returned for a time to the farm in order to give nature an opportunity to "do her perfect work." That he might secure the greatest possible benefit from this vacation, he lived in typical pioneer fashion—chopping trees and "spudding" bark during the day and sleeping upon straw in the mountain camp at night. As a woodsman, this college graduate had few equals and no superiors even in those days of expert woodsmen, for at that time there was still considerable of the "forest primeval" in Northeastern Pennsylvania, and the record which a man could make with the ax or

spud was no small factor in determining his usefulness, and hence his "rating" in the community.

In 1850 he was nominated for Congress from the old twelfth district, by the Free Soil Party. The committee sent to notify him of his nomination found him constructing a wooden bridge across a creek near his house. He accepted the nomination and was elected successor to David Wilmot, though barely past the age of eligibility. When he entered Congress in 1851, he was the youngest member in that body. The question then paramount was not the tariff, not trusts, not bi-metallism, but slavery. Even then the "irrepressible conflict" was "casting its shadow before." The first ten years of his service was the stormiest period Congress has ever seen, and God grant that it may never see such another.

Before discussing further the issues, let us glance briefly at the personnel of Congress at the time Grow first entered it. In the Senate, Henry Clay still remained of that most brilliant trio which has ever graced the Upper House of Congress—Webster and Calhoun having ended their legislative careers during the preceding Congress. Along with Clay were the following men of eminent ability: Douglass of Illinois, Cass of Michigan, Fish and Seward of New York, Chase and Wade of Ohio, Sam Houston of Texas. Among the men of influence and power in the House were Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, Isham G. Harris and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee.

Briefly stated, the "paramount issue," as it presented itself at the beginning of Grow's Congressional career was: Has Congress the power to control slavery in the territories? The farmers of the Missouri Compromise thought they had settled that question. But the South was now clamoring for a repeal of that compromise, and this demand was soon granted in effect by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. By this action, the Committee on Territories became one of the most important committees of Congress, and, as chairman of this committee, Grow was one of the most useful members of Congress. But apart from his official position, his qualities of mind were such as to make him a most useful member of Congress during a period of partisan rancor and bitterness unparalleled in its history. He was fearless, calm and courteous. His course of action was always that dictated by plain, practical common sense, and was never changed by the advice of designing politicians.

Scarcely had Grow entered Congress when he introduced his famous measure—the Homestead Bill. It was upon this bill that he made his first speech in Congress. This measure, wise and statesmanlike as it was, did not accord with the interests of slavery, hence it was from the outset opposed by the "solid phalanx" of the South. But Grow was not a man to be discouraged or swerved from his course by obstacles nor frightened by opposition. He insisted and persisted until as Speaker of the 37th Congress, he had the satisfaction of signing and seeing enacted into law the bill which he had championed upon the floor, and before committees for ten long years. Seldom has a greater victory been achieved in field or forum. It was the triumph not only of a great man but of a great cause. The Homestead bill is the legislative embodiment of the basic principle of free Government, viz.: the pillars of State must ever rest upon the hearthstone.

Had Grow done nothing more than to secure the passage of the Homestead Bill he would by reason of that one achievement have made his country debtor unto him, endeared his name to the heart of the toiling millions, and earned the lasting gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. For, as a result of this measure, nearly one hundred million acres of "wild land" has been converted into more than half a million happy homes; the trackless and treeless prairie has been transformed into broad fields of golden grain and bending orchard trees; the piercing howl of the jackal and coyote has given place to the mellow music of lowing herds. In short, the great West has become the commissary department of the industrial armies of the world, and the United States is its workshop. Fortunate, indeed, is the father of this legislation that a kindly providence prolonged his days in order that the beneficent achievements of the

child might gladden the heart of the parent.

His ten years' fight for the Homestead Bill proved his parliamentary ability so conclusively that when Lincoln called the 37th Congress together in extraordinary session on July 4, 1861, Grow was chosen Speaker, with practically no opposition, and without even the formality of a caucus.

It was no ordinary body over which he presided, nor was its task an ordinary one. The South had refused to heed pacific counsel, but seemed bent upon destroying the union and drenching American soil in fratracidal blood. With this situation, the President and Congress were forced to deal. Like the noble patriots that they were they met the emergency manfully. Nor is this surprising when we remember that in the House were such men as Logan, Washburne, Colfax, Voorhees, Holman, Cox, Kelley, Thaddeus Stevens, Pendleton and Morrill; and in the Senate, Lyman Trumbull, Charles Sumner, "Zach" Chandler, Ben Wade, John Sherman and David Wilmot.

The ability and tact with which Grow guided the deliberations of the House furnished ample justification of their action in entrusting him with its leadership. That he was a safe leader can be seen from results, and could easily have been concluded from the fact that Lincoln, that matchless judge of men, repeatedly sought counsel of him, and relied upon his judgment. That he was a fair and impartial presiding officer is attested by the fact that at the close of his Speakership he was given a unanimous vote of thanks, the first which had been given for years.

For more than thirty years succeeding his Speakership, he was absent from Congress, but he never ceased to take a patriotic interest in public affairs or to discharge his obligations as a citizen. Faithful to duty in Congress, he was equally faithful to duty as a private citizen. He always exerted an influence in political affairs, and that influence was never a corrupting one. He was delegate to the conventions which nominated Lincoln, Grant and Blaine, and was an important factor in each.

In 1893, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania presented to Congress the portraits of Grow and Randall—the two of her citizens who have been honored with and have honored the office of Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Scarce had the eloquent tributes to his useful service and the applause called forth by this event died away, when the voice of the *people* of Pennsylvania was heard calling Grow to represent them in the House as Congressman-at-Large. So unmistakable and decisive was the *vox populi* that he received the largest plurality ever given to any candidate for any office in any State of the Union. Never did Pennsylvania honor itself more or rise more majestically above the low level of "peanut politics."

Thus, after an absence of more than three decades, this giant of earlier days returned to the field of his former triumph still vigorous in mind and body, still a commanding figure. But how changed the scene! With but rare exceptions, the men and measures of the early sixties were there in memory only. The fatal ravages of time operating during more than thirty years had left but here and there a remnant of that stout-hearted, noble-minded, patriotic band of men into whose faces Grow had looked as Speaker in the days when the fate of the Union hung trembling in the balance. Not only in the personnel, but also in the labor and the methods of performing it, there had come a decided change. Changed conditions had given rise to new measures and the phenomenal growth of the country, and hence of the volume of legislative business, had necessitated changed rules of procedure.

After returning to Congress, he served eight years, and retired on March 4, 1903. The more closely we study his career, the more fascinating and remarkable it appears. There is not in the whole range of parliamentary history a career like unto it in duration, and in the great events compassed between its beginning and its end. When Grow first entered Congress, his nation's voice was scarcely heard, its influence but little felt outside of our own borders; its resources were undeveloped; and its very existence as a nation was threatened by a lack of harmony in its institutions. At the close of his Congressional career, how much more pleas-

ing the vista. He saw his country exerting the greatest and most beneficent influence of all nations; her voice everywhere heard and heeded; her institutions follow the sunrise till, like the drumbeat of England, they circle the earth. He saw an even more gratifying change at home. The feeling of disunion and the institution which gave rise to it is gone forever. The nation has grown strong in unity of sentiment, developed marvelously in industry, in wealth and in material resources, bettered the condition of the toiling masses, increased the comforts and brought what once were luxuries within the reach of the humblest citizen, and taken its place at the head of the column by reason of the manly greatness of its people. What a rapturous vision for a statesman who had labored so long toward so worthy an end! I have told of a man truly great!

AN OLD MAGAZINE

BY DONALD A. FRAZER

AS I WAS walking down the street one day, I happened to glance through the doorway of a second-hand store. There, on a table, was a pile of old books. Now I like nothing better than rummaging amongst old books; so I entered and proceeded to examine them. This lot, however, consisted chiefly of old school-books, and I was just turning away, when I chanced to see one thin volume that had previously escaped my eye. Picking it up, I read the title on the back: "Universal Magazine, 1759."

"Pretty old magazine," I said to myself, "1759. Why, that was the year Wolfe captured Quebec. I wonder if this book contains anything concerning that event."

Opening the book, I saw on one of the pages the copy of a letter with this heading:

"Headquarters at Montmorenci in the river St. Laurence, Sep. 2, 1759," and turning over the page to see whose name was appended, I saw the signature: Jam. Wolfe.

"Quebec, indeed," thought I, "and a letter from the hero himself, written just eleven days before his death."

A few pages over was another letter, signed by General Townshend, giving an account of the capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe; also a copy of the articles of capitulation signed with the names of Charles Saunders, George Townshend and De Ramesay.

I felt that I had found a treasure; so, after paying the price asked by the shopkeeper (fifteen cents), I hurried home to examine my purchase more leisurely.

The volume consisted of the numbers of the Universal Magazine for the last five months of the year 1759, and was evidently published in London, although it is not so stated. These monthly numbers have been bound together at some later date; as a great many of the pages are very much soiled, while the cover retains a comparative freshness. Some of the leaves have disappeared; also the illustrations, of which a number are referred to in the text. The only pictures remaining are two insignificant wood-cuts.

If some fairy would bestow the power of speech on this old book, what a tale it could unfold; of all its owners, of all its wanderings and vicissitudes from the time it left the press, fresh and new, in the printing office in old London, one hundred and forty-five years ago, till it is picked up by me in the second-hand store in Victoria, B. C., six thousand miles from the place of its birth. Who was its first owner? Perhaps William Pitt, the Great Commoner; perhaps the ponderous Doctor Johnson. Some of these anony-

mous articles may be from the pens of Smollett, Sterne, Gray or Goldsmith, for they were all contemporary writers.

In examining an old magazine like this, one cannot help comparing it to the same class of periodical of the present day. The paper is rough in texture; but strong and durable. The type is irregular and small; but fine and clear, with the old-fashioned, long "s's" that look so like "f's." I doubt very much that our present day magazine, with its glossy, easily-torn pages, will be as legible a hundred years hence, as this old one is now. The size of the page is four and three-quarters inches by eight, and the reading matter is arranged in two columns, and each of the monthly numbers averages fifty-six pages. Such a thing as an advertisement seems never to have been thought of.

The main features in which this old periodical differs from its modern representative are its paucity of illustration and its almost total lack of fiction. And I might add another: It seems to have been the rule to keep the names of the various authors secret; as there are very few given, frequently nothing more than a nom-de-plume. The only sample of fiction in the whole five numbers is a selection from Doctor Johnson's "Rasselas," which, to say the least, is not very exciting.

Notwithstanding these differences, nearly all of the departments of the modern magazine have their counterpart or their embryo in this ancient one.

Geography is represented by a description of the County of Surrey; a description of Montreal and its trade with the Indians; and a short treatise on the extent of Canada. To illustrate how vague the knowledge concerning the country was at that time, let me quote from the second-named article:

"The great river of St. Lawrence is at its mouth about 60 miles big, and runs through the middle of the country; but its source is still unknown, though some of the French buccaneers affirm that they have gone 800 leagues up it; but then they take it for granted that it passes through five or six great lakes, which are those of Frontiniac, Errie, the lake of the Hurons, the Upper Lake, the lake of Leuemipagon, and that of the Assinipousals; beyond which, the Indians tell them, there is another lake still greater than any of these, out of which the river originally comes. The truth, however, seems to be that the river of St. Lawrence flows from the lake of Frontiniac, and from thence runs a course of 200 leagues to the sea."

Politics is represented by detailed accounts of the proceedings of Parliament. Weights and measures, and regulations governing the commerce with the West Indies and the American colonies come in for a good share of discussion, but as it was a time of war for old England, war, war, supplies and grants of money to the king to enable him to carry on hostilities, form the main themes of debate. There were military operations going on in Germany, France, India and America, all at the same time. Politicians must have had to keep wide awake in those days. There are accounts of portions of these wars in every number, with descriptions of battles, letters from officers, lists of killed and wounded, etc. The battle of Thornhausen or Minden is described and a journal of the war in Germany is given, as well as an account of the capture of Surat in India by a British fleet. Beside the letters relating to the capture of Quebec mentioned above, there is given a full diary of the operations that led to the taking of Crown Point and Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain.

History is supplied by a serial "History of England." The installments in these numbers dealing with the reign of Charles II. A treatise on "The Rules and Precepts for Writing History" is supplied by some anonymous writer.

Biography is not lacking, either, a series of extracts being given from a "Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," and a part of a "Life of Henry Hudson," the navigator, after whom Hudson Bay was named.

The strength of this magazine seems to lie in its essays, of which there are a goodly number, and all of them equally solid and dry. Moral and intellectual instruction forms the groundwork of them all. Modern writers on similar subjects may not be any better informed than these old authors, but they certainly take more pains to make their themes interesting to

the general reader. Here are some of the titles:

1. On the Economy of Nature.

2. Dissertation on Man, Considered in His Present State, Conduct, Character, Constitution and Progress Towards Perfection.

3. On Death, Riches and the Pleasures of the World.

4. The Several Motives of the Passion for Enquiring After News Enumerated.

5. Critical Reflections on Some Things Necessary to the Perfection of Modern Tragedy.

6. On the Love of Ourselves, Opposed to Self-Love.

Law has its representatives in a paper on "The Duty of an Attorney or Solicitor," and an account of the trial of one, John Ayliffe for forgery. The law was a stern master in those days, for the poor fellow was convicted and sentenced to death, and in one of the news columns we find a notice of his execution at Tyburn. Another man was condemned to the same punishment for sheep-stealing, but was more fortunate in having his sentence commuted to banishment for seven years.

The agricultural part of the community is not neglected. "The Management of Pasture Ground" is the title of one article. In another, "Directions for the Sowing of Land," the writer advocates the use of drills in place of the method of sowing by hand.

The science department is well supplied with material. One Doctor recommends the use of oil as a vermifuge, and also for the cure of epileptic fits. No less a person than Benjamin Franklin contributes a letter giving his opinions on the benefits to be derived from electricity in the treatment of paralytic cases. He evidently thinks it only of temporary value. A number of physicians send in accounts of unusual medical cases. One writer gives several methods of turning salt water fresh; another, methods for rectifying the stench and corruption of fresh water; and another a remedy for preventing ill effects of thunder on wine, beer, etc. The variation of the compass is also dealt with; and methods of preventing sickness amongst sailors. About the most curious of these articles is one dealing with "Preservatives Against Hunger and Thirst." Several recipes are given from Pliny, Philo, Heron and Avicenna, but the one of most interest to us is contained in the following extract:

"The American Indians use a composition of the juice of tobacco, with calcined shells of snails, cockles, oysters, etc., which they make into pills, and dry in the shade. Whenever they go upon a long journey, and are likely to be destitute of provisions by the way, they put one of these pills between the lower lip and the teeth, and by swallowing what they suck from it, feel neither hunger, thirst nor fatigue for four or five days together."

Music and poetry come in for their share of attention. There are verses in Latin, French and English; verses grave and verses gay, and as in more modern periodicals, verses good and verses bad. The poems are all anonymous or signed with a nom-de-plume, with the exception of two: "An Ode for His Majesty's Birthday," by William Whitehead, the then Poet Laureate, and an "Ode to Winter," by William Seymour.

There is one song of which the music is given. It is called a "New Song, sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Lowe." There could have been nothing low about the singer's voice, however, as the melody trills quite lovingly on the upper A's and B's.

One department of this old magazine that in these days of daily newspapers is not needed in the monthly review, is the "News, Domestic and Foreign." Here the occurrences of every-day life that were considered of sufficient importance, were enumerated; deaths of prominent personages, earthquakes, great fires, wrecks, explosions, outrages, things just about as common then as to-day. Nowadays we could not be bothered reading news a month old, but one hundred and fifty years ago it was either stale news or none.

The Spaniards were still draining their new-world possessions of their treasure, it would seem, as one item of news states that the fleet had arrived at Cadiz from Vera Cruz with 20,584,059 pieces of eight, equivalent to that number of dollars.

Among the lesser departments are births, marriages, deaths, preferments (church), promotions (army), bankrupts, meteorological tables, prices of stocks,

market produce, etc., and general statistics of each month.

The correspondence page was not without its prototype in the old magazine either, for here is one ambitious dairy-wife who writes to the proprietors of the magazine asking for the recipe of a good sage cheese. She states that her landlord has promised her a lottery ticket if she can produce as good a sage cheese as he had tasted in London.

Such, then, was the magazine of a century and a half ago. When one picks it up to-day and reads the names of such men as Wolfe, Pitt, Franklin, Amherst, etc., mentioned, and their actions discussed as matters of every-day occurrence, it certainly transfers one back to those stirring times very realistically, and gives one a more vivid impression of their personalities than would be given by the reading of a volume of history. They become living, breathing men, not merely indistinct outlines in a faded picture.

MISS F. SOULE CAMPBELL

MONG THE artists we may call ours by adoption, there is perhaps none who is better or more favorably known than Miss Frances Soule Campbell, who has taken a prominent place among the portrait painters of the West.

Miss Campbell comes of good old Colonial stock, of which origin she is justly proud, and from which she doubtless inherited the enduring energy and hopeful disposition which has carried her thus far so successfully through life.

Miss Campbell's most serious work as an art student was done at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the oldest institution of its kind in America. Here her artistic tastes developed rapidly. The old masters she copied with the patience and fidelity characteristic of the true artistic temperament. Later she went to Washington, where she executed numerous portraits in oil of prominent officials and their families.

While here she spent much time copying at the Corcoran Gallery, a privilege granted only to those of proven ability.

In San Francisco her work has been mainly leading society matrons and charming debutantes, principally in miniature. We have been told that this form of portraiture is a dying art, but certain it is that Californians, and San Francisco people in particular, have done more than their share in their efforts to revive the popularity of the miniature, and before the great fire, without doubt San Francisco contained more fine specimens of that art than any other city of its size in America.

Miss Campbell's work displays strong characteristics which enables one familiar with her style to recognize her work at a glance. The personality of the sitter at his best is strikingly rendered, yet with a poetic interpretation and delicacy of technique that from an artistic standpoint is most satisfying, while leaving the likeness unimpaired.

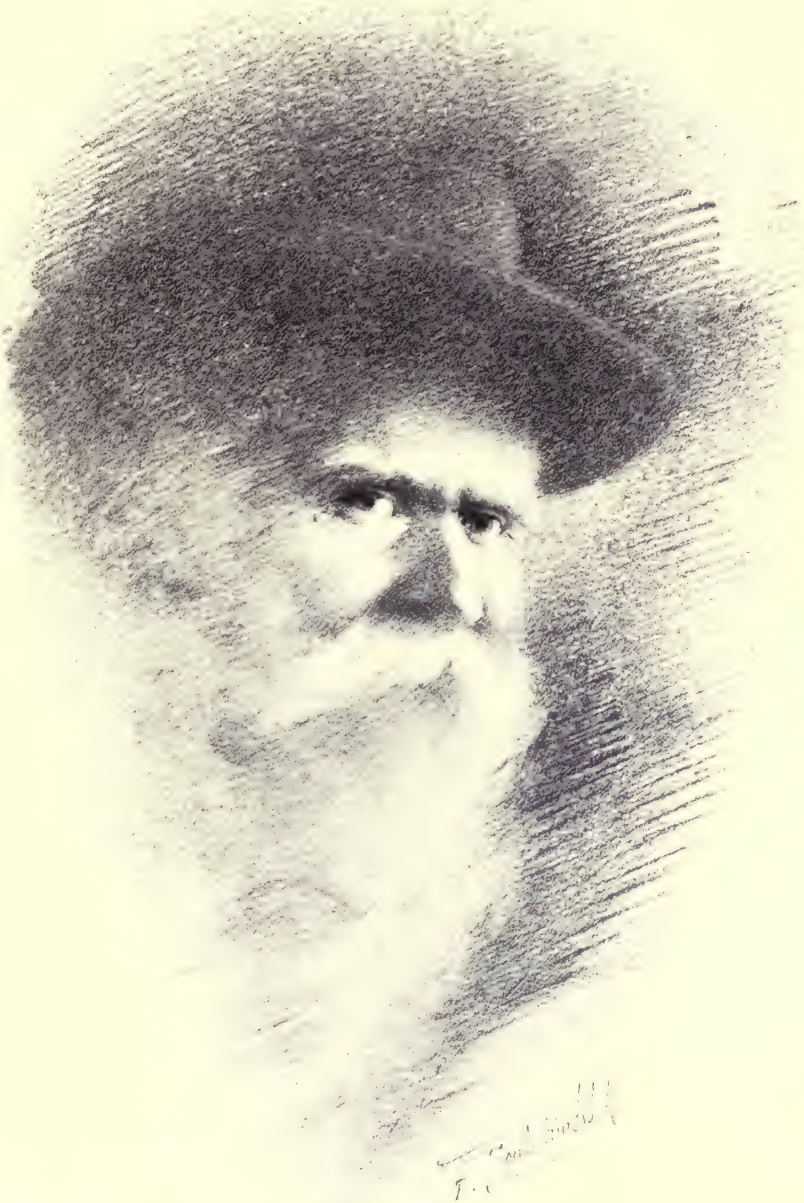
Locating in Berkeley after the big fire, Miss Campbell turned her attention to illustrating in pencil, her first being one of Joaquin Miller. This sketch of Mr. Miller created so much favorable comment that it was quickly followed by others. Her work is known all over the United States through the Overland. The picture of William Keith, perhaps, is most appealing and artistic of all her sketches.

A portrait of President Roosevelt is virile and depicts the strenuous life so vividly that it seems impossible to realize that it was sketched by the same hand that gave us the dreamy, poetic one of William Keith.

A new portrait of the President. Miss F. Soule Campbell, the Overland staff artist, in the above sketch is said to have produced the best resemblance of the President ever attained by any artist. Close friends of the Chief Executive say that it is a speaking likeness.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, who is to take charge of the Leavenworth Military School, has been most successful as commandante at the Presidio of San Francisco. Drawn by the Overland staff artist, Miss F. Soule Campbell.

NOTED CALIFORNI AN SERIES. VII.—William Keith, the great landscape painter of California, has been portrayed in all his picturesqueness by Miss F. Soule Campbell, Overland Staff artist. This portrait is a splendid addition to the series.



NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES, VIII.—"Joaquin" Miller, although born in Oregon, is a Californian by adoption, and it is as a Californian that his business and literary triumphs have been achieved. He is California's "Good Grey Poet."

A NEW NOVEL BY JACK LONDON.

"The Iron Heel" is Jack London's latest novel. It is socialistic, and is a prophecy of the outcome of the present struggle between capital and labor. The story is a transcript from a manuscript written by Avis Eberhard, wife of Ernest Eberhard, the hero of the story. The manuscript has been discovered by a critic of the twenty-eighth century, who annotates and explains various historical characters of the story. It is evident from the first that Ernest has been assassinated; and Avis lovingly recounts her life with her husband, beginning with the days when, a college girl, she first met Ernest, a horny-handed son of labor; but withal, a quick-witted, keen thinker. The manuscript recounts scenes bloodier than the French Revolution—more terrible than deaths in Siberian prisons, and runs to a time when the power of wealth has reduced labor to abject slavery; and it ends abruptly at the end of the second revolt of labor against capital, leaving at last the secret of Ernest's death in doubt.

Many names familiar to us are written high on the walls of fame and notoriety: Henry Van Dyke, President David Starr Jordan, being among the number.

Dr. Jordan is quoted as giving as the test of truth: "Will it work? Can you trust your life to it?"

The book is written in London's usual strong, virile style, and carries the reader along with it. We cannot, however, agree with the author that the country is coming to any such era of bloodshed as he so vividly describes. That we face serious problems there is no doubt, but that we will not be able to peacefully settle them is entirely another question. The end in America is to be reached by a process of peaceful evolution rather than by war.

The Macmillan Co., $1.50. New York.

SWINBURNE'S NEW DRAMA.

"The Duke of Gandia," by the poet, A. C. Swinburne, is a drama of daring plot and situation. The time, the fifteenth century. Alexander is father of two boys and a girl; Francesco, beautiful and winning; Caesar, shrewd and ambitious, at the same time without conscience; and the lovable Lucrezia. Caesar is jealous of Francesco, and cunningly contrives his brother's murder, that he may be advanced. At the same time, he holds his father, Alexander, in power partly by his daring, partly by his mental strength; and the father manifests his affection at heart for the wayward son in the words:

"I would I saw thine end
And mine; and yet I would not."

The drama affords great opportunities for brilliant acting. It is in blank verse. The style is clear and simple, and take it all in all, marks a high-water point in Swinburne's drama.

Harper & Brothers, $1.25. New York.

SEA SWASHES.

"Bahama Bill, Mate of the Wrecking Sloop, Sea-Horse," by T. Jenkins Hains.

The knowing reader who sees Captain Hains' name on a book or at the head of a magazine story at once prepares himself for a dip into the fifteen-men-on-the-dead-man's-chest type of fiction; and the knowing reader is seldom disappointed. The man who wrote "The Black Barque" and "The Voyage of the Arrow," is not in his element until he has spilled a few dozen buckets of blood amidships, and drowned, strangled, flayed or in some other expeditious manner disposed of at least half his ship's company.

"Bahama Bill" is not the most blood-

thirsty of Captain Hains's books, but it by no means gives evidence that its author has taken to writing society novels. This book is a collection of tales bound rather loosely together by the presence in all of them of Bahama Bill, "a giant negro of the Keys; young, powerful, and the best diver on the Florida reef. His chest measured forty-eight inches in circumference over his lean pectoral muscles, and he often bent iron bars of one-half inch to show the set of his vice-like grip. He was almost black, with a sinister-looking leer upon his broad face, his eyes red and watery."

That's Bill. The knowing reader aforesaid has perhaps some idea of what the negro mate will accomplish before Captain Hains is through with him.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Eleanor Stuart has written a sweet little story entitled "The Postscript," and it bids fair to be one of the big successes for summer reading. It is of convenient shape and of large type, clearly distinct in character, and of a substance that will endear it to the summer girl and her hero. It stirs the emotions and makes one think of the best there is of Marion Crawford's work. It is a thriller in miniature.

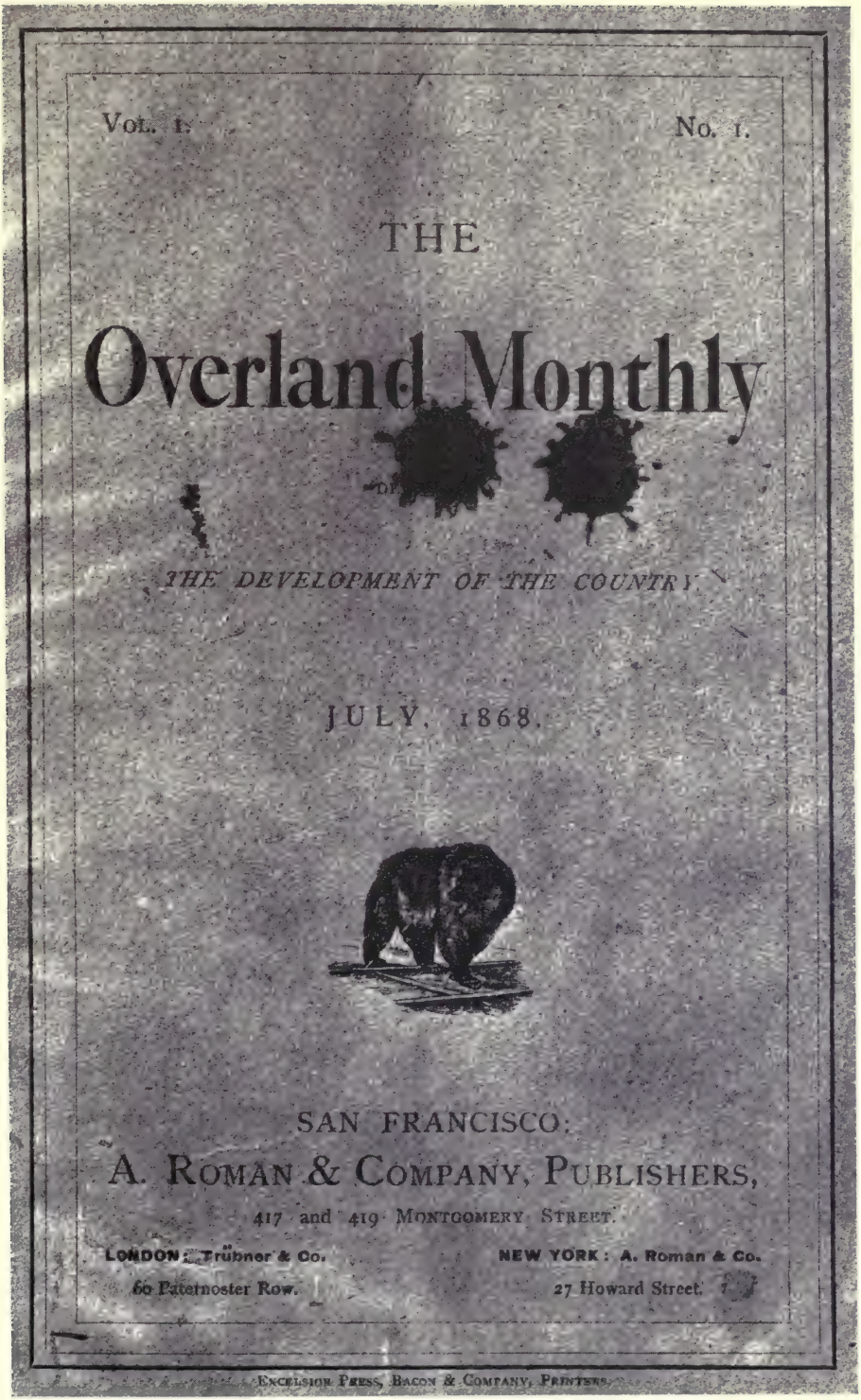
(The McClure Company, Chicago.)

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" is so well known a story that it scarcely calls for a mention by the reviewer of books. It is a simply-told, subtle story of sinuous business twists, and very true to life, and it reminds every reader of this or that one of his successful friends, but in a way it is harmful, as there are some people who may be charmed with its truth to such an extent that they will believe that it really typifies a whole class, and not the isolated individuals in the world of finance and promotion. Of course, we all of us have known the Wallingfords of daily life. They are the brilliant friends we shake before the jail takes them from us. You have met the man who asks you to act as secretary, president or vice-president of this or that corporation, "as a matter of form," fills all the offices with his friends, and then fills his pockets with the profits of nefarious deals, leaving the accommodating friends to face the clamors of the stockholders while the Wallingford flits on to the nest of new friends to fleece and new suckers to hook. It's an every-day story, and it's well told, and there is an added charm in the fact that there is not a week or two of halt, as in the serial form, between the exciting chapters of this appreciation of a phase of American business; a phase of that life that will in five or ten years have entirely disappeared.

George Randolph Chester has opened a mine in this line of romancing, and he is fully equal to its development. He has a great future before him. The dedication is almost as good as the story, and the business men to whom it is dedicated will relish the prefatory paragraph with a grim smile. It is as follows: "To the live business men of America—those who have been 'stung' and those who have yet to undergo that painful experience, this little tale is sympathetically dedicated."

The Henry Altemus Company

"The Sword Decides" is one of the interesting books of the day. It will make good reading for the romantic summer girl and the athletic young man on his annual vacation. It is a story of olden Italy and is full of stir and strife, and ambition and red murder. It is well written, and holds the reader's attention very closely. It is one of the kind of tales that keep one waked way in the night and into the hours of the morning. It is of love and intrigue the author writes, and the book may be called an historical novel, although it is not true to say so. It seems to depict the times truthfully, but the characters are fictitious. Giovanna of Anjou is a fearfully attractive woman who is wed four times, and who bends Naples to her will. Such an one did live, a murderess and a liar, past master in the art of both, when such practices were common. The great dramatic event of the plot is precipitated by an eclipse. It is then that Giovanna confesses to the only man she has really loved, and he attempts to kill her, to avenge the taking of the life of her husband, the king, Andreas of Hungary, who was hanged by her lure and connivance. Now, ye curious ones, read ye the tale, for it is worth while. The publisher is the McClure Company. The author, Marjorie Bowen.



Facsimile reprint of the original Overland Monthly cover.

"Stories of Struggles," this socialistic, literary emetic, is nonsense advertising foolishness, the most vapid and inane intellectual evacuation, we have ever read. We don't know whether it is Mr. Winchavsky's first effort, but if we were he, it would be unquestionably his last. The book is a series of Sunday-schoolish stories in which the heroes or heroines starve to death, murder themselves to mitigate their appetites, or reside in jail—all owing to the rapacity of the rich, or to the tyranny of the Government. But they all died, as far as we got, and we can't recall when perusing any other obituary afforded us so much pleasure. The book does not arise to the dignity of an exposition or the depth of a complaint; it is in literature what its cause is in political economy, wishy-washy, unspeakably idiotic, ineffably foolish, transcendentally assinine. Compared to it, Baxter's "Saint's Rest" is logical, "Jack the Giant Killer" convincing, and "Science and Health" unanswerable. "Stories of Struggles" irresistibly suggest a "struggle to forget" it, and we hope our readers will pardon the claim we have made upon their time in reading this tribute.

"The Common Sense of Socialism" is not ill-written, a dissertation on insanity is not necessarily drivel; but Mr. Spargo, in trying to tell us something new about a very old thing, tells us nothing at all about anything. To begin with, his citations are sophistically opposite, if I am allowed that expression. Of course, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Goethe and every other man of feeling felt and feels disgust for conditions, but disgust is a relative term, and we can deplore what we have while hesitating to resort to what our reason tells us is more deplorable. Are we to infer from what the gentleman cites that his authorities were Socialists? He says, "Socialism permits the individual to own everything but the common necessities, which are to be owned in common." Ah, indeed! Then what becomes of the sanctity of private ownership? Does he believe that under co-operation the average man will be so busy looking out for the public that he won't devote most of his time trying to make the public look out for him? As to the Goldfield papers' advocating the hanging of Socialists in contradistinction to the Socialists' paper saying nothing of murdering capitalists, this is owing largely to the fact that under some conditions an invitation is superfluous. If the Socialists of Goldfield didn't need hanging, of what did they stand most pressingly in need? Anarchy, as we take it, means "no Government;" Socialism, if we don't mistake it, means "nothing but Government." Under Anarchy everybody does as he pleases; under Socialism, he tries to keep everybody else from doing it.

The very fact that poverty is one of the practical essentials, and moral perfection one of the theoretical essentials of Mr. Spargos politico-economic nightmare leads us to question its feasibility. A good appetite waited upon by a vigorous digestion places us beyond the pale of pessimism, but we cannot believe in the perfection requisite to co-operation in spite of Mr. Spargo's logical presentation. But we congratulate the gentleman on his style, his healthy Anglo-Saxon, and his well-turned periods. He says what he means in no uncertain way, whether in his eulogy of his cause or in his denunciation of capitalists. We are sorry that he has seen proper to lavish so much enthusiasm on what his common-sense should tell him can never be, and on what, if he could be, his experience would cause him to lavish more regret.

The W. B. Conkey Company, of Hammond, Indiana, have just published a very valuable book entitled "Panama and Back," by Doctor Henry T. Byford. The doctor, it seems, has recently returned from a trip to the Panama Canal Zone, and to some of the unfrequented islands of the Caribbean Sea. The book is illustrated with photographs taken by the author, and it is well written and put together. The business man and student will find it a compendium of information on Canal Zone affairs. Any addition to the literature, in reference to the Canal Zone or the insular and colonization of the United States, is to be welcomed, as there is a time coming, and that very shortly, when just such books as this one by Doctor Byford will be eagerly sought by merchants who desire to extend their

trade, and by students who desire to increase their store of knowledge.

This is the day of the "business novel." Herbert N. Casson has opened up a new field by giving us, in a pleasant way, biographies that are not biographies, but epic poems in prose. He tells us the story of the big men of Chicago, of their achievements that read like the tale of Aladdin. This book gives the first insight in the growth of one of the greatest of American businesses, a business which has spread all over the world. It is a wonderful story.

Doubleday, Page, McClure & Company, New York.

The Outing Publishing Company is out with a new book, entitled "Big Game at Sea," by Professor Charles Frederick Holder. The volume is a splendid addition to the sportsman library, and it is got up regardless of the cost of paper and binding, as is usual with the publications by the Outing Company. There is no man in the country better able to tell his experiences with the big game of the sea than Charles Frederick Holder. Professor Holder will be remembered as the erstwhile editor of the old California Magazine, one of the many contemporaries the Overland Monthly has buried for lo! these many moons. If every department connected with the magazine in question had been managed with Holder's ability, it would have made a longer fight for existence. Holder left San Francisco, and the world is given entirely too few of the works of his pen. The Outing Company is to be congratulated on obtaining the publication of the present book.

Do you wish to beguile away the summer hours in pleasant reading? Then get Dumont Smith's book, "Blue Waters and Green." It is a story of personal experiences and descriptive of a trip to the Orient. It is the "Far East To-day," as far as Mr. Smith is concerned, and it is a really entertaining book. The author takes you into his confidence and keeps you there until the last page. There is nothing in the book that is screamingly funny, nothing that is darkly tragic, nothing that is so eloquent as to keep you awake nights, but it is all entertaining, and besides, it is the kind of useful knowledge that is given in pleasant doses, and that once hypodermicked under the skin, does not escape. The illustrations, especially the pen drawings, are splendid. It is a pity that more of these were not introduced. The publishers are Calkins & Company, of New York.

The first editorial in the first number of the Overland Monthly is just as true in all its bearings to-day as when it was written by Bret Harte forty years ago this month.

"As I may have occasion in these pages to advance certain opinions perhaps scarcely worthy of being dignified as the expression of plural wisdom, I shall always use the first person singular. Generally I think the average reader is not deceived by the editorial plural. We do not, I observe, accept objectionable doctrine any the quicker for it. On the contrary, we are very apt to say: 'That's Smith—everybody knows he's incited by jealousy,' or 'Jones got his price for that article.' Perhaps Jones did; perhaps we get our price for opposing Jones's views; but that is neither here nor there. I simply meant to say that in this department of the Overland there is nothing oracular—nothing but the expression of an individuality, generally inexact, rarely positive, and certainly never authoritative.

Yet it falls to my lot at the very outset,

to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called 'The *Overland* Monthly?' It would perhaps be easier to say why it was *not* called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how 'Pacific Monthly' is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston 'Atlantic;' how the 'West,' 'Wide West' and 'Western' are already threadbare and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how 'Occidental' and 'Chrysopolis' are but cheap pedantry, and 'Sunset,' 'Sundown,' 'Hesper,' etc., cheaper sentiment; how 'California'—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of State and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the *termini?* And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?"

TALKS WITH ADVERTISERS.

"Hotel life seems to have its attractiveness for the wealthy families of New York. Because of the shortness of the season, many society folk have not opened their city homes during the winter months. These families are to be found scattered through the large, semi-private hotels, which have multiplied within the last couple of years, and which have been designed with a view to attracting the millionaire class of tenants. Hotel life, society women have begun to find out, affords an easy evasion of much entertaining. The average hostess nowadays seeks to avoid extra bother, and it is less of a tax on her time and patience to hold large receptions in one of the half-dozen hotels favored by society, or in the Colonial Club. By keeping her town house closed this winter, a society woman remarked the other day that at a rough estimate she had saved $75,000 in four months. Besides this, she has not had to worry over the servant question and other matters so vexatious to women who entertain."

The despatch quoted above is only a repetition of the story that might be told in all our large cities, and in order to help this feature of American life along, the hotel man can find no better medium to reach the public than the magazine. Magazine advertising is indispensable to the hotel man. If he wishes to gather in the best clientage in the country, the magazine is the net he should spread, baiting it with clever publicity.

WARNING AGAINST REFILLING LEA & PERRINS SAUCE BOTTLES.

Within a month two restaurant proprietors in Portland, Ore., have been arrested and fined $25 each, in Judge Cameron's Court, for refilling Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce bottles with an inferior sauce. In this connection the Portland Daily Journal says: "The eating public has been forced to take cheap mixtures labeled with the brand of well-known and popular condiments, as the proprietors of scores of restaurants have been increasing their revenues by buying inferior stuff in bulk and selling it under false pretences." Lea & Perrins Sauce is the original and genuine Worcestershire, and is known all over the world.

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WOMEN—because PEARLINE makes coarse things Easily washed by Delicate women and Delicate things Safely washed by Strong women. Ask your Brightest neighbor what Washing Powder she uses. Bright?—one of the Millions of users of Pearline.

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Edited by B. O. FLOWER

THE ARENA

A Magazine Dealing With the Vital Problems of the Hour

A review of the content-matter of THE ARENA for 1907 shows that never in its history has it published so many really vital papers or carried on so aggressive and successful a battle for justice and nobler social conditions. THE ARENA will now be found stronger, abler and more effective in its battle for civic righteousness and individual growth and development than ever before—a magazine that no man or woman who cares or dares to think will feel he or she can dispense with. The following will give an idea of the exceptionally strong and important papers published from January to May:

Picturesque San Antonio. By George Wharton James.
The Relation Between Woman in Industry and the Growth of Crime. By Maynard Butler.
Concerning Compulsory Arbitration. By Theodore Schroeder.
Emerson as Writer and Man. By Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph. D.
Through the Closed Shop to the Open World. By Horace Traubel.
The Pernicious Laudation of the Rich. By Hon. John D. Works.
The Political Outlook for the Coming Presidential Election. By Hon. George Fred Williams.
How Clara Barton Became Interested in Christian Science. By Eugenia Paul Jefferson.
A Socialist's Definition of Socialism. By Hon. Carl D. Thompson.
The Resurrection of Galveston. By George Wharton James.
India's Coming Greatness from a Constructive View-Point. By Saint Nihal Sing.
How to Make Commercial Panics Impossible. By Albert Griffin.
The Race Track Evil and the Newspapers. By Hon. John D. Works.
Inheritance Taxes. By Arthur B. Hayes, Solicitor of Internal Revenue.
Co-Operation in Great Britain. By J. C. Gray, General Secretary of The Co-operative Union.
The Rimini Story in Modern Drama. By Prof. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D.
Was Mansfield a Genius? By Harry Wandmacher.
The Ultimate Issue Involved in Railroad Accidents. By Carl S. Vrooman.
The Christian Science Concept of Deity. By George H. Moore.

In addition to the essays THE ARENA is illustrated and contains regular departments: The Editor's Quiet Hour, Book Studies, Book Reviews, Editorials, Mirror of the Present, Public Ownership, Direct Legislation and Co-operative News, as well as a selection of the best current cartoons. 128 Pages.

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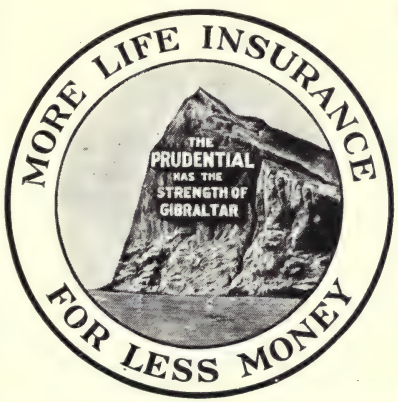

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Three miles from Ukiah, Mendocino County. Curative waters. **Neuheim Baths,** hunting, fishing; first-class table. **J. A. REDEMEYER, Prop.**

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Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare, round trip, $1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Caliente Water, bottled here, can be had at all first-class places.

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Auto stage from Pieta, 75 minutes.

150 rooms. Electric lights. 30 mineral springs. Wonderfully curative.

Unsurpassed cuisine.

Complete garage and automobile supplies.

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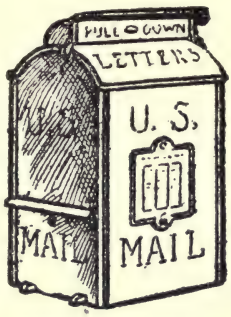

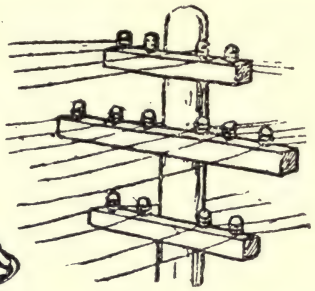

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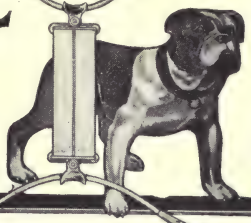

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The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment, and prove its merits by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five of the cases out of the twelve, those showing the most advanced form of these diseases were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott. The persons treated gained their normal weight, strength and appetite and were able to resume their usual work. Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

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The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney trouble and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 567 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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All stories should reach this office not later than July 31st, and prize winners will be announced in the October number. The author's name and address should not be attached to the manuscript, but should be submitted in a separate sealed envelope, which should simply bear the title of the story. The stories will be passed upon by three readers, all of them independent of the editorial staff. All manuscripts not receiving prizes, or purchased independently, will be returned at the close of the competition, providing stamps for such return are enclosed. All should be typewritten, and should be plainly addressed: SHORT STORY CONTEST, SUNSET MAGAZINE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

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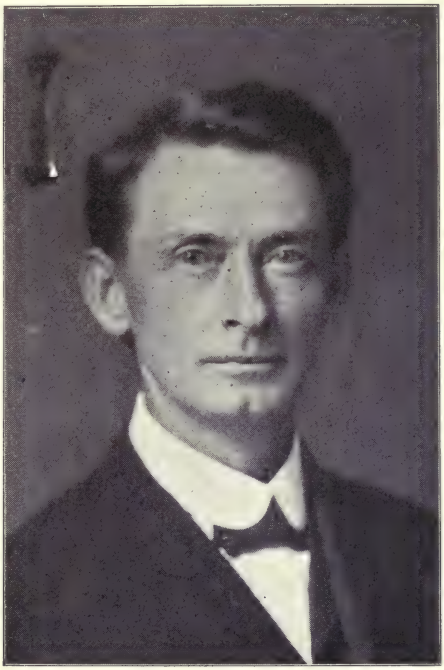

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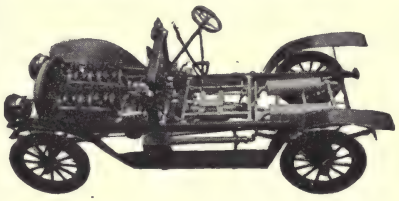

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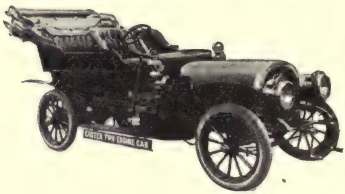

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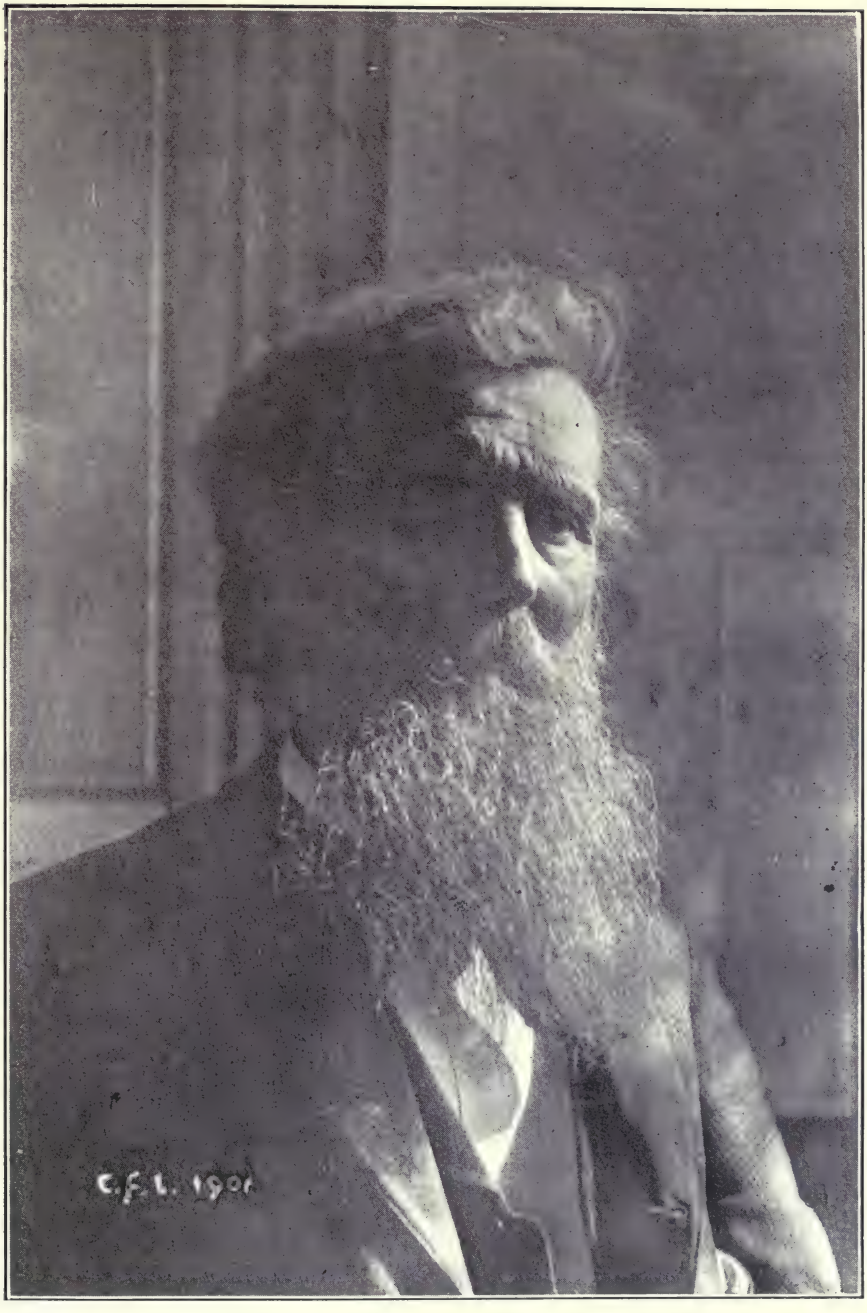

JOHN MUIR. *See page 125.*

LOOKING SOUTH FROM TOP OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BUILDING. PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1908. Photo. Waters, by courtesy Cal. Prom. Com.

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. PHOTO TAKEN IN MARCH, 1908. THE ENTIRE HILL IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FAIRMONT, ON THE CREST, WAS BARE OF BUILDINGS AFTER THE FIRE.

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AUGUST, 1908

No. 2 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LII

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO--THE WONDER CITY

E HAVE accounts of the destruction of great cities by the ravages of war, by the hand of tyrants who have effaced them from the face of the earth, by fire and by earthquake. We know that in the great deserts of the world large cities have been that are no more, and in nearly every instance where we have the chronicle of the partial or total destruction of a city, we do not find any account of its rehabilitation by its citizens.

The fires of London and of Chicago may be classed as mimic in comparison with the destruction of the major portion of San Francisco. San Francisco's almost total destruction, beginning on April 18th, 1906, was not paralleled in modern times, and may only be compared to the destruction of Babylon, Ninevah and Tyre.

San Francisco is the wonder of the world, for it has risen on its ashes a better city than before it was visited by earthquakes and fire. The old city was a flimsy affair of wood, and the new one is a monument to the energy of its citizens, to their fearlessness and their foresight, builded of steel and marble, of sandstone and of granite. This time, after its cleansing by the great fire, it is the San Francisco that is to stand for ages, the future mistress of the Western Sea.

With every day that passes, something is done that accrues to the benefit of this great big pulsing metropolis. Despite its fratricidal quarrels and its bitter political fights, it is always advancing, and never does it retrograde.

Block after block of new buildings have been erected. New blood and new capital has come in, and gradually a new element is pushing to the front. It is being recognized that the fire was not a disaster, but that in time it will be called a blessing.

The fire swept away many fortunes, and wrecked many men, but it created opportunities, and has given many more men their start in life. It has been impossible in the utilitarian period to compel the metropolis to adopt the ideas of such men as Burnham and Phelan, but as far as possible, the individual has made a better effort than was ever made before in the building line. The new streets projected by enthusiastic men have not been built, but the very suggestion of such changes has caused the builders of new San Francisco to give heed to the expressed public desire in a practical way, and the new San Francisco is beautiful. The old San Francisco was dingy and sombre. The new San Francisco is white and clean. The new San Francisco will be a city of beautiful buildings, and the architecture of the present day is not the pot-pourri of the past.

The people are optimistic, and they are looking forward to a future that will be full of prosperity. They have clung to the charred remains and they have prayed upon them, have breathed the breath of new life in them, and they are now seeing the first moments of the resurrection which will reach its fruition only in perfection

A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BUILDING, SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED AND IN COURSE OF ERECTION. THIS IS THE WORK OF A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO YEARS. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN SIX MONTHS AGO.

VIEW FROM PINE AND SANSOME STREETS.

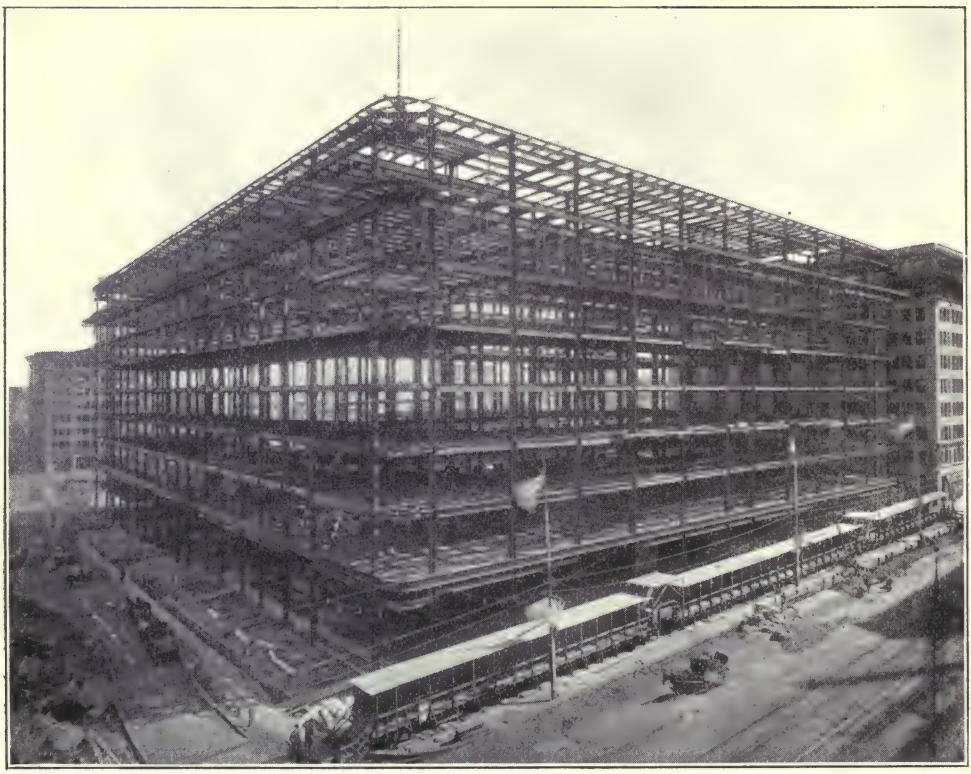
in the days of their children and their children's children.

The hopeful ones see a better future, and they know that the past is only a dream, something that means nothing to them except as a warning to avoid its errors and its pitfalls. With the development of the Philippines, with an increased trade with the Orient, with the establishment of new steamship lines, and the obliteration of the tariffs that prevent the extension of trade to our own dependencies and territories, San Francisco will become the great trade center of the West. There is nowhere on earth such a harbor as that of San Francisco. The coming of the big fleet showed distinctly to all its capacity for entertaining the commerce of the world. The fleet was lost in the bay of San Francisco. The number of ships had astounded the people of South American countries, and yet here it found itself but a unit among a hundred other units in the Bay of San Francisco. Here is room for a commerce that will in time rival that of the great harbors of the world.

NEWMAN & LEVINSON BUILDING, BUILT SINCE THE FIRE.

By land, San Francisco is connected with the East by three great transcontinental systems, the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific. In the space of a very few months, the Western Pacific will be operating through trains from the East to San Francisco, and will open up a splendid agricultural, timber

THE NEW BUILDINGS ON MARKET STREET. PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL EVANS AND THE BATTLESHIP FLEET. MARKET STREET IS A MUCH MORE IMPOSING THOROUGHFARE THAN FORMERLY.



SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. THE PALACE HOTEL. ONE OF THE LARGEST STEEL STRUCTURES IN THE UNITED STATES. PHOTOGRAPHED IN JUNE. THE FINISHED FRAME WORK. Photo Courtesy Cal. Prom. Com.

and mining country as new tributary to San Francisco. Never was a city better endowed by location, by surroundings, and by the handiwork of man. It will be the purpose of the Overland Monthly to publish from month to month articles that will give the world at large an idea of what is going on in this great cosmopolitan metropolis of the West. Bret Harte devised a motto for the Overland Monthly. "Devoted to the Development of the Country" is symbolical of the course of the magazine for the last forty years. It has been a faithful mirror through its literature of that phenomenal advancement made by the West, that country lying this side of the Great Divide.

The biggest achievement in all that heroic epoch is the crowning event—the rebirth of the destroyed San Francisco. Of this will the burden of the articles to be published in future numbers of the Overland Monthly, and it is hoped that it will meet with the approval of our readers all over the world.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. LOOKING UP KEARNY STREET, FROM MARKET AND GEARY.
Mutual Savings Bank Building. Chronicle Building.

BUILDING OPERATIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO

The story of San Francisco's reconstruction is universally recognized all over the world as recording the most remarkable building marvel that moderns have known. Much has been written in description of the great work that has been accomplished since the destroying of the Pacific Coast metropolis by fire in that eventful April of nineteen hundred and six, and scribes have vied with one another in an attempt to paint the complete transformation that has come to pass in the months now gone. It is not possible, however, in even the slightest degree, for those who have not been to the City by the Golden Gate since the fire, to grasp in any adequate sense or appreciate properly the great work in reconstruction that has actually been accomplished.

Even before the fire had ceased its ravages in many sections of what was then considered to be a doomed city, and while the care of the homeless and penniless still occupied the attention of the authorities, the sound of the hammer on nail was heard. From that period to the present, San Francisco has gone on steadily without break in the great work. Out of devastation and chaos has sprung a city of commercial buildings and homes more beautiful than before the disaster, a city in which the most modern methods of construction have taken the place of the primitive and elemental.

All through the burned district have gone up massive sky-scrapers, great department stores, bank buildings, hotels and warehouses. Those structures that were merely gutted by fire, but whose frames remained intact, have been restored, and now the stranger who looks upon the miracles that have been wrought must almost of necessity feel that something greater than mere human endeavor has had something to do with the miracle of transformation.

San Francisco's building ordinances divide buildings into four classes: Class A being of steel and stone, brick or concrete construction, as near fireproof as possible; Class B being of reinforced concrete, or of brick or stone, with steel floor beams, practically fireproof; Class C being of brick, stone or concrete, with wooden floors, beams and frame. In cold, hard figures, the following table exhibits just what has been accomplished, and represents what sums of money have actually been expended for construction in the various types:

Class	Number	Value
A	63	$16,452,000
B	95	7,036,671
C	1097	33,547,219
Frame	8817	37,139,694
Alterations	4198	8,010,933
Total	14270	$102,186,517

Under the head of "alterations" come numerous new buildings in addition to the thirty-seven Class A buildings which were scorched and marred by the fire, and which have virtually been rebuilt since that event.

To exhibit what little influence the present supposed financial stringency exerts on current building operations, the following table, as given by the Board of Public Works is appended. It shows what has been done in a single month, the one just passed, and exhibits that permits for over $2,000,000 worth of work were issued.

	Buildings.	Value
Class B	2	$198,488.00
Class C	22	426,480.00
Frames	380	1,348,519.00
Alterations	183	110,528.00
	587	$2,084,015.00

In the face of these records of the phenomenal achievements in construction, it is not possible in the slightest way to offer any judgment as to what is yet to be done and how quickly it will be accomplished. San Francisco stands as the marvel of the civilized world, a city that has sprung from its ashes as though touched by a fairy wand.

A GOOD ROADS CAMPAIGN

The State of California is noted for its fruits, its flowers, its sunshine and its hospitality. It is the forcing house of genius, the birth-place of all that is best in modern art and literature, and it should —because of its climate, because of its scenic health advantages—have the best highways in the United States.

It is notable that as a Nation we are sadly deficient in this particular, and that our roads do not rank, as to permanency, with those of some of the very smallest of the Slavonian kingdoms.

We have given the question of good roads only perfunctory attention, devoting ourselves assiduously to the larger but less important task of developing our rail transportation. It is a strange fact that the development of the one has retarded the development of the other, and that our roadways, the minor arteries to feed our railways, are, in point of efficiency, one hundred years behind the times. This is no less true in California than in other States.

The advent of the automobile has done much to develop the "good roads" movement into a "national demand," and there certainly is a partial awakening to the necessity of the hour, the betterment of the means of inter-communication between the suburban and city communities. The impetus has been given through the fact that the automobile has created a public and private passenger traffic which, in a way, is a competitor, day by day becoming more active, to the railroad.

The automobile is only a single factor in the struggle to compel the national, State, county and city, town or village to give the proper attention to the development of good roads. The individual possesses initiative, the mass is usually inert, and that is the reason why the corporation or privately owned railroad is constantly being improved and extended, while the State-owned highway, of vastly larger importance to the public, is allowed to become a grass plot in the summer and a rutted clay furrow in the winter, a bone of contention for grafting politicians.

We have heard of the awakening of the public conscience, and we have seen a few results that have been for the public's good. It is hoped that a portion of that flexible, hysterical and easily swayed commodity called "conscience" may be turned to the betterment of the means of intercommunication, not monopolized by the corporations under the management of private individuals.

The good roads resolutions passed at public mass meetings are akin to the political planks of our conventions. Platitudes to satisfy the public conscience do not reform the people, and resolutions do not build roads. The American has a mania for moral upheaval, and no stamina for concentrated up-building. It is not to the automobile that we should owe the strongest argument for good roads, but to the common sense of the people and to the desire for the best conservation of their energies, to the need of establishing roads that, enduring, will best develop the farming communities and serve as feeders to the railroads, to develop a better acquaintance and a larger sympathy between our people. The political regeneration, the educational betterment of the American public, the improvement of the school system and the building of perfect roads is, after all, only a striving to establish this sympathy, the bond of near relationship that makes for better understanding and secure government. The Overland Monthly will from month to month publish articles on good roads, and it is the hope of the publisher that its large national and State circulation will enable it to, in a measure, awaken the people of the United States and the State of California to the necessities of the hour. Better roads mean better citizenship. Better roads mean more prosperity for the farmer. Better roads mean the establishing of new towns, new railroad branches and a general healthy development of the entire country.

THE EDITOR.

RICHARD REALF'S ANNIVERSARY

BY .ALEX. R. SCHMIDT

San Francisco has always been the haven of refuge of the unfortunate; a sort of maelstrom in which the heart-weary hope to hide. Here have come poets and painters, scientists, politicians and warriors to live their lives and to forget the past. Some have succeeded and some have failed. Some have erected monuments to their own fame that will be as enduring as time itself, while others have been inspired to sing songs that were sweet, but transitory, as evanescent as some subtle scent! Richard Realf was of a queer composition, moral and immoral, great and small, egotistical and generously patriotic, selfish and unselfish, but it may be truly said of the man that only the good he did lived after him, and, surely, this is a boon that is granted by fate to the fame of few men.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the birth of Richard Realf, poet, soldier, reformer and dreamer has just passed. It was not observed because Realf has passed into obscurity. It can do no harm to tell briefly of the accomplishments of this wonderful man. Few men have had such interesting careers and few have had to bear his trials. He was like a flower shrinking from the sun, and it was the sun that withered and destroyed him.

Realf is buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery in San Francisco, in the Grand Army plot. His lot is still kept green and trim by the survivors of the great Civil War. Had he been a singer of sweet poetry only, his resting place would now probably be forgotten. It is because of the active part he took in the late war of the States that his grave is remembered.

He was a true singer, and a fiery prophet. He has a secure niche in the temple of fame, but it is a modest one, and there are few of the present generation who have heard of him. Literary men use him as a lighted taper on the dark path, and students welcome him, but to the average busy man he is unknown.

Realf, whose life was an adventurous and a full one, took his life in Oakland, California, by poison, October 27, 1878. He had been followed across the continent by a woman whom he recognized as his Nemesis, and it was to seek peace from her that he killed himself. With his light dimming at the early age of 44 years, America lost a poet of unusual genius.

Although Realf came across the continent to meet his death in California, he was a citizen of many States. New York claimed him for a considerable period. Upon his arrival in the United States in April, 1855, he became superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry in New York. He remained there for sixteen months. From there he went to Kansas in the times of turbulence and unrest preceding the Civil War, and helped to make it a free State. He was in Virginia for a time, in Alabama, where he enrolled as a student in the Jesuit College at Spring Hill, in Ohio, where he met William Dean Howells, before he acquired his large fame, and John J. Piatt, in Illinois, where he enlisted as a soldier for the union in Indiana, in Pennsylvania. His was a restless soul, and he traversed the entire United States, seeking peace.

Realf was born in Framfield, Sussex County, England, June 14, 1834. He was a precocious child, taking a delight in reading when three years old. He was

a dreamy, indolent boy when at the age of nine years he wrote his first rhymes. In his youth, he read widely, especially Latin, English and French poetry; his chief pleasure at this period was to seclude himself with a book. When seventeen years old, a volume of poems which he called "Guesses at the Beautiful," was published by Mr. and Mrs. A. Stafford, his ardent friends. The editor of this thin volume of poems which Realf had written in his idle moments was Charles de la Pryne, Fellow of Trinity College, who saw more than ordinary merit in the effort. The poems were lauded by the banker-poet, Rogers, by Lady Byron and her daughter, Ada, by Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Miss Marineau, Lady Jane Peel, Gibson, the sculptor, in whose studio Realf worked for a time, and other English lights.

This was a happy period for Realf, but it was of short duration. At the age of 19 he became involved in a scandal in the home of one of his benefactors and patrons and was forced to flee. He showed at this time the infirmities which pursued him through life. He lacked a moral sense; there was no stability of character. In spite of a fine and brilliant mind, which fascinated his contemporaries, he used no judgment in his friendship with women. It was this unfortunate trait which proved his undoing in the end.

When he disappeared after his wrongdoing was discovered, his relatives instituted a search for him, and he was finally found, bare-footed, in the streets of Southampton, singing ballads for pennies. He was taken home, but showed little improvement in his morals. At this time he became involved in debt, and with all the thoughtlessness of genius, made no effort to pay. Also, being extremely sensitive, he began to loath his surroundings, and while still under age, left England for the United States.

At the Five Points House of Industry he secured employment and he spent sixteen exemplary months, doing good. Even at that early age, Realf was imbued with all the fire of a reformer, and when he heard of the turmoil in Kansas, he hastened to that State to help in the struggle for freedom. At this period he wrote a number of notable lyrics, and at the same time lifted his voice in speech. He possessed wonderful persuasive powers, and he did as much as any one man to make Kansas a union State.

He became known to the leaders of the anti-slavery party, and was soon looked upon as one of the leaders. At Springdale, Ohio, John Brown was drilling his men for the raid on Harper's Ferry, Virginia, which took place October 17, 1859. Realf was to become Secretary of State in the country Brown expected to control within slave territory. Before the raid took place the poet went to England to fight with word and pen for the cause. From England he went to France, and did not return to the United States until after the historic raid.

James Ridpath, the historian, in his preface to the life of "John Brown," called Realf a traitor, and alleged that he had betrayed Brown into the hands of the enemy. It was later ascertained that Brown's plans were made public by others who hoped to avert, by this means, what they considered a foolhardy performance.

Realf, upon his return to the United States, continued upon his erratic career. In October, 1859, when 25 years old, he was admitted to the Jesuit College at Spring Hill, Alabama. While connected with this Catholic institution, he wrote for the "State Journal," conducted by William Dean Howells and John J. Piatt, at Columbus, Ohio. But a short interval after severing affiliations with the Jesuit school, Realf, still pursuing his uneven equilibrium, joined the Shaker colony at Union Village, Ohio. He became one of the lights of this peculiar sect, and the lectures he delivered at this time brought him prominence and pecuniary reward. But at the very height of his power he threw away his laurels in his craving for something new. Among his discourses at this time were "The Hollowness of the World's Life," "The Nobility of Sacrifice" and "Purity in Life." These were held to be masterpieces of ethical philosophy.

In 1862 he enlisted at Chicago and fought throughout the Civil War. He was a brave and competent soldier, and numerous mention is made of his courage. He was a big-hearted man, and he showed it throughout this terrible struggle in his attitude toward the refuges who fell into

his hand. He received promotion on different occasions, and was mustered out a colonel.

After the war, Realf continued to write and grow, every cause of reform and higher thought receiving his generous support. For a time, next to Francis Murphy, he was the most famous temperance lecturer in the country. For five years he was engaged as an editorial writer on the Pittsburg Commoner. But always, when the sun shone brightest for him, his weaknesses overpowered him, and there are periods in his life only to be described as hiatuses. He would disappear, and for weeks and even months his friends would have no word from him. He himself has described these awful lapses as "prolonged debauches." When in the depths of these he suffered all a mortal may suffer and live.

It was while on one of these debauches that Realf was married at the Church of the Trinity, Rochester, New York, to Catherine Cassidy. This ceremony was solemnized October, 1867. Shortly before this, in June, 1865, Realf had married Sophia Emery Graves, of Bangor, Me. He met her at Furnissville, Indiana, where she was visiting relatives. When he was mustered out at Vicksburg, Virginia, March 10, 1866, he did not return home. It is known that he disappeared at that time. Upon again coming to the surface, he married Miss Cassidy without the formality of a divorce from Mrs. Graves-Realf.

Realf tried matrimony three times, and legally but once. He tried strenuously to secure a divorce from Mrs. Cassidy-Realf, and while in Pittsburg it was granted him, but upon an appeal to the Supreme Court made by the vindictive wife, the decision was reversed. This was in 1872. The five years preceding this ill-fortune, he had been leading the life of a model man. This catastrophe plunged him once more into the depths.

Throughout this strain, Rossiter Johnson, the writer, Richard J. Hinton, and others who had been attracted by his force of intellect and poetical genius, aided him with money and friendship, but he had already entered upon his decline and never lifted his head high again. It is a pity that Realf should have started his descent in his thirty-eighth year. If he had had a helping hand throughout his life, what a rich legacy he would have left to mankind.

It was in July, 1878, that he arrived in San Francisco. He was broken and feeble. The woman from whom he had been unable to escape had harassed him with vindictive hate, at one time stooping to have him arrested for robbery. At the trial he was fully vindicated. It was in hopes of escaping her that he came to San Francisco. General John F. Miller, whom he had known in the Civil War, took him to the beautiful miller ranch in Napa Valley. After a short sojourn there, Realf returned to San Francisco, where he was put in the smelting and coining room in the United States mint. His physical strength had worn away, his mental and bodily excesses had made him a shadow, and he was unfit for the labor he undertook to perform. At this time a volume of his poems was published in the hope that enough would be realized pecuniarily to make his lot easier. Instead of producing the desired result, it had other and disastrous effects. The woman from whom Realf had fled was able to trace him by means of the additional publicity given him by the publication of the book. In October, 1878, she arrived in the City by the Golden Gate.

She went to his home on Mission street, and stating her relationship, entered the bare room where he was domiciled. He was absent, and taking advantage of this circumstance, she searched his belongings, destroying numerous poems which had not yet appeared in print. On his return home he found her there, and after hot words, he left her in possession, going to the rooms of a friend named Pomeroy. The day following, Sunday, he purchased laudanum and choral hydrate. He crossed the bay to Oakland, and went to the Union House, where he asked for Colonel S. F. Tappan. Colonel Tappan was not in, and Realf asked for a room to which he immediately retired. He wrote two letters to Colonel Tappan, and made his will. In his will he stated that he had been hounded to death by his wife, and that he could bear no more. His best-known sonnet, and one of the finest sonnets in the language, "De Mortuis nisi nil bonum," was found by his deathbed. It was the poet's swan song.

Having, as he estimated, concluded his contract with life, Realf took a large dose of chloral hydrate and laudanum, his tired heart ceased beating, and he was at rest. The next day the papers were full of the tragic event.

He was buried, October 31st, by the Grand Army veterans of Oakland and San Francisco, the interment being made in the Grand Army plot at Odd Fellows' Cemetary, at the base of Lookout Mountain, in San Francisco. Reverend J. K. Noble was the officiating chaplain. Col. J. J. Lyon read the poet's last poem. His last words, "Plant daisies at my head and at my feet," were obeyed.

Realf in appearance was a dreamer. His chief characteristic was a melancholy, visionary expression of countenance. He had big blue eyes and prominent eyebrows. He had a big, dome-like head, straight hair, prematurely gray, and wore a ragged moustache. In moral act he was weak; in moral conception one of the strongest men of his time.

After his death, his poems were gathered from the numerous publications for which he had written, Overland Monthly, the Argonaut, Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, the Atlantic, Scribner's Magazine, the Independent, the Christian Union, and other periodicals had contained his treasures, and most of them were rescued and embodied in the single volume upon which his fame rests. During his lifetime, this wonderful man made no effort to collect the beautiful poems he wrote. He was a man of rich genius and gave freely. His war lyrics, his sonnets, his poems on childhood, especially the one entitled "The Child," are among the finest accomplishments in English poetry.

His swan song follows:

"De Mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me this end has come and I am dead.
And the little, voluble, chattering daws of men,
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart."

In another poem, which he has called "The Poet's Wealth," he says:

"Who says the poet's lot is hard?
Who says it is with misery rife?
Who pities the deluded bard
That dreams away his life?
Go thou and give thy sympathy
Unto the crowd of common men;
The poet needs it not, for he
Has joys beyond thy ken."

Realf wrote these lines concerning himself. It may be just probable that he derived more from existence than the exterior semblances of it would warrant us to suppose. It may be taken for granted that his fame will endure.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

BY MYRTLE CONGER

We daily dream that happiness
  Lies just beyond—in future hours—somewhere—
And dreaming, daily plan and toil
  To buy that future with our present care.

Last year we dreamed that happiness
  Would come to us this year—some place—somehow—
And yet we find life has not changed:
  Despite our care, we are not happy now.

A NEGATIVE SEQUENCE

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

Miss Giltner is a well-liked contributor to Overland Monthly. She is one of the best writers of lighter fiction of the United States. She is the author of "Beauty on the Box," in Century; "Betty and the Cherubs," the Reader; "The Thespian," the Red Book; "Autumn Leaves," Munsey's, etc.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VANDIVER HAD the camera craze in its worst form. The only wonder was that he had failed to develop it earlier, since from his infancy he had habitually caught everything that was in the air—from measles to Anglomania.

He had countless whims and vagaries—and abundant means wherewith to indulge them. He went in for every fad and fancy of the period; he wheeled and played polo; he coached and fenced and golfed in turn. Within the space of three years he had run the gamut of every period and every nationality, ranging from early Colonial to Louis Quinze, from Oriental luxury to primitive simplicity, in the furnishings of his attractive apartments—regardless of any consideration of time or season or fitness.

The Russian craze struck him in early September, during a particularly torrid season, and he accordingly received his friends in an anomalous fur-trimmed garment (with perspiration oozing from every pore the while); offered them tea made with a very obvious samovar, and treated them to koumiss, which inevitably made them ill. Three months later his callers shivered on chill straw mattings under a canopy of Japanese lanterns and umbrellas, stumbled over sleeping blocks and ran into purposeless screens and useless, if decorative tall jars which at all points beset their unwary steps, and before they had time to accustom themselves to what Lorimer irreverently styled "Vandiver's junk shop," a bevy of men who dropped in on him one evening found him in full Turkish costume from fez to slippers, seated cross-legged on a striped divan, smoking a nargileh and surrounded with Oriental draperies and furnishings; while his man, similarly attired, would have served them with some unspeakable Turkish drink, had not Hibbard (who had the courage of his convictions), protested and insisted upon the substitution of a cocktail.

Therefore, when one evening in Lorimer's rooms, Vandiver announced a newly acquired interest in photographic art, and his intention of investing in a camera the following day, Mocquot and Hibbard exchanged smiles and meaning glances, while Lorimer, who had borne the brunt of all Vandiver's enthusiasms and ceased to find them amusing, sighed resignedly.

"Yes," Vandiver was saying, "I shall certainly fit myself out to-morrow. I haven't quite decided between a bulb and a button release. Which should you advise, Dick?"

"Neither," answered Lorimer decidedly, "they're more trouble than they are worth. I've tried it and I know. But if you want to experiment, take my 'Magazine.' It's there in the closet, and you're welcome to it as long as you want it, which I fancy won't be a century. Don't waste your shekels on a camera, Van—you'll need all your surplus for supplies."

"You'll find it beastly hard work if you do your own developing—and it's no fun if you don't," put in Hibbard. "I slaved myself half to death and soured a naturally sweet temper with my kodak. I finally worked it off on a fellow I had a grudge against. Ever do anything with yours, Mocquot?"

And while Mocquot was detailing his experience which appeared to have consisted chiefly of "fogged plates," "under exposures" or "over-developments," Lorimer was dragging down from the top shelves of a closet, camera ruby lamp and developing trays—a complete amateur outfit, the manipulation of which he proceeded to explain to the attentive Vandiver. He drew out a plate holder to display its mechanism, and discovered from its weight that it was not empty.

"Hello, it's loaded!" he said. He took up another. "And this—and this. They're all loaded, Van. Don't know whether they're any good or not—haven't used the machine for an age—but you might experiment with them. Your first lot will likely be failures, anyhow. Here are three plates that seem to have been exposed—haven't an idea what they are or where I made them. Suppose you take 'em along and develop them with yours."

Within two days, Vandiver had fitted up a dark room, had exposed the nine remaining plates in Lorimer's magazine, and at last, triumphant and happy, was developing them by the weird light of the dingy ruby lamp. His own efforts proved for the most part failures. Of Lorimer's three plates, one was "fogged," the second was a picture of his dog "Blix," and the third—Vandiver fairly trembled with excitement when the outlines of a girl's figure stood out upon the plate, almost the instant the developer touched it. She was seated with careless grace in an old-fashioned swing in a veritable bower of leaf and blossom, and despite the unbecoming reversal of light and shade, Vandiver was sure that she was young and pretty. His prophetic soul scored one when he made a print from the negative. She was more than pretty—she was beautiful—in her wide hat and white gown, with the blossoms all about her. The pose, though unstudied, was perfect. Her face was slightly lifted, and her eyes (which Vandiver felt sure were violet), were set in a look of dreamy abstraction. The picture was really artistic, and its central figure charming. Vandiver lost his heart and head simultaneously. He instantly wired Lorimer (who was at Nahant), to know just where the picture was taken, and when that unsympathetic wretch wired in answer: "Haven't an idea. Oshkosh or Skowhegan, probably," Vandiver took the next train for the shore—only to find that Lorimer had flitted to Asbury Park. He followed, and chanced upon Hibbard, who furnished the cheering information that Lorimer had gone to spend a week with his latest fiancee at Newport, where her father had a cottage. Nothing daunted, Vandiver pursued his prey, dragged him unwillingly from his betrothed, showed him the picture which he had had toned and mounted by a skilled professional (neglecting to mention that he was wearing a duplicate in miniature in his watch), implored him for information as to the original and raved as only Vandiver could when he gave his mind to a subject. Lorimer, who at first had displayed slight interest in the matter, woke up at the sight of the picture.

"Jove! She's a beaut., isn't she?" he exclaimed. Lorimer was slightly addicted to slang. "I remember it perfectly now. It was when I was down in Lexington with Courtney—you remember Hugh Courtney?—and I was prowling 'round on the outskirts of the town with my kodak one afternoon, snapping everything in sight, when I chanced upon a quaint, stately old place—the typical Kentucky mansion, set in a tangle of trees and shrub and vine. There was a swing on a remote corner of the wide, shady lawn, and in it—oh, Jupiter, Van!—with some sort of flowering shrub as a background was a—well, I won't try to describe her—you've seen her picture. She didn't see me, and I didn't mean that she should. She had on a white gown and a big white hat pushed back from her face, and she held a flower in her hand. She couldn't have chosen a prettier pose or setting if she'd tried. She seemed abstracted, though a group of noisy children were playing near at hand. She was sitting quite still with her eyes, lovely, dark-lashed violet eyes, old fellow, fixed on vacancy. I set the camera, and had just pressed the button, when she glanced up and saw me. I fled precipitately, rejoicing, however, in the knowledge that I'd secured a corking picture. I meant to ask Courtney all about her, but when I got back to town I found a telegram from Dolly (I was 'rushing' Dolly Carter at

the time) just back from a summer abroad and 'dying to have me join her in New York,' as she prettily put it—and of course I forgot everything else after that. I left Kentucky that evening, and I had not thought of the picture since."

Four hours later, Vandiver was speeding southward, with such meagre information as Lorimer was able to give him regarding his Dulcinea whom he meant to find at any cost. What dreams he dreamt, what pictures his fancy painted as he flashed across the autumn landscape; how his heart throbbed as he crossed the boundaries of the "Bluegrass" and neared Lexington, the home of his fair unknown! He drew out the picture and gazed at it surreptitiously. What a patrician face it was! (Vandiver was a fanatic as to family.) How proudly the little head lifted itself upon the slender throat! How graceful the attitude, how pretty and natural the pose! A typical Kentucky beauty, "thoroughbred all through," Vandiver pronounced her. He pictured her the daughter of a wifeless father, the gracious mistress of a stately old Southern home, the pet of the household, the pride of a circle of admiring friends. His eagerness and impatience increased in inverse ratio to the distance between him and his inamorata.

He confided the whole story to Courtney, who heard him with cordial interest, helped him to locate the place—which they did with slight difficulty, so accurate was Lorimer's description—and gave him all the information that he could bring to his command.

"Yes," Courtney concluded, "the Frothinghams—Eastern people who have lately come to Kentucky—own the place. I know Mr. and Mrs. Frothingham slightly, but they've no grown children, and I can't quite account for the girl in the case. Probably a relative or guest. I'm no end sorry I've this trip to Frankfort on. But I'll be back Thursday, when I'll look into the matter and take you to call if you like."

But Vandiver's impatience would brook no delay, and that afternoon found him ascending the steps of the Frothingham domicile armed with Courtney's card of introduction. His heart was beating tumultuously, and his hands were cold with suppressed excitement, for as he came up the terraced walk, he had seen a face at an upper window—and the face was the face of the picture! He was shown into the drawing-room, and before he had time to pull himself together, he was facing Mrs. Frothingham, and (as he subsequently confided to Courtney) feeling like a fool. Mrs. Frothingham was scarcely a person calculated to inspire tender confidences. She was an imposing matron, with a crisp Eastern accent, a brusque manner, and a pair of disconcertingly keen gray eyes, re-inforced by a *pince nez* perched upon a sharply aquiline nose.

She had evidently not lived in Lexington long enough to realize to the full the value of the Courtney name, for her manner was untempered by any degree of warmth. She waited for Vandiver to develop his errand, with an air which made his delicate errand the more delicate and difficult. After the briefest possible interchange of civilities (rather awkward on his part and wholly non-committal on hers) he plunged into the highly artistic and plausible explanation he had previously prepared. But his wonted aplomb deserted him, before the disconcerting glare of the glasses and the glacial manner of their wearer. He stammered, floundered, forgot his lines and bungled his effects, while his hostess "gorgonized" him with a stony, Boston stare, until finally, in sheer desperation, he produced the portrait, and submitting it to the inspection of the eye-glasses, suggested that possibly Mrs. Frothingham would be kind enough to assist him in identifying the subject—in whom he was interested on purely artistic grounds.

Mrs. Frothingham scrutinized the portrait a moment in absolute silence—a very uncomfortable moment for Vandiver—and then, rising and returning it (she held it as if it burnt her fingers), responded in tones which sent the thermometer racing zeroward:

"Most certainly. The portrait is that of Nora Flannigan, my children's nurse, and you will pardon my saying that, in my opinion, she would have been better employed in looking after her charges than in attitudinizing for the benefit of the passers-by. I bid you good afternoon, Mr. Vandiver."

THE MISSION AND SCHOOL.

DONA RITA'S RELICS

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON

DONA 'RITA, as her Indian friends loved to call her, despite her Scotch name and accent, held in her hands a plain hardwood crucifix, with brass trimmings, and an exquisitely carved wooden medallion. This is their true story, as told by her with simple eloquence, and as verified by the annals of written history.

In the year 1768, the Visitador-General of New Spain, Senor Don Jose de Galvez, set about the task of taking possession of Upper California, by order of His Catholic Majesty, King Carlos III. The country had been discovered and explored long before, and the Franciscans had in vain sought permission to undertake its spiritual conquest. Now, at last, their hour had come, and they joyfully prepared for the work. The venerable Father-President, Junipero Serra, felt his youth renewed in the exaltation of this realization of his long-cherished dream. He set out at once on a tour of inspection of the peninsula missions, to collect supplies and arrange for the release of the *frailes* who were to accompany him. Each mission contributed what it could to the furnishing of the new establishments, and out of a cedar chest in one of them came a beautiful little wooden medallion with the figures of Jesus and Mary carved upon it. Long before, perhaps before Cortes began his conquest of Mexico, it had been carved with loving care, in a monastery of old Spain, by a monk who little dreamed into what hands it was destined to fall at last. From another mission came the crucifix which was to play a part in this story. Almost a year was consumed in these preparations, notwithstanding the fiery zeal of Serra and the efficiency of Galvez, before the expeditions were ready; but at last the San Carlos and the San Antonio sailed for Upper California, and one of these ships carried, among other church paraphernalia, the medallion and the crucifix.

Two land expeditions soon after set out for the same destination, and motley bands

they were—priests, soldiers, citizens, and Indians, all starting with high hopes for an unknown land, carrying arms and baggage and driving cattle before them. They arrived safely at San Diego Bay, and found the ships already at anchor.

Father Serra wrote to his friend, Father Palou:

"We have not suffered hunger or privations. Nor have the Indians, who came with us; all have arrived fat and healthy. The tract through which we have passed is generally very good land, with plenty of water; and there, as well as here, the country is neither rocky nor overcome with brushwood. There are, however, many hills, but they are composed of earth. The road has been in many places good, but the greater part bad. About half way, the valleys and banks of rivulets began to be delightful. We found vines of a large size, and in some cases quite loaded with grapes; we also found abundance of roses, which appeared to be the same as those of Castile."

Concerning San Diego Bay, a place which an earlier explorer had felicitously called "a land of joyous aspect," the great missionary wrote:

"In fine, it is a good country and very different from that of Old (Lower) California. We have seen Indians in immense numbers; and all those on this coast of the Pacific contrive to make a good subsistence on seeds and by fishing; this they carry on by means of rafts or canoes made of tule (bulrushes), with which they go a great way to sea. They are very civil. All the males, old and young, go naked; the women, however, and even the female children, were decently covered from their breasts downwards. We found in our journey, as well as in the places where we stopped, that they treated us with as much confidence and good-will as if they had known us all their lives; but when we offered them any of our victuals, they always refused them. All they cared for was cloth, and only for something of this sort would they exchange their fish or whatever else they had."

On the 16th day of July, 1769, the first Franciscan mission and first settlement of white men on the Pacific Coast of what is now the United States was founded and named San Diego de Alcala. The cross was raised and blessed, the royal standard unfurled, and incense burned on a rude altar; the soldiers fired a salute, and from the branches of a convenient tree the mission bell first broke the stillness of the valley, ringing out an invitation to the Gentiles to come, while the *frailes* prayed that they might "put to flight all the

THE OLD ADOBE.

hosts of hell and subject to the mild yoke of our holy faith the barbarity of the Gentile Dieguinos."

Among those who had accompanied the first land expedition and now witnessed these ceremonies with deep emotion were Jose Manuel Arroyo and his little family. He was a native of Lower California, a powerful man, a skillful blacksmith, and a faithful and trusted follower of the missionaries, who had grown up and learned his trade at one of the peninsula missions. His family consisted of his mother, Dona Petronia Garcia, his sister, Senorita Teresa Arroyo, and his daughter, Petronella, aged eight, whose mother was dead. The journey had been a succession of wonders to the little girl, who had known only the quiet life of a mission. None beheld these ceremonies with deeper emotion than little Petronella. She had the soft, dark eyes of her race, as well as its sensitiveness to the beautiful, and as she gazed upon the good *frailes* intoning the mysterious words of the service, they seemed to her lifted up by a more than earthly joy.

The new settlement was on a little hill, at the meeting of bay and river, where cool, sweet breezes blew and there was an inspiring view of ocean, valley and mountains. But life proved none too easy for the settlers. The fare was only that brought in the ships, and soon there was much sickness. The camp was yet unfortified, and as they became better acquainted, the Indians proved thievish and troublesome. One day they forced their way into the camp and began to plunder it, even stripping the covers from the beds of the sick. The four soldiers left in the garrison (the rest having gone in search of the bay of Monterey) rushed to repel them and were met by a volley of arrows. A fight ensued, and the Indians were at last driven off, but a boy had been killed and one soldier and one priest wounded. The blacksmith was wounded, too, but it is on record that he did not stop fighting on that account, but kept right on and displayed great courage.

A stockade was now erected to keep the Indians out of the camp, and the missionaries began the slow work of reestablishing friendly relations. But conversions were slow, sickness continued, and there were times of deep discouragement. Indeed, upon the Governor's return from his unsuccessful search for the site of Monterey, he determined to abandon the settlement; and then little Petronella might have seen Father Serra on the hillside, in an historic day-long vigil, watching the sea and praying for the sight of an unexpected ship whose coming, alone, could save the settlement. At twilight the sail of the San Antonio loomed ghostly through the dusk, and the mission was saved. Despair now gave way to hope; the Presidio, as it was called, grew populous and busy. While the missionaries plied their work with redoubled zeal, the blacksmith and the carpenter began to train the Indian men and boys in their crafts, and others to teach the girls the simple arts they most needed to learn. The Dieguinos were delighted with their newly discovered powers, and dazzled with the ceremonies of the church, and conversions began, at last; but the unconverted hill Indians were envious and stole the produce of the labor of the neophytes whenever they could.

Four busy years flew by, and Petronella was twelve. Only one grief had cast a shadow on her life—the death of her dear grandmother, who lay buried in the little churchyard. The time for Petronella's confirmation was drawing near. Father Serra, whose home was in the North, stopped for a few days at San Diego, returning from a visit to Mexico, and it was arranged that he should officiate at the confirmation. This gave Petronella joy, but also caused her alarm; for while she loved Father Serra, she knew that he was strict as well as kind. True, Father Luis Jaume had praised her and said she had nothing to fear; then the Father Luis always said the kindest possible things to everybody.

The Father-President was pacing the churchyard with bent head and hands behind his back, full of care for his missions. Five had he established in the department, and brought, with much toil, to a state of prosperity; but, while the thought gave him joy, he was old and full of cares. An attendant coming to announce the hour for the confirmation ceremonies, he roused himself from his rev-

eries with an effort. Before entering the church, he went into an adjoining storeroom, where he opened a packing case and took from it a small object, which he placed in his robe.

Petronella justified Father Luis's faith in her and passed the ordeal triumphantly. Father Serra's eyes shone, and his voice rose in an ecstacy of supplication for the dear children he had received into the bosom of the church—the first fruits of his labors. Then something wonderful followed—the most wonderful thing in all the little girl's experience. Stepping forward, Father Serra drew from his robes something round and flat, enclosed in a silken bag, and tied it about her neck. "Wear this always, my daughter," he said, "and while protecting you from evil, may it also inspire you with good and holy thoughts!" Scarcely able to murmur her thanks, Petronella clasped the bag with both hands and hurried home. What, was her thought, if it should be a "Jesus and Mary," such as her cousin Maria Antonia, in Lower California, had? And that is what it proved to be—the little wooden medallion. The sweet faces seemed to look upon the little girls with especial tenderness, and she felt herself the richest and happiest girl in the world. Aunt Teresa had sometimes feared for her safety, when she went to play with the Indian children, at the near-by *rancherias,* but now, she felt sure, she was perfectly safe, for had not Father Serra said this would protect her from evil? She would wear it always, always, she assured her aunt, and never allow rude children to touch it: but those who were very, very good, she would sometimes allow to see it and perhaps to kiss the feet of the dear little Jesus.

Time flew quickly and happily, and at last the day came when the old mission was outgrown. Then, at the head of the valley, six miles away, in the midst of his wheat-fields, Father Luis planted a new establishment, great enough to take thousands beneath its wing. More blacksmiths and more carpenters came, and Petronella's father was busy with his own work at the Presidio, and with the oversight of the native workmen at the new mission. Thither Petronella often went with Aunt Teresa, carrying the precious medallion, to look on and wonder at the rising of the great wall. But more marvelous still, though sometimes terrifying, were the wild hill Indians who came to look on and to talk with the neophytes, in dialects which the little girl could not understand. Sometimes it seemed to her that they grew angry and talked threateningly; but the soldiers said there was no danger, and the two *frailes,* Luis Jaume and Vicente Fuster, rejoiced exceedingly in the swarming Gentiles, seeing in them only more souls to be saved. Some of these Indians were really spies, and, away up in the mountains whence they came, a plot was forming for the destruction of the new mission. But, even had Petronella known this, she would have continued to believe that the medallion could protect her from harm.

The new building being ready, at last, the ceremonial dedication began and lasted two days. It was the feast of Saint Francis of Asisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order. Priests and soldiers came from the Presidio, and Indians from all the surrounding country. On the first day, sixty Indians were baptized; the second day, after a solemn mass, was given up to a fiesta, at which many amusing games and interesting contests of strength and skill took place. Then the quiet routine of mission life began. Petronella's nimble fingers found busy employment in the *monjerio,* or nunnery—a low building with an inner court, where the girls sat daily to spin, weave, sew and embroider. At five, the day's labor ended, and the evening meal was eaten; at sundown, the Angelus rang, and called all to the chapel, where the Litany was sung, and the evening blessing spoken. Most of the native girls slept in the *monjerio,* but Petronella slept with her aunt, in a little home of their own.

A month passed in peace, and then the storm which had been brewing broke in the night. Aroyo was ill, and therefore retired to sleep in the smithy, where another blacksmith, Felipe Romero, could care for him. Soon after midnight, Petronella awoke with a feeling of strange alarm. Listening, she thought she heard whispers, the shuffling of many feet and the crackling of beams. Springing up, she saw the buildings indeed on

fire, and scores of naked savages darting hither and thither. At that moment they broke the silence, and sounded, all at once, their terrible war-cry. Aunt Teresa now sprang up, and after a hasty survey, led the way in flight, the little girl holding the medallion very tight. They escaped by the back door, where the shadows lay, and soon reached the outskirts of the settlement, where they found other bewildered fugitives assembled. The resa and lying concealed in a dry *arroyo* beside another girl. And there they lay all the remainder of that dreadful night, listening to the din of the savages, the crackling of flames, and the report of fire-arms, but yet trusting in the power of prayers and the medallion to save them.

As the sun peeped over the Eastern mountains, the wild Indians at last drew off, leaving death and desolation behind them. Everything portable was carried

THE MEDALLION.

group was soon seen by the savages, who bore down upon them with dreadful yells, and they scattered and fled. Had they but known it, the Indians did not intend to harm the neophytes, but merely wished them to keep quiet, while they pillaged the mission and killed the Spaniards. Soon —scarcely knowing how—Petronella found herself separated from her aunt Te- off or destroyed, the buildings burned, two soldiers wounded, and a carpenter mortally hurt. Petronella and her aunt were safe, but her father was dead. Early in the battle he tried to join the soldiers in the guard-house, but immediately on stepping out, received two arrows in his breast. Staggering back into the smithy, he exclaimed: "Comrade, they have killed

me!" and fell dead. Thus Petronella overwhelmed by two great sorrows—the death of her two fathers, one temporal and the other spiritual—the humble blacksmith and the missionary priest. Roused by the tumult, Father Luis Jaume had risen at once and rushed out, with the crucifix in his hand, which Dona 'Rita afterward held as she told the story, exclaiming:

"*Amad a Dios, hijos!*" (Children, love God!) the customary form of salutation; but the forms with which he found himself surrounded proved to be, not those of his obedient neophytes, but of the wild hill tribes, who immediately fell upon him with clubs and stones, dragged him to the bank of the river, and left his body there, beaten to a mass of bruised flesh. He was soon missed, and Father Vicente searched for him, at considerable danger to himself, but in vain. As soon as the assailants drew off, Father Vicente called together his weeping, trembling neophytes and set them to searching for Father Luis, and it was not long until they found the piteous remains of him who had been to them so loving a father. But Petronella, lingering in the outskirts of the excited crowd, as the search went forward, was the first to see on the ground, where it had been trampled and broken, the crucifix which Father Luis had always worn suspended by a cord—the same which had come with the medallion in the first espedition, and which he had so often given her to kiss. Quickly picking it up, she concealed in her dress, and never parted with it so long as she lived.

Summoned by Father Vicente's messengers, the gaping soldiers from the Presidio, who had slept soundly and heard nothing, soon came to carry the dead and escort the living back to the settlement, and the bodies were tenderly laid away in the little churchyard on the hill. But, although Petronella was now an orphan, she was not fatherless; for the good Father Vicente took her under his peculiar care, and there were also Aunt Teresa and Fathers Lasuen and Amurrio, to say nothing of the medallion, to which Petronella firmly believed she owed her preservation from death, and not forgetting the secretly cherished crucifix.

The mission was soon rebuilt, for nothing could extinguish the ardor of the missionaries, and after a few years the bones of Father Luis were brought thither and ceremoniously interred between the altars. Petronella and her aunt went back to the new mission and lived there many happy, quiet years.

After she was grown to blooming young womanhood, a tall young man one day came and lingered at the doorway of the *monjerio*, where Petronella sat sewing, and gazed until she blushed and dropped her eyes. Not long after, Father Vicente gave her in marriage to this young man, who took her to live in a little house of their own, where the medallion and the crucifix were the most cherished possessions. About the time that George Washington became the first President of the United States, their son, Pedro, was born.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that they all lived happy ever after; but if they had, Dona 'Rita would never have seen the relics and this story would never have been written. Although the mission prospered for many years, the day came when its glory departed, and the neophytes were obliged to leave it. The missions of Upper California were secularized, their fields laid waste, their cattle killed, and the few missionaries remaining became poor. Petronella's aunt having married and removed to Tia Juana, in Lower California, not far from San Diego, she and her husband also removed thither, taking the relics with them. There Pedro grew to manhood, and at last, to old age. At times he went back to San Diego and pastured his sheep and goats on Point Loma, near the old Presidio, and it was there that Dona 'Rita met him.

This lady had come to the new town of San Diego from New York, as a newspaper correspondent, but it was the old town and the Indians which interested her most. Bayard Taylor had told her about these, and he had used some of the legends they told him when he visited San Diego, in 1849. She spent her days at Ocean Beach, a romantic spot at the northern end of Point Loma, gathering relics, shells and curios, and cultivating the acquaintance of the Indians. With Pedro, in particular, she struck up a strong friendship, and he spent many happy hours telling her the legends of his race, stories

of life at the old missions, and of how the Indians used to come every year to the very spot where they sat, to gather and dry fish and clams. In return, she talked to him about New York, Scotland, and other places she had seen.

But it was not until some years later, after she had made a journey to the Holy Land and returned to tell Pedro about her travels, that he was moved to give her the strongest possible proof of his regard. Her stories about Palestine he greatly delighted to hear, and never tired of sitting on the rocky shore with the tide beating at their feet, and the spray mounting high in air, while she talked about the wonderful country she had visited.

Pedro had often told her the story of the old medallion and the precious crucifix which his mother had given him on her deathbed. Dona 'Rita begged to be allowed to see these relics; and after some persuasion he brought her the medallion. She was enchanted with the carving, and at once began trying to buy it, and made him offers of money, which he stubbornly and somewhat indignantly refused. But it transpired that Pedro, like other good Indians, had his weaknesses.

THE CRUCIFIX.

Some time later, when she had quite given up hope of securing the medallion, it chanced that Dona 'Rita received from New York a crepe shawl —bright red in color— which soon proved a source of embarrassment, for upon wearing it to church for the first time, she noticed that the Indians were much interested in it, and, after the service, followed her along the street in crowds. This amused, but did not alarm her, until friends warned her that it would not be safe to appear in it again. Father Ubach begged her not to wear it, saying that it excited the covetousness of the Indians, and distracted their attention from the service. Had she been familiar with the history of the missions, she might have recalled how the earliest Spanish chronicler had set it down that these Indians "coveted whatsoever rag" of adornment.

She tried in vain to sell the shawl. Father Ubach laughingly advised her to send it back to New York; and this she was ruefully contemplating doing, when Pedro appeared with a mysterious intimation that perhaps, after all, it might be possible for her to acquire the medallion. Greatly pleased, she again offered him the largest sum she had named, which was more than the shawl had cost. No, he said, he did not want money; what, then? "The red shawl!" he whispered, and Dona 'Rita sank back in the throes of uncontrollable laughter, both because of the old man's innocent vanity and because of the sudden opening of a way of escape from her own embarrassing dilemma. She lost no time in closing the bargain, and thus became the owner of the little carving, while Petronella's son went proudly back to Tia Juana with an acceptable present for wife or daughter.

Only once more did these two friends meet: It was on the rocky shore of Point Loma, and when she saw him coming, the thought crossed Dona 'Rita's mind that he might be bringing back the shawl; but he really brought something far more precious. He had been thinking about how good she had been to him, and about the stories she had told him of the Holy Land, and the impulse came upon him to give her his most cherished possession. It was in every way fitting that she should have both his relics; she was a Catholic, and could care for them far better than Pedro's children could. And so he brought her the crucifix of Father Luis and of Petronella, and there beside the mighty Pacific, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, she placed both her hands in his and promised solemnly that she would cherish and care for "this holiness which my mother gave me when she died." Then big-hearted Pedro went back to Tia Juana and Dona 'Rita never saw him again, for he died soon after. She still has the two relics, made precious by the touch of the great missionary and the martyr priest; and this is their story as related by Petronella to Pedro, by him to Dona 'Rita, and by her to me. As for the red shawl, it may be that some Indian woman is wearing it, to this day, down at Tia Juana.

SUNRISE IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

BY DURANT DRAKE

The dim outlines of piled-up rugged hills
Take shape. As yet no sound is heard.
But hark! A stir! E'en while I speak, a bird
Awakes and to his drowsy nest-mate trills.

In sharp relief against the reddening sky
Like watching sentinels the redwoods stand,
Towering above yon shadowy sleeping land
Where blossoming orchards and fair cities lie.

A flash upon a distant summit tall,
A moment yet of tense expectancy
Before the kindling of night's funeral pyre.

Then flames the sun above the mountain wall,
A blaze of glory leaps from tree to tree
And all the land lies bathed in molten fire.

GROUP OF HALF-BREED GIRLS OF THE BETTER CLASS AT NOGALES.

GENERAL COSCOLITZKY, TAKEN AT CANANEA.)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE YAQUI

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS

The world raises its hands in holy horror at the massacre of the Christians by the unspeakable Turk, the killing of the Jew by the Russian, and the nations of the world are asked to interfere in the Congo, but this most civilized of nations, the United States of North America, chooses to ignore the fact that the Mexican Government is killing human beings, men, women and children, by the wholesale; that a war of extermination is going on, and that its cruelties rival those of either Turkey or Russia. The Yaqui has been hanged to the trees, his women have been ravished and his babies brained, that the land he owns might become the heritage of a race inferior to his own. The reverberation of this war reaches us only occasionally, but it is a standing disgrace, not only to ourselves, but to the civilized world, that it is not stopped by force of arms.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT HAS often surprised me that in an age when tyranny is being driven into the dark corners of the earth, so few have been found to champion the cause of the Yaqui Indian of Sonora. The tragedy is being enacted too close to our own doors perhaps to be properly appreciated. We read now and again of the murder of a mining man, or of a successful attack by the Indians on a Mexican hacienda. Atrocities have been committed and white men have been the victims. We shudder at the thought; but we have only read one side of the story. The other seldom sees the light.

I spent the greater part of last winter in Sonora and observed at first hand the methods of the Mexican authorities in dealing with the Yaquis. As a result, no crimes that the latter might commit would astonish me. On the other hand, I wonder that these poor Indians should ever be willing to make peace with the Mexicans, as they have tried to do on many occasions.

As a writer in the San Francisco News

Letter pointed out recently, they are outlaws liable to arrest on sight. The penalty for being a Yaqui is deportation to Yucatan, and the Indians and their families are rounded up systematically by Coscolitzky and his rurales. They are granted no semblance of a trial, but are shipped once a month from Guaymas. In Yucatan they are put to work in the mines and in the plantations, where the unhealthy tropical climate usually kills them in short order.

At the time of my arrival in Sonora, the Mexicans and American residents were just recovering from a scare. Twelve Mexicans had been made prisoners by the Yaquis and put to a slow and probably cruel death. People took matters seriously, and even planned what they should do in the event of the Indians making an attack upon Nogales, Douglas or Naco, the principal towns on the Arizona frontier. Such an idea was, of course, absurd. The Yaquis are now reduced to a few wandering bands who keep for the most part to the interior of the State. They are not strong enough to attack any town, and have their hands full avoiding the rurales.

At the time, however, I did not know this, and anticipated exciting events when I left Nogales for the Railroad Construction camp where I was to work for a few months.

The laborers in camp were of many nationalities. The greater number were Mexicans, but there were also not a few Indians. Some of the latter claimed that they were Apaches and Navajos from the United States. Others called themselves Papagos. They were far and away the best workers we had. Unlike the Mexicans, they did not have to be driven continuously by their foremen. They never made trouble in camp, and their women kept their tents and temporary huts as neatly as was possible under the circumstances.

With the stories I had heard in Nogales fresh in my memory, I could not help wondering whether many of these Indians were not Yaquis in disguise, but questioning only drew violent denials from them. There was one young fellow who was generally known to belong to the outlaw tribe, but when the foreman playfully addressed him as "Yaqui," his terror was pitiful. He asked if the gringo wished to kill him. He was a poor Indian trying to make a living, he said, but if the Mexicans thought he was a Yaqui they would hand him over to Coscolitzky.

He was right, for the blow fell at last, and he suffered along with the rest.

Coscolitzky had not been successful in capturing the band that had committed the recent outrage, and wanting to make a showing of some sort, he descended on the railroad camps and arrested every Indian in sight. Only those who spoke English and swore they were Arizona Indians were spared.

I was at headquarters camp the day the rurales marched through with their prisoners. No distinction of age or of sex had been made. A young woman with a baby that could not have been more than four or five days old walked in the ranks. Her face was smeared with blood and she was crying bitterly. The men were more self-contained but their expressions were set and grim. Who can blame them if the bitterness of death had entered into their hearts. They had done nothing to deserve punishment. The accusation against them was that of being Yaquis. They and their women had been taken from a peaceful occupation to spend the balance of their lives as convicts in the New World Siberia of Yucatan. It is such men who, when they escape, as they sometimes do, swear a death feud against the Mexican which only blood can wipe out.

The following day I visited the prison. There was a sentry at the door, but he permitted me to look through the bars. The prisoners were packed closely in a single chamber, and seemed too overcome by despair to even speak to each other.

One of the first to meet my eye was the woman who had carried the young child on the march from camp. Her arms were empty now, and the expression on her tearless face said more clearly than words what had occurred.

The above is only one of many similar incidents that have disgraced the long conflict between the Yaquis and the Mexicans. The latter make no secret about their policy, and it was the Governor of

Sonora who stated last year that he would not rest satisfied until every Yaqui had been deported.

In the course of the next few months, I came in contact with the Yaquis on several occasions, but although many stories reached me, I did not personally witness a repetition of the tragedy at Nogales. The frontier is being opened up, and few incidents of the kind occur there. But I have every reason to know that along the Yaqui river, which is the last stronghold of the tribe, the rurales give themselves a freer rein, and kill and destroy without mercy.

I, however, had an opportunity of meeting General Coscolitzky, who is in command of the State troops and who must be blamed for three-fourths of the barbarities committed.

In his limited sphere, Coscolitzky is a remarkable man. Without question, he is a born leader. The men under him are well disciplined and would follow him into the most hopeless battle. In the event of a revolution or of a foreign war Mexico could depend upon his troop to give a good account of themselves, and President Diaz values him accordingly.

Of his reason for coming to Sonora as a fugitive from justice many years ago he keeps a discreet silence, but it is well known that he is an ex-soldier of the United States army, and deserted for some now forgotten reason.

This much I knew about the Pole who had made his name feared in Sonora, and I looked forward to meeting him with a great deal of curiosity. I had made no appointment, but waited for him on the open road one afternoon in February.

In due course he appeared, riding a magnificent Arab horse. He was leading a troop of some thirty rurales, well set up but tattered warriors, who seemed to regard their General, not with fear, but with friendly respect.

Coscolitzky saw me and stopped his horse at once.

"Good afternoon," he said in excellent English. "You are an American, I see. How do you like Sonora?"

I replied suitably, and for a few minutes we discussed the resources of the State and the new railroad. I then spoke of the Yaquis, but the Pole's eyes glinted, and it was apparent that he did not think an American competent to discuss that subject with understanding.

"Ah, yes! The vermin, the swine!" he said, waving his hand. "I am after a band of them now. We will soon extirpate them, and then it will be safe to build railroads and open up the mines in my country."

"But do you not think that there is something to be said in their favor?" I ventured.

His answer was diplomatic.

"I am too busy fighting them to worry about that. Good-bye. I trust we will meet again." And he rode on.

In that brief interview I gained a fair idea of what the future of the Yaqui is likely to be. It is Coscolitzky's business in life to fight them to the finish and he will succeed. The War Department in the City of Mexico has given him in the past all the latitude he wants. He is utterly ruthless, and he has the advantage of superior numbers and better resources on his side. No one has faith in the truce recently declared, and it is safe to say that fifteen years hence the Yaquis will have disappeared from the district in and around Sonora.

It may be said that all this does not concern the American people. Perhaps it does not, but the strong should always be interested in the cause of the weak, and if this article helps Americans to realize that Mexico encourages oppression as vile as any that the Russians have ever practiced, it will have achieved its purpose.

A PLEA FOR THE YAQUI

BY ANDREW MILLIGAN HOYT

THERE IS a general impression in this country that the Yaqui Indians of Sonora have always been bloodthirsty savages whom the Mexicans find it necessary to destroy as an act of self-preservation. This is far from being the case, and the following is a faithful account of the situation as it has existed in Mexico for many years. It is true that within the last few weeks the Government has made a truce with the Indians, but the Yaquis do not believe that it will result in lasting peace.

In the first place, it must be understood that the Yaquis are outlaws. The tribe was placed under this ban to punish them for resenting the wholesale confiscation of their lands, without compensation, which occurred several years ago. From being a peaceful race of agriculturists they became vagabonds, and upon their showing armed resistance, every man, woman and child was made liable to arrest and deportation to Yucatan. The practical carrying out of this decree has been in the hands of Coscolitzky, commander in chief of the State rurales, and he has obeyed his orders with savage tyranny.

The leader of the Sonora rurales is a well known and bitterly hated figure on the Arizona frontier. By birth he is a Pole, but he emigrated early to the United States and became a naturalized citizen. He entered the army, and after serving for a short while, deserted and went to Sonora. He enlisted as a private in the rurales, but soon rose to be their leader. Under his direction they were transformed into a fairly effective troop of irregular cavalry. Whenever there is nothing else to occupy their time, they are sent out into the mountains to round up the Yaquis, and at this work they have proved a success. They avoid an open conflict, and take good care never to leave the trails, but when they find an Indian attempting to live peaceably, they arrest him and his family and burn his hut. When a number sufficiently large to make a good showing have been captured, they are marched to the nearest town and thrown into jail to await deportation.

The rurales have the right to search the mining and railroad camps and take all laborers suspected of being Yaquis. If they have women with them, the latter are also arrested, and in many instances mothers with young children have been subjected to a ten or twelve miles march and a subsequent imprisonment of several weeks, underfed and denied all other necessities of life. In the great majority of cases the children have died, and frequently the mothers also.

In January and February of this year Coscolitzky was operating in Northern Sonora, with his headquarters at Nogales on the border. The American railroad contractors who are building the new road to Cananea were suspected of employing Yaquis, and Coscolitzky conducted a rigid inspection of all the camps. His methods were a travesty on justice. He demanded that all the laborers with their women folk be forced to assemble at a given spot. Anyone who looked like an Indian was seized and sent to Nogales. In this way he probably secured the few Yaquis who had been trying to make an honest living, but he also arrested many belonging to other tribes, and not a few half breeds who were Mexican citizens.

The prison accommodations in Nogales being limited, use was made of a brick building on the outskirts of the town which contained only one chamber. Into these quarters men, women and children were driven until they were packed as closely as the proverbial sardines in a tin. There was no Government boat from

Guaymas for several weeks, and by the end of that time the jail was in such a condition of filth that it made a most palpable protest to the noses of all who passed within a hundred yards of it. The food supplied the prisoners consisted of beans boiled in plain water. Now and then a lump of meat was thrown in as a treat.

The sequel will not surprise any one familiar with the Yaquis, who are a proud race. While in prison, many of them would probably have gladly committed suicide if they had had the means with which to accomplish this. When, however, they were placed on board the boat at Guaymas, several of them broke loose from their guards, and leaped into the bay. Making no attempt to reach the shore, where they would have been retaken, they deliberately allowed themselves to drown. They were wise, for the Yaqui meets with continued cruelty for the balance of his life in Yucatan, where he is virtually a slave in the mines and the fever-stricken plantations.

Of course, there is another side to the story. When the Yaqui gains the upper hand, which has occurred several times, a massacre follows, accompanied by all the barbarities that have marked Indian warfare. Near Magdalena last fall, a Mexican ranch was taken by surprise and the owner and his family, together with several peons, put to death. The bodies were mutilated, and it is believed that the victims were tortured before being killed.

But the Yaqui, after all, is a first cousin to the redskin of pioneer days in this country, and one cannot expect him to show the moderation of more civilized peoples. He has sworn eternal vengeance against the Mexican and feels that he has wrongs to avenge, which demand retaliation of the most bitter kind. It must not be forgotten that in the days before his lands were confiscated, he was a peaceful member of the community against whom very few acts of violence are on record.

It must also be remembered that to this day he declares that it is with the Mexican, and with the Mexican only, that he has a quarrel. Americans have occasionally lost their lives in the Yaqui country, but as a rule they are not attacked. That the Yaquis are honest in their attitude on this subject, the following incident, which is known to be correct in every detail, will show.

The American superintendent of a grading outfit in Southern Sonora became nervous at the rumors of Yaqui activity and asked the Mexican authorities for protection. He was furnished with twelve rurales, who rode the line with him, but he very shortly received a polite message from the Yaqui leader:

"Dismiss the Mexican soldiers," it said, "or we will ambush and kill you all. Ride the line absolutely alone and you will be as safe as you would be in your own home. We have no quarrel with Americans."

Very wisely the Superintendent obeyed, and in the course of many months was never molested.

After all, there is a good deal to be said on the Yaqui side of the question.

CRESPUSCULE

BY H. H. C.

Softly the south wind steals at eventide
O'er fields of gently waving corn whose heads
Bend gracefully. With noiseless sweep of wings
The night hawks wheel, then poise, and wheel again.
Hush'd is the harsh and oft-repeated note
Of hidden landrail; faint the droning hum
Of some great beetle's flight now homeward bound
Is borne upon the ear. Now slowly fades
The light of parting day, and shadows drear
Creep in the sky. In shaded dell where fay
And elf their revels hold, the rustling leaves
And quivering ferns, whisper, that night has come.

The Superseding of Sherlock

By Barnett Franklin

Through the kindness of Sir Conan Doyle,
  Sherlock Holmes, I'll admit, did quite well
With the schemes that he managed to foil
  And the rats that he managed to smell.

He could ferret out cases with ease;
  He could tell you the name of the crook
Through the taste of a bit of Brie cheese!
  (Or, perhaps, it was Roquefort he took.)

And when wobbled the king on his throne,
  Fairly paled by adverse things of State,
It was ever this marvel, alone,
  Who succeeded in getting things straight.

A mere murder was nothing at all;
  He'd at once place his hand on the fiend
Through a casual glance at the wall
  Or the chair against which he had leaned!

No entanglement ever, it seemed,
  Could develop that he'd not aright;
And 'twas nightly poor Sir Conan dreamed
  To invent some original plight.

No intent to disparage is mine;
  Not a wreath would I pluck from the brow
Of that thinking-machine superfine,
  Still—don't think it amiss when I vow

That the truth of the thing is, my son,
  He was amateur first to the last;
For I sing of the glory of one
  Who has got Sherlock lashed to the mast!

My detective, he's peerless, forsooth!
  Overstepped are Hawkshaw and the lot;
He discovered, this marvelous sleuth,—
  Think! A late comic opera's plot!

AT HOME WITH JOHN MUIR

BY GEORGE GERARD CLARKEN

John Muir belongs to California and California to John Muir. Muir is an inalienable asset, just as much as the poppy and the redwood, the climate and the flowers. Mr. George Gerard Clarken has given us a keen appreciation of Mr. Muir and his characteristics, a valuable addition to the chronology of famous Californians published in Overland Monthly from time to time. It is the editorial policy of this magazine to laud a man while he is alive rather than sing his praises after his death.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

PROFESSOR JOHN MUIR (FROM A SKETCH.)

WE OF California, with our birthright of sunshine and flowers, are wont to accept the distinction with that complacency generally exhibited by any one whose earliest remembrance follows him unchanged through life, and are likely to pay scant heed to those benefactors of natural science who have brought us to a clearer understanding of our environment.

While unmistakably proud of the national reputation of California as a State of flowery profusion, we might go a step farther and glance into the lives of the men who have brought us in touch with nature and given to the world the result of their labors.

Perhaps the greatest natural scientist in the United States to-day, and to whom every cultured people of the globe are indebted, is John Muir, the Burroughs of California, who has come out of the deserts and mountains with geological and botanical treasures, and laid them at our feet that we might profit by his investigations.

John Muir's name has been spoken in every corner of the globe; indeed, during his travels he has minutely studied from the frozen wilds of far Alaska to the tropics of South America and Africa. And while he has been studied much in the same manner in which he studies, he has seldom been met in the quiet of his library or his garden, or while applying himself to those pleasure-duties which occupy him throughout the day, and at times far into the night.

Muir has been likened to Joaquin Miller, and the similarity in temperament and aim is closely akin. He possesses the same keen, dominant desire for shearing nature of the prosaic and treating it as the most beautiful handiwork of creation, as does the Poet of the Sierras. He would sleep in the fields that he might learn the flowers, or in the forests to be close with the trees as they tower above him. Beside a

rivulet or on barren plain, in valley or in the deep solitude of mountain peak, John Muir is content. All are his companions, his earth-born studies holding out new possibilities with each visit, and appealing to him with a silent sympathy such as only years of close association can make possible.

While his literary efforts have seldom resolved themselves into verse, he writes with a wonderful mastery at his command, born of long years of study, concentration and affiliation with his subjects. Muir has spent years in the depths of the Yosemite forests, and years more in the desolate wastes of Arizona's deserts, communing with nature in her swaddling clothes, and studying, analyzing and noting. He declares the happiest days of his life have been spent on mountain side, in the sun-baked deserts or beneath the shade of a redwood grove. A blanket and a little food in the wilderness transform it into a paradise to John Muir, for he long ago allied himself with primal conditions, and made them his life study. What he begins at such times as he is away from home, he completes in the quiet of his spacious residence, surrounded by massive and comprehensive volumes on geology and the sundry phases of plant life.

Queer as it may seem, this venerable man no longer regards his hearthstone as a home, but purely as a place where he may have those conveniences, which are not at his command in a tent on mountain or plain. Save for the additional facilities to be obtained for study, he and the four walls of a house would be aliens, and, as he apologetically remarked some time ago to a man who said he was glad to see him home again: "Why, this isn't my home. It is on the mountains or in Arizona. I'm simply here to secure that rest which my body demands. I am getting old, you know, and what was mere exercise a few years ago is fatiguing exertion now." This is the artist speaking in Muir, and when it is known that he prefers a soughing west wind to the melody of other music for his De Profundis, it is not difficult to abide with him.

In his selection of a home, Muir sought to combine massiveness with simplicity, and at the same time preserve harmony in the contrast. He chose the site for his house in one of the most beautiful locations in the Contra Costa Valley, where inspiration sighed with the winds and where he could perchance dream himself back to the Yosemite and fear no disappointment upon awakening.

Sheltered on one side by a wooded hill and surrounded on three others by vineyard, orchard and stream, overlooking miles of rolling landscape, and in the very shadow of towering Mt. Diablo, this mansion commands a magnificent scope of view. In the garden he planted countless varieties of tree and shrub, and let nature run riot in luxuriance. Pine and palm and cacti bow to each other in the breezes while the thousand scents of budding fruit trees waft themselves incense-like through his study window. A winding walk of concrete leads around the place through profusions of bloom and fruit, and four stately tropical palms stand sentinel like before his door.

Within, one is introduced to simple elegance. The hardwood floors are hidden by rich Oriental rugs, and the reception room, with its immense fireplace and paintings of the Yosemite, proclaim the aged master of the place an artist by temperament and taste. No glaring monstrosities of the wood turner's art are to be seen in any corner, for he carefully planned the furnishings, and brought with him nothing that could not serve some end other than display. Two Morris chairs, a rocker, table or two, several pictures and bits of petrified wood on the long, narrow mantel-piece about the chimney, comprise the furnishings and combine the antique with the modern.

But there are evidences of a more feminine hand in the appointment of the room than John Muir would perhaps care to have called his. Off in a corner is a settle almost hidden by handworked fancy pillows, one with the letters "U. C." worked in blue and gold, another with a painting of a California poppy, and still one more with a Gibson creation worked through the facing in silk and water color.

Let it be known here that John Muir does not live alone, nor study without a companion. The feminine touches were the work of Miss Helen Muir, daughter of the house, and a true product of the West. While we drew mental pictures of

her, expecting the appearance of a young woman in fluffy creations of a stylish dress-maker, the Troy maiden entered—frank, healthy-cheeked and with a firm tread, which bespoke an outdoor life. A blue army shirt, string tie, old skirt and heavy boots, gauntleted, and wearing the regulation cowboy hat, she stood before us with a grace of manner which would have put to shame her sisters of silks and satins.

Would Mr. Muir be interviewed? No, she hardly believed he would. But we might try. "There's nothing like making the attempt," she hastily temporized, with a laugh, and vanished to her father's study. While awaiting her return, we had ample time to study the scenes which unfolded themselves on three sides through the windows of the room. To the south lay the Santa Fe viaduct, the longest in California, piercing the hills on one end and losing itself in a tunnel on the other. Muir station, named after the aged naturalist some years before, stood off to the east, while the valley below, blinking in the early afternoon sunlight, wandered vagrantly to north and south.

I will not soon forget my first impression of John Muir. Many times had I seen his photographs, but until now had never grasped his hand, a hand, by the way, as creased as his broad face, and still retaining a strength at 70 that many of half his age might envy. He was seated as we entered, and closely bent with microscope to his eye studying the formation of a bit of petrified wood. His greeting was hearty, his grip firm, and his words echoing a strange note. It was as though he had partaken of the strength of his subjects, as though the blood in his veins ran iron, and his eyes were of steel. There was a vigor and manhood about John Muir that stamped him as strong of mind as of limb, and possessing the full courage of his convictions.

His face must appeal to any student of human nature seeking facial expression, of an underlying great mind and learning. The brow, while lined with deep furrows, is lofty, and his hair, almost iron-gray, sweeps well back from the forehead, while the eye-brows have adopted that quizzical contraction following constant study and deep thought. The eyes themselves are

THE HOME OF JOHN MUIR.

well apart and clear, the cheek-bones setting well up above his beard and lending them additional intellectual tone. Could one penetrate the bushy beard which sweeps down upon his breast, the same effective strength which characterizes the rest of his face and personality would show its lines about his mouth. But John Muir never shaves, and nature, curbed to a rough nicety, has not felt the blade of razor. And to see him and study the contour of his face would mean to agree that the cultured and kindly eyes, the fearless poise of his head and the wrinkles born of long application, would not well permit of the sacrifice of his beard. It is to him that "something" which is the distinctive feature of all great men. Without it, his appearance would be so altered as to be almost unrecognizable. He is strong in mind, body and personality. To meet him is to be won by his quiet commandery, and to know him is to be infused with his strength.

John Muir is distinctly of the great West, and not alone that, he is of California, with the rugged vigor of the mountain air in his lungs and the fires of Southern deserts in his eyes. Give him the open country or the wooded hill, the grandeur of the Yellowstone or the barren wastes of an alkali plain, and in one, as in the other, he sees only that which is beautiful, although to any but a lover of God's own nature there could be no pleasing significance.

His study represents the work of a lifetime in contents. Unlike the dens of many scientists and naturalists, this room is scrupulously clean, and even the shelves and cases of minerals, relics of the Indian age and phenomena of land and sea, are carefully dusted. In themselves, all of these things may be considered trivial, but they reflect John Muir in many ways, and are typical of the nature of this great and good man.

In the early morning he is about in the grounds watching the growth of his garden and pruning, transplanting or studying the trees and shrubs. An hour or more he spends thus, learning the leaves and flowers, and calling the birds from the orchard below to flock about his feet. As an exponent of the simple life, John Muir is a distinct type. His strength is even stronger because of its simplicity, and yet to watch him at his work, few would deem his duties a pastime. During the remainder of the day, he may be found in his den either with microscope—as we came upon him—or adding closely written lines to a voluminous manuscript, which, dealing with the result of his research, is shortly to appear in book form. He works leisurely but steadily, and if he is fatigued at evening, his face fails to show it.

It is wonderfully quiet about John Muir's unique home. There is nothing to disturb his solitude save the occasional rumble of a train across the viaduct, and this, soon losing itself in an echo among the hills, is the connecting link of the Primitive and Modern in his life.

At night he scorns the bondage of his room for a couch on the dormer balcony. With the weird wail of a skulking coyote or the screech of a distant owl coming to him as a call from the great wilderness, he knows and loves so well, the goodnight twitter of his feathered friends lulls him to sleep and rest for the few hours between darkness and dawn.

ANARCHY

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

We have heard from Mr. Kidder on socialism and spiritualism, and his caustic epigrams have started no end of storm centers. Mr. Kidder's style is taking, and though we may entirely disagree with him in his conclusions, we must admit that he has told whatever he has had to say well. Anarchy is the subject for this month's issue, and it will be found quite as interesting to the readers of the Overland Monthly as the articles on Socialism and Spiritualism. We are promised something of a treat in an ungloved handling of Christian Science in a near number.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

TALK IS the popular safety valve, loquacity the solace of the vulgar, "hot air" the comfort of the wretched. Think of being poverty struck and dumb! Moneyless and mum! hard up and tongue-tied! Empty heads, empty pockets, empty bellies and wind are in necessary partnership. The failure naturally seeks the variety of reforming his neighbor or Government, slops over with home-made theories for foreign practice; perhaps the hardest thing for a fellow to say who has nothing to say is to say it. He that hath ears to hear, let him bray! The absence of practice leaves a vacuum that nothing but theory can fill; imagination is the ape of thought, and it is a poor fool who can't elaborate a nightmare that the wisest man can't realize. If a theory doesn't fit the age, it is not improved by calling it ahead of the age; its only proof of usefulness is its adaptation to present practice, to the needs of its birth day. Many a man thinks he is a century ahead of his age, who is only a week ahead of the police, several of us are looking ahead because we are scared to look behind. Reformation is the recreation of failure, the mission of him who has missed everything else; nobody devotes his time to others who hasn't first wasted it on himself. Every day I meet people who, having outrun creation, are waiting for evolution to catch up.

The wise Government knows it can do anything with its people if it permits them to threaten to do anything to it; the people pay no attention to tyranny till tyranny pays attention to trifles. The great unwashed threaten out their fury, as they sweat out a fever. Earnestness is born of silence, determination of taciturnity, desperation of contemplation; no man can think much without thinking he is imposed on. But those who boil over with protestations, resolutions and warnings, blow off their danger harmlessly; merely a case of "blow hard" or blow up! bluster or blood! mutter or murder! Frederick the Great, when laughing at a cartoon of himself, said:

"My people and I have made this agreement: They are to *say* what they please, and I am to *do* what I please." He was a zoologist.

This doctrine holds good in married life; the husband's doing is in proportion to the wife's saying, the more lip the more liberty, the more fret the more freedom! So when you pity a wife for "bearing her cross in silence," be ready to transfer some sympathy to the husband—he'll need it. I know of nothing more suspicious than a wife who smiles sweetly and acquiesces, cheerfully believes everything her husband says, but with that far-away look in her eyes. Talk is the flood-gate of the

emotions, and a woman never forgets what she had to say till she says it.

With the mob, suppressed talk festers into deed. Of course, dangerous demagogues merit official notice, but honoring with a six months' sentence every vagabond who bespatters the flag is making first class martyrs from fourth-class martyr material; the best remedy for foul breath is fresh air; I condescend to spit down on no man who tries ineffectually to spit up to me. The populace never wants to bite till forbidden to growl, to show its teeth till muzzled. Then it comes near enough to thinking to prove that a thoughtless Government encourages a thoughtful people. Woe betide a Government whose populace has chosen commonsense as a variety. Think of all the great upheavals of the past, of the stupidity of rulers who surrendered the power of making history to their mobs. "The current that, with gentle murmur, glides, thou knowest being stopp'd impatiently doth rage," which fits alike the limpid brook and the sewer. Physical monotony often breeds mental variety; what the eye can't see the fancy must visit. The masses must talk of what they don't understand if they talk at all, and who talks of the unknown without enlisting the aid of his imagination?

Liberty is never nearer theoretical license than when the mob threatens, nor Government nearer practical tyranny than when it disputes with the mob over the dividing line. No free Government can afford to be impatient of irresponsible aspersion. Every time we arrest a man for talking treason, we levy on conservatism for a precedent, invoke memory for a model; let us not forget the ocean of blood and tears necessary to dissolve the chains that shackled us to the corpse of the dead past. Folly unheeded advertises its own foolishness, but folly pilloried into notice by Government recognition too often masquerades in the stolen garb of persecuted liberty. It is to the imprisoning of John Wilkes for writing treason that England owes her freedom of the press; Wilkes was a drunken, worthless vagabond, but that moral compost nourished the tree of liberty. The fact is, crucifixion will glorify any old thing. Better one crank escape who performs what he promises than that ten be convicted for promising what twenty can't perform; better the flag be "insulted" by the rabble than the rabble know that it *can* insult the flag.

If the orator have a practical following, if his past realization endorse his present threat, jail him without mercy, for the flag that can't protect the respectability it represents is fit to flap only above a pest house. But arresting every whisky inspired anarchist for possible future murder would call for confining every socialist spouter for probable present insanity. The United States Government has chased Emma Goldman from ocean to ocean till it has invested her with a national reputation, and, let me suggest, that a bad reputation, if there be enough of it, sometimes is as useful as a good one. If the woman be guilty, imprison her, and keep her imprisoned; if she be innocent, let her alone!

Anarchy would be too idiotic for serious refutation if it were not for this official sanction. I have interviewed anarchists recently, and they told me that Miss Goldman is elated with the importance thrust upon her; the entire menagerie are hurrahing over what they call her "free advertisement." And no wonder, when every dirt-encrusted Dago or Kalmuck Tartar who ferments with this filthy hogwash is dignified with the title of "dangerous man to the United States Government." Emma Goldman may have talked too much, probably did, if she talked at all; may have said what she oughtn't, probably did, if she tried to say only what she ought. Personally, I have either to say nothing, which I find very difficult, or to say something to shock folks, which I find less difficult and much more agreeable, and I am no anarchist either. People who read what I write suggest various remedies for my complaint, none of which meet my approval. Most folks who diagnose my symptoms call me a dyspeptic; others insist that I have been crossed in love, and one distant sister offered to give me "absent treatment." I suggested that a little propinquity be thrown in, till she sent me her photograph, when I became reconciled to the remote. Yes, I have been called everything but anarchist, Christian Scientist and pious, and one admirer went so

far as to tell me "I was a socialist, but didn't know it." I told him that accounted for my being one, and I hoped nobody else would know it. But like most folks, I have some pet theories which I am convinced, if realized, would make us a great nation. Of course, there would be a marked decrease in our numerical importance, but what would be left would excel in quality; but *revenons a nos moutons!*

Burke called the Russian Government "Despotism tempered with assassination." Ours strikes me as liberty distempered with immigration. We call our country "the asylum for the oppressed," and complain of oppression, open our ports and marvel at our crime, invite the rag-tag and bob-tail of God's creation, and wonder because they don't behave. When I began house-keeping, I furnished it with fly-paper, but forgot to shut the windows! While a free Government is the best for raising good folks, it is the worst for curing bad ones; while keeping the straight from getting crooked, it doesn't make the crooked straight; our mistake is trying to run a republic and a reformatory under the same constitution. No man who resorts to crime where there is some excuse is going to keep from it where there is no excuse. Blowing up people for profit is likely to grow into blowing them up for pastime, and the anarchist who decompounds a Czar because he should, will probably disintegrate a citizen because he can; habit, like fire and whisky, is a good servant, but a bad master. Think of one of these advocates for sudden expansion thousands of miles from his native hunting grounds, and hard up for game! There are no czars; grand dukes are at a premium; he may be reduced to governors, even mayors, or at a pinch, to supervisors. Think of being reduced to a supervisor! Think of a supervisor anyhow!

In Russia a fellow has to be illegally bad to keep from being legally worse, to expand somebody else unconstitutionally to avoid being contracted constitutionally. There is no compromise between the something he wants to be and the nothing he doesn't want to be. There dynamite is one of the essentials, the only creator of political vacancy, the sole promoter of official variety. When a Russian office-holder resigns, he is said to hand in his resignation with conspicuous precipitancy. When the last grand duke retired from office, he forgot to take over fifty per cent of himself with him; I am told they advertised for his head; death is said to have been sudden. Now, don't you know it wouldn't require a resort to such logic to convince your uncle that he is officially superfluous! I dote on political preferment, but I want my resignation to be more gradual; when I prepare to plunk the celestial catgut, I don't want to gyrate over the pearly gates like a ricochet shot; I am nothing if not dignified. What was left of the Grand Duke left a wife, presumably a widow, and she visited the anarchist in jail. I don't know what she said to him; probably asked him if "his mother wasn't a woman;" at least, that is what all the pious old ladies ask me when I say I don't believe in eternal punishment. I can't express a contrary opinion nowadays without some old woman doubting the sex of my maternal ancestry; nobody ever wants to know if my father wasn't a man. I own to being afflicted with several of the idiosyncracies of genius, but in a few of the essentials I am emphatically with the majority. However, this is by the way.

In England the anarchist says what he wants, which keeps him from doing what the Government doesn't want. John Bull knows that as there is just so much growl in man and snarl in woman, the only safe method is leaving human nature uncorked. The result is, everybody who has something to say he oughtn't to say, goes there to say it, and everybody who has something to do he oughtn't to do, comes here to do it. Living near me is a woman with the feminine mania for squalling for somebody she knows is beyond hearing abnormally developed. She is silent all day; too industrious to gossip, too busy to chatter; but about dusk she steps out-doors and erupts vociferously: "Willyum!" "O'*Will*yum!" "You Weelyum!" "You Weel*yum!*" The consciousness that the unresponsive William is probably in an adjoining township exerts no deterrent influence; just so much congested "Weelyum" clamoring for exit; that's all! Do I make myself clear?

We can't make folks do as we wish in silence; obedience is naturally tempered with protest, surrender seasoned with condition, submission mixed with "back talk;" the tyrant's mistake is claiming the shadow with the substance. When I was a boy, old folks would fall upon children and larrup blazes out of them, and whale them harder for yelling. The accepted belief among parents in my accursed childhood was that the worse you licked a young one the more he was supposed to evince a silent appreciation of the favor bestowed. I have no hesitation in saying that forty years ago the average boy who wasn't an anarchist at heart where his father was concerned, and did not number paracide among the cardinal virtues, was the exception. And what are ignorant people but grown children, and what should a Government be but a father, a *modern* father. Of course, it is exasperating to hear these ruffians besmirch the flag, and I wish every one who fouls the air made sacred by that banner could be punished; but mark you, a little legal notice of much illegal talk inflames more public sympathy, always on tap in the Anglo-Saxon breast. The fault-finder with this Government is necessarily a refugee from a worse one. The appreciation of liberty is to him an acquired taste, and a run-away Russian is as much out of place here as Balaam's ass would be in grand opera, or a socialist as chairman of a committee *de lunatico inquerendo*. Do I make myself clear?

We are drifting, of course, toward greater liberty, and as we fit ourselves for it, we shall rationally demand it and successfully achieve it. The license of yesterday is as much the liberty of to-day as the liberty of to-day will be the tyranny of to-morrow; what could our ancestors have done with our freedom? Conferring upon us the liberty that will alone satisfy, and assimilate with our posterity would be casting a mighty good quality of pearls before a mighty poor quality of swine; freedom suitable for a gentleman wouldn't fit this generation. We have earned only what we have; there is nothing more dangerous than a free man who has not served an apprenticeship to his freedom; the trouble with the American mob is, it has been suffered to bite off more than it can chew. "Government by the people!" What are the people but a drove of bipedal live stock, flattered with lies and cajoled with superstition; boasting of what they will do and doing what they are told; bragging of their liberty in one breath, hurrahing for the politician and hallelujahing for the priest in the next, belly-aching about their "rights" and throwing a somersault in adoration at the sight of a rum-soaked agitator or a jackleg soul saver. If you live in San Francisco, invoke your memory for an object lesson in "Government by the people." The golden age of do-as-you-please may dawn on this country, but when the sun rise of license begins to suck the stinking fog of equality from the social muck heap, I shall emigrate, follow the suggestion of the Irishman who said: "If the Americans don't like our counthry, let them *lave* it!"

American anarchy is one of these idealistic nightmares resulting from an attempt of diluted European gastric juice to digest concentrated liberty. Every age has its trials, every generation its discouragements, but free Government, like charity, "suffereth and is kind;" its essence is standing what it can to show what it can stand. This glib talk of hanging Tom and Dick for countenancing what hanged Harry has done, is waste of breath; who doesn't approve of something which, if he did, would merit the noose? It isn't what the mob says, but what it does; not what it plans, but what it executes; barking dogs seldom bite; few jackasses kick while braying. A good law fulminates almost as much growl as a bad law; the justice of an injunction does not insure ready obedience; there is an irrepressible conflict between "Thou shalt not!" and "I want to!" Quarantine is useful, but the quarantine officer is unpopular; all sick arrivals cuss him. What keeps down small pox? Do you know any more vociferous fellow-citizens than our anti-vaccinationists? Few admire a policeman; he is, to most folks, not their protector, but a uniformed threat with his eye ever upon the innocent, expecting their guilt. Yet abolishing the policeman for what he would do if we deserved it calls for annulling the street scavenger because he proves that we are not so clean-

ly as we should be; remedies are rarely pleasant, or smell sweet, but without them we should be more unpleasant and smell worse. We must be kept from doing as much as we wish to keep us from doing more than we should; few of us can satisfy ourselves without dissatisfying others; there is nothing I suspect more than the perfectly comfortable man. When you meet a fellow with "no kick coming," watch him!

As to deporting the anarchists, how do we know the Czar wants them; as to hanging them, how do we know the devil wants them? From the latest advices, both rulers had their hands full. As they are here, we should treat them with apparent indifference and eternal vigilance; humor the promiser, hang the performer! Suppose some anarchist, after reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Reincarnation should fling a bomb loaded with brains at Mr. Hearst! Worst of all, suppose it hit him! Would that call for imprisoning all the anti-Hearsts? A man may believe in somebody else doing something that he wouldn't do himself. I often do. Personally, I should rejoice at a general anarchist exodus, but they won't "dust," and when anybody is bombarded, I should approve of hanging all connected with the bombardment, not because they would be anarchists, but because they would be murderers. But perhaps some anarchists are not expansionists. In the mean time, Emma Goldman is buzzing from pillar to post, talking nonsense and escorted by detectives and city police, with the United States Government as advance agent.

Although a born American, I am no statesman, but it seems to me that if we have a pair of self-evident facts down fine they are that Government by the tyrant and Government by the people are failures. There is but one "ocracy" worse than autocracy or "mobocracy," and that is, that filthy buzzards, theocracy, that fattens on either. "The greatest possible good for the greatest possible number" is secured as much by a minority of one as by a majority of millions. The trouble lies not so much in the fact that our representatives represent their constituents too little, but that they represent them too much. The only guarantee of good Government is the "people's representatives" forgetting the people as soon after election as possible. But the people have the franchise, and we must do the best we can till relief comes from death, the State's prison and the public school. And in closing, let me say I am yet to hear an anarchist insult our public school, and I have more respect for the man who insults everything else we have and honors that, than for him who honors everything else and insults that without which the stars and stripes would be "a filthy rag fouling the air in which it waves." Do I make myself clear?

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

If Love be strong as Death, can it grow old
  Ere Death be dead and earth be passed away?
  If Love be strong as Life, what heart can say
That it shall pass when earth is ashes cold
And whirled in space like haze; when stars of gold
  No more burn in their socket; when the gray
  Gaunt ghost of Death at dawn of Judgment Day
Slinks from the Book as glittering leaves unfold?
And so, when Time and Place give up the strife
  With Fate, when sea is mist and worlds are haze,
    Love, wreathed with amaranth and asphodel,
Shall read the names writ in the Book of Life:
  But Death who strove with Love in earthly days
    Is not therein; his name is writ in Hell.

SOME COSTLY NAVAL MISTAKES

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

Late Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

HE DEVELOPMENT of the United States Navy from the disgraceful depths of impotence to which it was permitted by apathetic Congresses to fall during the years immediately following the Civil War, to its present proud position as second in power among the navies of the world, was made possible only by painstaking study and faithful work by our naval constructors. The United States navy of to-day is, in point of fact, a product of the past twenty-five years only, the rehabilitation of the fleet having been inaugurated in 1883, at which time our fleet was such in name only, consisting solely of a few old fashioned wooden vessels and a handful of worthless iron-clad monitors, relics of the Civil War.

During what may be termed the dark ages of the navy, the period between the old and the new, there were fitful and feeble attempts made toward an improvement, but they amounted to nothing, save as lessons in experience, that good but costly teacher. Among the products of our shipyards during that period were some specimens of naval architecture which were decided curiosities, well worthy of preservation in nautical museums. They were all the result of that tendency, which keeps cropping up in many minds at periodic intervals, to invent something that will "revolutionize naval warfare."

These remarkable products revolutionized nothing. The mere fact that they ever took tangible shape goes merely to prove the political pulls of their designers and the gullibility of Congressmen of the period, whose knowledge of naval affairs was meagre or nil.

Four of these costly naval mistakes were the "Alarm," the "Intrepid," the "Vesuvius" and the "Katahdin." The first two have gone to the junk-pile; the other two, although still retained on the navy list, will soon go there.

The "Alarm" was born of the brain of the late Admiral D. D. Porter, U. S. N. She was about the size of the average tugboat. Her bow had an armored ram, over which was the apparatus for rigging out a long spar, with a torpedo fixed at its end. Mounted on the forecastle, so as to fire directly ahead, was a big smooth-bore 15-inch gun, using a spherical shell such as was provided to the Civil War Monitors. It was Porter's idea to have this craft plunge head on at the enemy, striking him with the ram, exploding the torpedo against his side and firing the gun simultaneously. The idea looked good to the imaginative, and had enough of the dramatic about it, together with Porter's influence, to cajole Congress into appropriating money for the vessel's construction. Another novelty in the "Alarm" was her "Fowler wheel," a contrivance to take the place of the ordinary propeller. It was claimed that the "Fowler wheel," in a vessel like the "Alarm," could develop more speed per horse-power than the ordinary helicoidal propeller, but it was a failure and is never heard of now.

The "Alarm," although completed and placed in commission, never saw active service. A few experiments with her showed that she was not at all alarming, being vulnerable to guns of medium calibre, liable to have her decks swept of men as soon as within musket or machine gun range of the enemy, and standing not a ghost of a chance of getting close enough to her target to use her spar torpedo or her ram. This, too, being in the "seventies," was when the automobile torpedo and the rapid-fire gun were making their appearances on the stage of naval warfare, and throwing such a thing as the "Alarm" into ridicule. After a few years of going from navy-yard to navy-yard, and spending long periods tied up to wharves, the "Alarm" was finally condemned and sold for old iron.

The "Intrepid" followed the "Alarm." She was supposed to be an improvement on the latter, and was given the formidable title of a "torpedo ram." She was

larger than the "Alarm," swifter, carried a better battery, and was supposed to bring up to date the ideas embodied in her predecessor, but she amounted to nothing. Most of her life-time was spent laid up at the Brooklyn navy-yard, where she wound up her days as a training ship for the instruction of enlisted men in the use of the old-fashioned spar torpedos. She was cast aside for the same reasons that ended the "Alarm," and served merely as another illustration of wasting money on the impracticable ideas of dreamers. Her name was given to a steel training-bark recently constructed at the Mare Island navy-yard.

Then came the "Vesuvius." She was built in 1887-88, but it was not until 1890 that she was actually placed in commission. If anything was calculated to stir the enthusiasm of the "revolutionizer" of naval warfare it was the "Vesuvius." Her very name carried with it visions of a fierce crater belching forth fiery destruction. She was designated as a "dynamite gunboat," although the three long 15-inch pneumatic guns she carried in her bow used gun-cotton, instead of dynamite, in their projectiles. Dynamite could have been used, but gun-cotton was safer to transport and handle, and not much less destructive. Besides, "gun-cotton gunboat" would not have been so awe-inspiring a title as "dynamite gunboat."

The "Vesuvius" was long, low and rakish, and developed on trial a speed of over 21 knots, which was high for that period—twenty years ago. But she was built so delicately that when going at highest speed the resistance of the water bent her sharp bow out of the fore and aft line. This was remedied, however, by stiffening bars, and the little vessel—she displaced only 929 tons—was seaworthy.

The "Vesuvius" was widely advertised, and great things were promised of her. It was eloquently told how the explosion of one of her high-explosive shells on the deck of a hostile battleship would undoubtedly destroy the latter. It was shown how easy it would be for her to drop one or more of her shells, by high-angle fire, into an enemy's fort and spread frightful havoc. She was hailed as a decided "revolutionizer." Her pneumatic guns, it was demonstrated by actual practice, could shoot reliably and drop destructive shells with great precision.

But while all the claims were made good difficulties arose. The effective range of the "Vesuvius" guns was not over three or four miles, possibly five at the outside, with improved appliances. The ordinary guns of an ordinary warship or fort have ranges up to 10 or 12 miles. The modern sea-fight begins at a range of seven miles. By the time the "Vesuvius" could get close enough to do accurate shooting, even the 3-inch and 4-inch guns of the enemy would be peppering away at her. No armor or other protection whatever was provided for her, and she was therefore as vulnerable as a torpedo-boat. Her guns were mounted side by side in the bow, and could shoot ahead only, neither abeam nor astern. Torpedo-boats and destroyers make from 25 to 35 knots, and these could come up from astern or abeam and destroy the "Vesuvius" with their little 6 and 14-pounders.

It was seen early that the "Vesuvius" was doomed to failure, but, in answer to popular clamor, she was given a chance in actual fighting during the Spanish-American war.

The "Vesuvius" joined Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson's blockading fleet off Santiago de Cuba the second week in June, 1898. She was kept well in the offing by day, so that she might not be seen, or at least recognized, by the Spaniards. About 11 p. m. the night after her arrival, screened by the flagship "New York," she crept in close to the harbor mouth, and when about two miles off shore let go all three of her guns in rapid succession. One of the shells exploded close to the Socapa battery at the west side of the entrance, making an enormous excavation in the ground, and although it did no material damage, showing what damage might have been done if dropped in the right place. Another shell exploded inside the harbor, and nearly swamped a Spanish destroyer, riding at anchor, by the commotion it caused in the water. The third shell fell harmlessly and unnoticed somewhere.

On two other occasions, the "Vesuvius" shelled the harbor forts, but the destruction wrought did not materially in-

jure the defenses. They were not well placed shots.

The closeness to which the "Vesuvius" had to approach her target to score a hit anywhere near it, and her consequent exposure to destruction herself, conclusively proved that the science of war had passed beyond her, and that she was a back-number. After the war, she was placed on the list of naval has-beens, followed the "Intrepid" into a navy-yard career, and is now ending her days as a training ship for specialists among the enlisted men of the navy.

Incidentally it may be said that the failure of the "Vesuvius" sounded the death-knell of the much-vaunted pneumatic guns such as she carried. Batteries of these had been mounted in the short fortifications in New York and San Francisco, but they have been condemned and sold, although having cost about $100,000 each a few years ago. The "Vesuvius" cost $350,000.

Although built later than the "Vesuvius," the "Katahdin" was designed many years before; in fact, during the Civil War. She originated in the mind of the late Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N., who conceived the idea of a totally unarmed vessel, heavily armored, making a huge projectile of herself, and relying wholly upon ramming, to sink her foe. In theory the "Katahdin," at the time she was designed, had much to recommend her. She lay very low in the water, and had no vertical sides whatever. She had a heavily armored turtle-back, the outboard edges of which meet the upper ends of her up-curving floor-plates. She had a knife-edge all around the sides, and a pointed nose at each end. Her general appearance resembled that of a somewhat flattened cigar, with blades at each side. Her smokestack had its lower part armored, and she carried a thickly armored conning tower forward, for her commanding officer to occupy in action; a sort of hood, with steel walls 18 inches thick. All other protuberances above her turtle back could be shot away without serious injury. The general appearance of the vessel was that of a great whale, almost awash.

In the days of the Civil War the "Katahdin" would undoubtedly have been formidable and very valuable for harbor defense. Advances in naval construction made her out of date before she was built. For many years Ammen urged the value of his strange craft, and in her the imaginative and the ignorant were again deceived. She seemed invulnerable and not to be repulsed. When the country, during the "eighties," demanded a new navy, Ammen's appeals were listened to, and Congress agreed to build the ram.

The first difficulty arose before the "Katahdin" left the ways. It was shown that when going at her supposed maximum speed of 17 knots, her nose would bury itself in the water and tend to make the vessel dive. To remedy this, a low rail or breakwater was built about the forecastle, leaving the sharp ram projecting beyond it.

Then other difficulties appeared. The increasing efficacy of the automobile torpedo was one; the increased speed of warships was another. Torpedoes could make short work of the relatively slow "Katahdin," and large war-vessels were then (1891-92) developing 18 knots and over, and could easily evade the ram if they wanted to. Although designed for 17 knots, the "Katahdin" made but a trifle over 16 on trial.

During the Spanish-American war the "Katahdin" was not used at all. She was in commission for a few years, but never did anything at all except lie at navy-yard docks and make short runs between adjacent naval stations on the Atlantic coast. She was finally laid up, to await her sale as old junk, after having cost $930,000 for her construction.

Worthless as these four and other costly naval experiments have been, they have borne fruit in the shape of the instruction they have given. They have served to lessen the tendency to make wild inventions promising marvels, but based on ignorance or folly and accomplishing nothing. They have shown that the wisest course is to improve upon the patterns that have demonstrated their utility in actual practice, to profit by the lessons of actual warfare, and to abandon a seemingly good idea as soon as progress has passed beyond it.

Naval construction and warfare advance by evolution, not by revolution.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BLUE-JACKET

WRITTEN AT MAGDALENA BAY DURING TARGET PRACTICE

BY DAN DUGAL

This true account of life on a battleship at Magdalena Bay will be of interest to all readers. The fleet is no longer a nine days' wonder. It has left on its world tour as a peace compeller. Many of the things told by Mr. Dugal will not be relished by the officers who are responsible for the food supply of Uncle Sam's sea-fighters. The story is told in a blunt, seaman fashion, and is truly and humanly interesting.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

March 17, Saturday.

LAST NIGHT the Saturn, our supply ship, came in from the States, bringing stores, mail and coal. We were overjoyed to see her being convoyed into the harbor by the torpedo boat destroyer, which brought the mail on in, as the Saturn anchored some distance out because of her deep draught. As it has been two weeks or more since we have had any mail, all hands were anxious to hear from friends and home.

The little black destroyer charged down upon us through the dusk, like a phantom ship, her search-light playing from the bridge, and her band playing full blast from the quarter deck, making more noise than some minstrel troupe in front of a Powell street theatre. As she passed between us and the flagship, we gave her a rousing cheer, the flagship did the same, and so she struck up an even livelier air by way of recognition of our applause. We were not applauding her music, however, but her cargo of mail, and the expedient method she had of delivering it. She stopped a few lengths away, and the steam launches of the various ships went alongside and received their mail.

A large bag came to us and was read out as soon as it had been assorted, so we all spent the evening reading letters and papers from almost every quarter of the United States. Among our ship's company are to be found representatives of every State in the union, and some that aren't in the union.

Fun at the Mess Table.

Some of the ships have run short of supplies lately, and eating has been bad all around. Our commissary department ran short of flour, so we have been eating hard tack. I hope the Saturn has brought a large supply of flour, for then, if everything else gets so bad it cannot be eaten, we will live upon bread alone.

The hard tack we have been eating was by no means the best in the land, being that twenty-five hole brand which is manufactured in the East, and special care taken lest it be too nice, for in that case the sailors would eat too much of it. There would have been no complaint to make, however, if it had not been full of small bugs. Each piece contained many hundreds of these little animals, and when it was broken on the table preparatory to being eaten, they scrambled hither

This is a picture of the ship cook and the ward room cook at the galley door. The ship cook is what almost all ship cooks are, a mean, ill-natured Irishman, and the Jap is a great one to make pies and sell them to us fellows, making money on the side.

and thither across the table, running under plates, into the meat pan, or around the coffee cups, anywhere to get out of sight.

In preference to eating our meal, us fellows amused ourselves by having bug races down the center of the table. A dozen or more bugs would be entered into each race. Each member of the mess would own a bug and bet on him. After several try-outs, we could ascertain the distance our bugs were best able to run, and in this way kept the competitive bugs in their respective classes. Some of them could run a speedy two plate length race, while others were longer-winded and could run a dozen plate lengths. If any bug tried to dodge out of the race he was disqualified, and his owner had to drown him in his coffee, and drink him; such was the harsh treatment of an unfair bug.

This gay pastime caused much merriment and disturbance on the gun deck, for when the bugs were coming in on the home stretch, the fellows could not contain themselves and shouted with glee.

We lived three days on bug races and hilarity, when the captain learned the cause of our joy and forced a change in our menu. Our stomachs were getting pretty flat anyway, so we did not make any protest at the change. Of course, there is always a large supply of fish. Every day there are fishing parties from the different ships, who go out and catch loads of Spanish mackerel. But a fellow gets tired of fish three times a day; you would think so at any rate if you happened to hear some of the remarks which are handed across the mess table when all hands sit down to a dinner consisting of fish and hard tack.

Predicament of the Boatswain.

A very peculiar thing happened out on the target range yesterday. The repair boat had come up to mark the holes in the target after a string of shots had been fired, as it is customary to do, while the ship steamed slowly around past the target out toward the range to fire another string of shots. In the meantime the crew of the repair launch found that they had left some things that they needed in another boat, which was anchored off a safe distance from the target raft. The warrant officer in charge of the repairing crew thoughtlessly ordered the launch to go after the necessaries while he remained on the raft to fix the target. He never once thought of the ship or those on board, who knew nothing of his being on the raft. After they had seen the launch shove off out of range of the shots, they naturally

enough assumed that all of the repairing party had gone with it.

The ship soon came round into the range; since no one took the trouble to scrutinize the raft with a glass, all was supposed to be ready to commence firing. Accordingly the powder flag was run up to the fore truck, the speed increased to ten knots, and a short blast blown on the whistle, the signal to commence firing.

When the man on the raft heard the whistle blow, and saw the big red powder flag flying at the fore truck, he realized in an instant the perilousness of his situation. He was frantic with fear, for he could plainly see one of the eight-inch guns pointing directly at him. How carefully it had been loaded and primed! With what precision the pointer was drawing a bead on the bull's-eye—or perhaps it was he the bead was drawn upon instead of the black spot on the target. Even as he looked, he fancied he saw the flame leap out of the muzzle of the gun, and the great mass of steel come for him like lightning. He leaped to the end of the raft and looked across the water at the steam launch, a half mile away. Alas! no help could be expected from it; he gazed into the water under him, and thought of jumping into it, but to what avail? If the shot struck anyway near him, the shock and splash would probably kill him; besides the bay was full of sharks. No, it would not be wise to jump overboard. In his desperation, he looked with eyes of terror again at the ship; still the gun did not go off, and it seemed to him a minute since the whistle had blown, yet all this had transpired in five seconds. The next instant his rapidly contriving brain hit upon an idea. He would cut the halyard which held the target up. Quick as a flash his knife was out and the first halyard cut; one end of the target fell, and then the other as quickly as he could spring across the raft. He had saved his life; they could not shoot now, for there was nothing to shoot at.

It is said that the pointer of the eight-inch gun was in the act of squeezing the electric bulb which would have sent two

PREPARING ONE OF THE TRI-ANNUAL GOOD FEEDS OF THE NAVY.

DOING THE RIGHT ACT AT ONE OF THE TRI-ANNUAL GOOD FEEDS OF THE NAVY. FOURTH OF JULY DINNER AT ANACORTES, WASH., 1906.

There are flags on either side, awning overhead. Taken in port gangway of the Princeton. My last Fourth in the navy and about my best.As far as you can see on right are: Sinnott, E., Hynes, Austin, Dawson, J. P., Simmons, C. J. Dirk, Kenyon, H. On left are: Furrey Kramer, Hannemann, C. A., Reiss, C. C., McDermott, Dawson, D. F., Petersen, J.

hundred and fifty pounds of steel flying at the target, when it dropped, and he turned around with a queer look on his face and remarked: "Why, there's somebody on that raft!" Glasses were trained on the raft, and the excited boatswain discovered, none too soon for the benefit of his carcass. His foolishness got him into the predicament, and his wits had to work overtime getting him out of it alive.

The Admiral and some of his staff have gone away on a hunting expedition. They sent in for some fresh supplies, and the Flag Lieutenant ordered that one of our steam launches take them some fresh water, some coal and various things to eat. Since it is nearly fifty miles up through the narrow lagoons to where their camp is situated, the trip is an arduous one, especially here where the sun plays such an important part in one's misery.

These gentleman hunters remind me of a lot of cockneys fresh from London, for, if they get a poor little rabbit or a sparrow cornered where they can blow it to an atom with a big blunderbuss shot-gun, their pulse quickens with excitement for the hunt, and, in their enthusiasm, they cluster around the vanquished game and propose to extend their expedition, since they have been so successful, and immediately send for more supplies and ammunition. They are recounted aft as great hunters, which tickles their vanity and causes them to set their heart upon some great day when they can surprise a whole flock of sparrows and ruthlessly kill them, before they can take flight.

March 19, Monday.

The new week brings no change whatever in our routine drills. We go to morning inspection and quarters at nine-thirty, man the loading machine for about fifteen minutes, then go to "ping pong" and fire a few dozen shots each out of the small gun fast to the big one. After that, we do as we like until one-thirty, when the one-pounders are manned for a half hour or so, which concludes the drills of the day.

Deck Gossip.

The hot day drags on, the bay lies calm and serene; we ride at a slack chain. The incessant boom, boom, of the great guns, being fired out on the range, sweeps in upon us, breaking into the stillness of the afternoon, reminding us drowsy sailors that it will soon be our turn to go out there and break some of those records the other ships have made.

Several of the boys are lying at my feet taking it easy, up here under the fo'-castle awning.. They are telling each other the gossip of the ship, and stating their varied opinions concerning the food we have been getting lately. "I think there should be more to eat on this wagon," said the first. "This paymaster is getting to be as bad a belly-robber as the one we used to have, the 'Charley boy' who wanted to spend as little of the department's money as possible, so he could make an economical impression, and get shoved along the line faster. He ought to be shoved out of here." "Yes; I think we should have rice and curry for supper," says another, "but I'll gamble they have fish and tack instead." "Aw, rice and curry is no feed for supper; that's a breakfast feed. They should have stewed prunes and macaroni," said the first. "By the way, don't you think 'What you may call him' eats more than his share at the mess. I saw him the other day on the gun deck before dinner was piped. He was at the mess table playing checkers with the plates while the mess cook was at the galley for seconds on the beef. He moved them all around until he thought he had the biggest, then let it go at that. After he had scoffed all there was in the plate, he went to the galley and hit the cook for some more, but he got badly left. The cook yelled, 'Get out, you dug-out, or I'll swat you with a punky dish-towel.' You ought to have seen him beat it aft. Some one asked him where he was going. 'Why,' he said, 'to the 'mast,' of course, and get something to eat.'" "If I was the first luff," said the first, "I would give him ten days in the brig instead of more grub." "Yes," said another, "that's the way with this damned outfit—they feed a bum till he can't hold any more, and starve a good man till he runs away. Do you remember the time I went up to the first luff with my plate, which held my entire meal. It consisted of a raw onion and a piece of salt horse the size of a peanut. Well, he looked at me, then at the plate in my hand, and said, 'Isn't that what the paymaster ordered for dinner?' I said I guessed he was the man who had ordered it alright. 'What more do you want?' said he. I thought if I could get the old man out I could win my point, so I says, 'Oh, nothing more, except a pinch of salt to put on the onion; then I think, sir, that I will have had quite sufficient for any blue-jacket.' That got him; he grinned and sent for the paymaster and commissary steward. The paymaster said to the steward: "What's the matter; why don't you make out a decent bill of fare for the men?' 'I acted on orders, sir; you said we didn't have much rice or much cheese or much canned goods, so I gave them all you didn't mention, which was salt pork and onions.' 'It seems,' said the First Lieutenant, 'that your store-rooms aren't over-burdened with stores. We will notify the captain.' When the old man came out of the cabin where we were standing at the mast, the paymaster looked blank, and the commissary shrugged his shoulders. Well, the captain gave it to the both of them; he threatened breaking the commissary to a third-class yeoman, and putting the paymaster in his room if the like happened again. He said: 'I'll have you provide the men with whatever they are supposed to have, and I'm sure it is not a miserable piece of meat and a raw onion; the funds supplied to this department are sufficient to cover any normal expenditure, and the men are to have what is rightfully theirs.' The paymaster gave us what he had after that anyway, so I did some good by going to the mast with my plate.

"Suppose I had not gone, and set back with the rest of you fellows who have cold feet, and growled around up forward here among my ship-mates making all disagreeable. Don't you think we would have been eating raw old rubbish yet?

"I'll tell you the old man don't know half what goes on on this ship. That extra duty the first luff gave you, I'll bet he never knew a thing about, although he would have given you a hand full himself, if you happened to be run up by the

'Jimmy legs' for having clothes in the 'lucky bag,' or shoes not shined at morning quarters. The old man isn't so bad as the first luff.

"There's that baker affair, and all that spoiled bread. It seemed he was trying to get square with the whole ship's company by making sour bread for us to eat. If I were the skipper of this wagon, I'd fix that baker; but there you are—the old man came forward to the galley and asked the baker about it. He put up such a 'hot air talk' that the captain believed him, and, hang me, if he didn't get off without even getting a bawling out.

"The 'Jack of the Dust' got three days double irons on bread and water for merely stating that he wouldn't go aft and break out the hard tack to take the place of all that sour bread or punk, while that baker got off Scot-free, and he was to blame for the whole business. Wouldn't that kind of justice frost you, though?"

Such was the talk of those idle fellows at my feet, until they finally tired of hearing each other's complaints. Every man of them has some sort of grievance to talk about, and when they have nothing better to do, they are fond of criticising their superiors.

Sailors are notorious growlers, and if they cannot find one thing to growl about, they will another; one time it is because they don't get any liberty; the next time it is about their food, whether they are getting the best or not, they can at least find fault with the way it is cooked, and they are usually right about that part and wrong about almost everything else they choose to growl about.

March 20, Tuesday.

The Sea Tragedy.

A most thrilling spectacle was carried on before our eyes to-day. Three kings of the sea joined in mortal combat, and fought to the bitter end. The fight was carried on by a whale and two thrashers. These are a species of black fish about half the size of a full-grown whale, named for their vigorous movements when in combat. We could not surmise how the fight got started, unless it was another demonstration of the old grudge which seems to exist between the thrashers and whales, causing them to join in a struggle wherever they meet.

Early in the morning the whale was seen several times swimming around among the ships, spouting occasionally and apparently in a state of good humor. Later on, however, we were surprised by hearing a tremendous splash, and saw spray shoot up into the air as if the surf were riding in upon a rocky cliff; at the same instant caught a glimpse of the descending tail which had created the loud disturbance in the otherwise quiet bay. Presently up came two great fins from amid the rush of foaming water; twenty feet long and black as ebony, they glistened an instant in the sunlight, then with a long sweep dropped beneath the surface. The fight was on; a mountain of flesh rose out of the water and fell with a thud upon the back of the whale, which was just coming to the surface. The tail of the second black fish slapped the whale on the other side at the same instant, and we could hear it flop against the rubbery skin. Finally the whale found opportunity to raise his enormous bulk out of the water, and fell back, creating an awful splash, but the thrashers were not there; they had leaped out from under him, and his mighty effort was futile. Sometimes all three tails would be in the air at once, and come together with tremendous force; in these encounters the whale had the advantage because of his larger flukes. But he was getting the worst of it. The thrashers were apparently trying to drive him close to the beach where the shallow water would render him helpless, and they could continue to fall upon him unhindered.

Presently all three sank back out of sight, and we thought they had given up the fight, all was so still on the surface, but in a few minutes they all rose at once and seemed to try to take wind, their massive flukes fanning the air. As they fell back into the water the whale got in a resounding blow with his tail, but he was far gone, and began to turn the water a pale crimson, blood spouting from him, and we all knew he was doomed. What those thrashers could have done to him while under the water I don't know, but they must have wrought some serious injury.

When the whale felt his strength going,

he swam for the open sea, leaving a long red wake. The victorious thrashers dogged him until he disappeared from our view.

It was a great performance to take place there amongst us. The ships served as grand-stands for the spectators; the bay was the arena; no admission was charged to witness this tragedy, although the cost of the production was very large, for it cost the whale his life.

Fresh Meat at Last!

Late this afternoon, a schooner load of beeves came in from Commandantes' rancho, and we will soon be smiling over some good fresh steak. These were supposed to arive long before this, but for some reason they did not. I presume the schooner was becalmed up in the big lagoon, or else the "Dagos" slept too much during their night watches.

They are making short work of unloading them. A tackle is fast to the gaff, a noose thrown around their horns, a dozen Dagos lay hold of the tackle, and the struggling steer is lifted up bodily by the horns, swung over the rail of the schooner and dropped into the water. When he comes up blowing and snorting with fright, he swims like mad for the beach, where a couple of "hombres" take care of him.

One big long-horned fellow was dropped about twenty feet into the water, and when he came up he faced the schooner and could not be made to see the shore. Consequently he kept trying to climb back on board. So desperate were his efforts that he almost drowned himself. One of the Dagos had to put a rope on his horns and hold his head up until another steer was dropped overboard, which swam for the beach and showed the frightened one the way, so he quickly followed. I may be eating a piece of that fellow to-morrow morning.

This is such a hungry country down here that I am afraid we will eat Uncle Sam out of house and home if we remain much longer. Those twenty-five beeves won't last more than a week, and it will take at least ten days before we can get out of here.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

AUTHOR OF "A SONG OF AUTUMN."

THE RECENT meeting of the Short Story Club in San Jose was one of the most sigficant yet held by the club, as the value of the organization as a means of literary study was clearly shown. There were readings from the entire list of honorary members, including Markham, Stoddard, Van Dyke, London, Miller, Bashford, James, Miss Coolbrith, Mrs. Austin and others, thus giving at once a view of the most prominent of Western writers. The banquet at the St. James, which followed the meeting, was given by members in honor of the artist, Miss Frances Soule Campbell, who is also an honorary member of the club. Miss Campbell's work is becoming widely known, and her exhibition of the originals of the portraits now running as a series in the Overland Monthly elicited the interest which shows the strength of her work. Miss Campbell is now at work on a new series, "Famous Western Poets," which is to include, among others, George Sterling and Herman Scheffauer.

William Butler Yeats says, in a recent letter, that the young poet should go back to Donne and Spenser for his poetic models. Modern models, the poet declares, are dangerous. Even Wordsworth is too

near to be seen in the right perspective, and to be used without error. The Elizabethans, he says, are far enough removed to enable us to realize their beauties without imitating their blemishes. All of this is good advice.

There is on my desk a new book (the name and author of which I withhold), which is full of things for the young author to avoid. It is the outcome of the possession by this author of an overplus of feeling with small intellectuality. The writer fails, in the first place, of allowing her lines to speak for themselves. Instead, a letter evidently written by a relative, is placed on an introductory page—a letter giving such praise as may with propriety be bestowed on Dante or Shakespeare.

The second violation of common-sense and taste is in the enclosure of an announcement, presumably written by the publishers and tending to praise the author as occupying the highest notch in literary work. Now, an advance notice is legitimate when it comes from a reviewer who knows the author's work; but it ought not to be used to bolster up the book when the poem or story is in the hands of the reader. It is highly legitimate for publishers to place the proofs of a new book in the hands of a competent critic for the purpose of advance announcement. Any advance announcement by publishers which is not signed by a reliable critic should be avoided, as it savors of advertising and self-boosting. Of course, this does not preclude publishers from announcing generously and fully the facts concerning any publication.

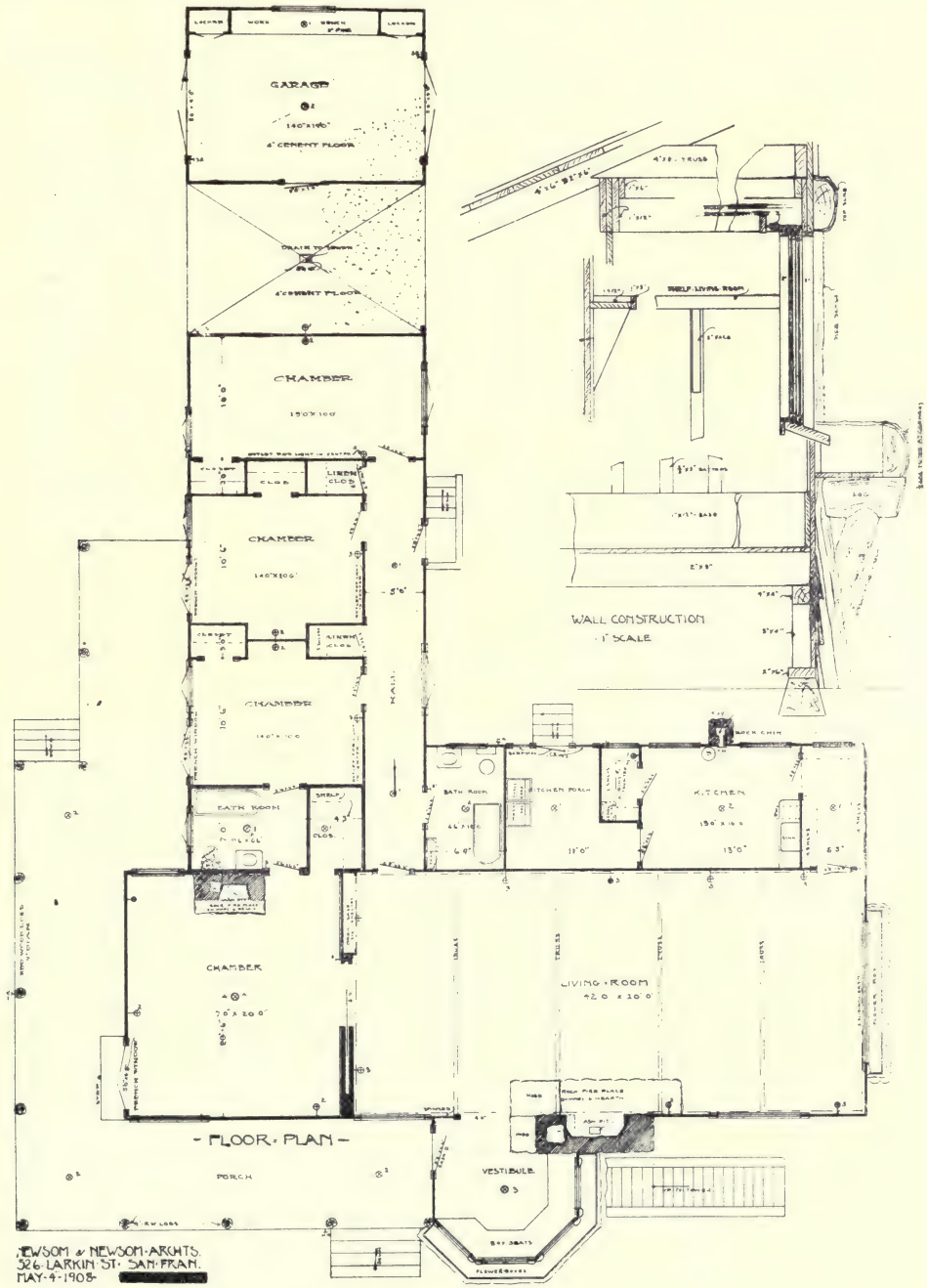
Stories to be submitted in the Chenoweth Prize Contest should be mailed to the President of the Club before November 15th of this year, as the contest closes on that date. The best story is to be read at the club's annual meeting in San Jose December, 1908. Contestants will be known to the judges only by number. The real name of the author, written on a card with the title of the story on the other side of the card should be in a sealed envelope, marked with the title and accompanying the manuscript. This will be opened after the prize-winner has been chosen. All manuscripts should be typewritten. The contest is open to members of the Pacific Short Story Club only. Manuscripts should be not less than two or more than six thousand words in length.

It costs so little time and energy to put manuscripts into readable form and style that it is surprising that so many neglect to make their handwriting clear, when they cannot use a typewriter. It is only the exalted genius who can afford to make the editor squirm in order to read handwriting. Of course, the typed manuscript should be only on one side of the paper. The name and address should be in the upper left-hand corner of the first page, and the author's name or pen-name repeated under the title just as it is to appear in print. Writers who dispose of their thought at ten or fifteen cents per word put name and address on every page. Extravagant and inaccurate uses of words is the curse of the tyro. Every manuscript should have at its head a memoranda of the number of words it contains.

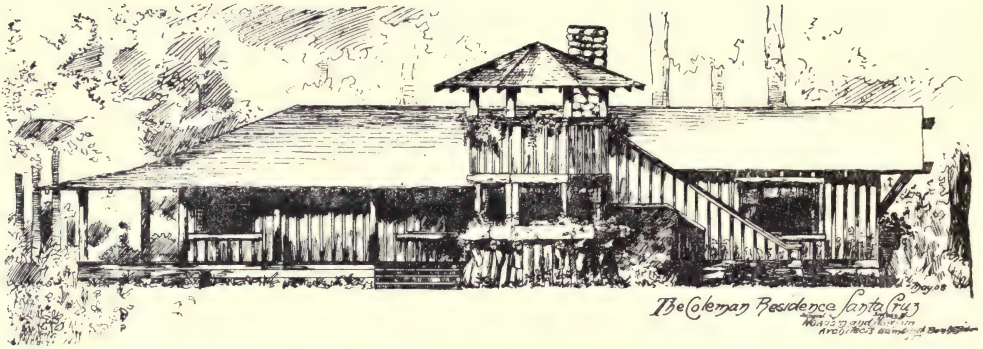
PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS--IV

BY DAEDALUS

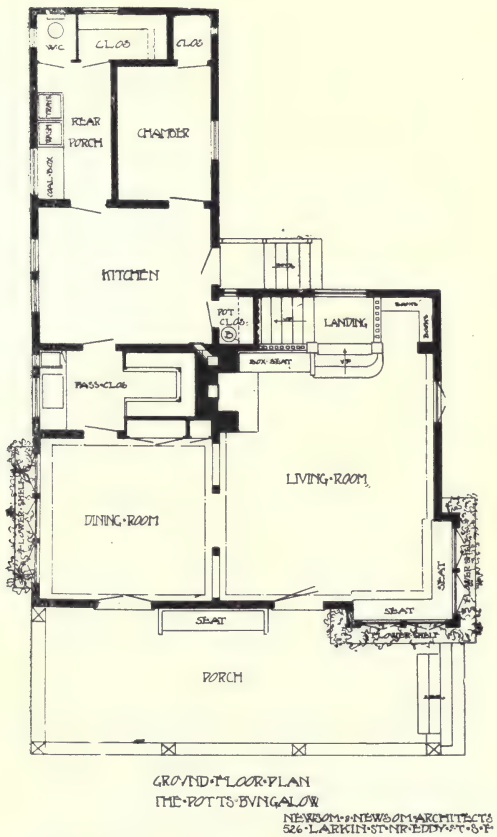
All the plans given here are by Samuel and Sidney B. Newsom, architects, Humboldt Bank Building, Market street, San Francisco.



PLAN OF A BUNGALOW NEAR SANTA CRUZ, CAL. COST, $3,000.



FRONT VIEW OF A BUNGALOW AT SANTA CRUZ. SIDES, BOARD AND BATTON; REDWOOD SLABS NEAR GROUND. ROOF, SHAKES OR SHINGLES. CHIMNEY OF BOWLDERS; FIREPLACE THE SAME. THE LIVING ROOM TIMBERS SHOW. THE WALLS ARE BOARD AND BATTON (STAINED IN WATER COLORS.) THE FLOORS ARE NARROW PINE, POLISHED FOR RUGS. PORTIERES CUT OFF THE DINING ROOM FROM THE LIVING ROOM ON LINE OF SECOND BEAM. THE LARGE CHAMBER AND BATH ROOM ARE PLASTERED AND FINISHED IN BURLAP.



PLAN OF THE R. H. POTTS RESIDENCE. THE SECOND STORY HAS TWO LARGE ROOMS AND STORE ROOM AND BATH. THERE IS ALSO A LARGE SLEEPING BALCONY OVER FRONT PORCH.

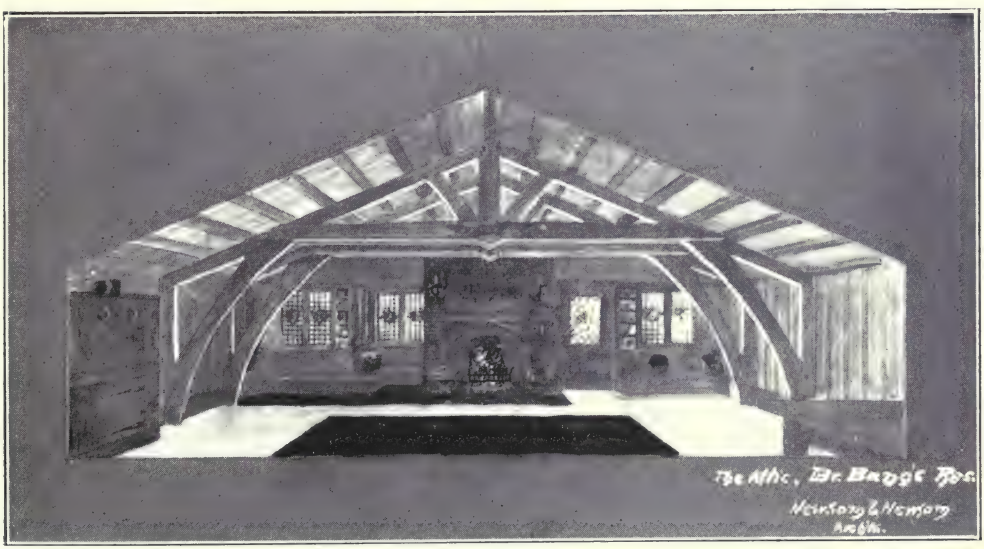
The Potts Bungalow on Tallant street, Fruitvale, Cal.

This cosy little place, as seen from the ground plan, has a large porch across the front, which faces south. This porch is enclosed on the west end with glass, thus forming a nice sun-bath corner. The main entrance is through a Dutch door (a divided door, bolted together, the top to the bottom), the big latch being on the lower part. You enter the living room, the stairs being well back, but in plain sight. The dining room opens into the living room, the division being made with two posts with closet space up about 4 feet from the floor, the rest open. Off the dining room is a small cupboard sideboard. A wide shelf extends around both rooms. The woodwork is of redwood, dark stained. The second story has two chambers and bath.

The fireplace is of dark clinker brick, and extends the full size from floor to ceiling, and has a three-foot opening. The dining room floor is covered with rugs, the living room having a heavy dark green carpet. A quaint Japanese lattice covers the little window off the stair window. The wide, set-out corner window (bay), and the casement sash windows of the main rooms, with their dainty curtains (hung on heavy wire stretched tight in place of rods), of some soft, cream-colored stuff, with a fret-work band, are very effective, and the wire allows the cur-

THE LIVING ROOM, R. H. POTTS RESIDENCE. FINISHED IN DARK STAINED RED-WOOD.

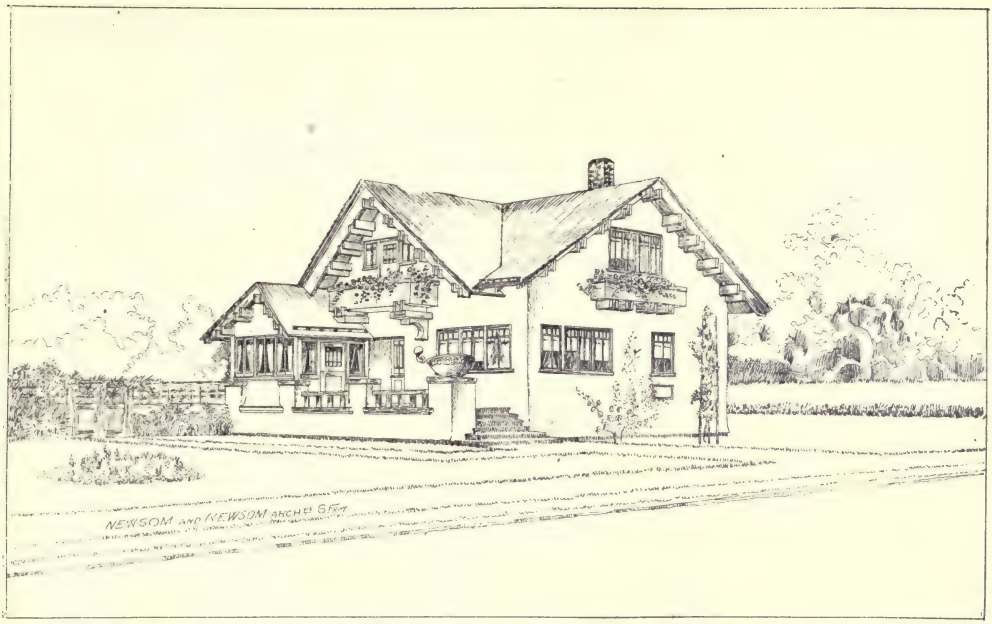
tains to be shoved back, so as to leave the windows clear in a moment. A shade on rollers is also used to shut the light out when necessary. This little gem of a house is admired by nearly every one who has seen it.



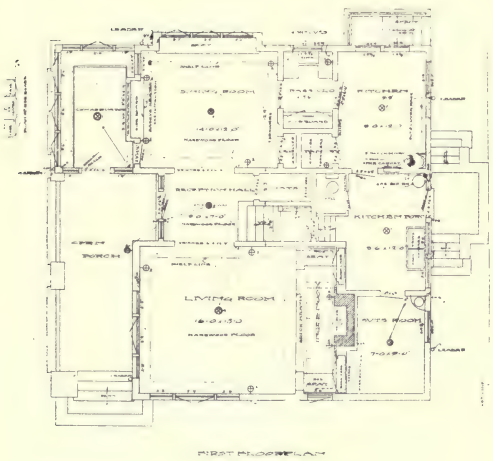
THE ATTIC LIVING ROOM, IN A SAN JOSE RESIDENCE, FINISHED IN SCORCHED PINE (ROUGH); VITRIFIED BRICK FIRE-PLACE AND HEARTH. THE NICEST PART OF THE HOUSE IS THE WELL-PLANNED ATTIC.

The R. H. Potts residence, Tallant street, Fruitvale. A Dutch cottage of seven rooms, and shows how neat a little home can be. The lot is fifty feet wide.

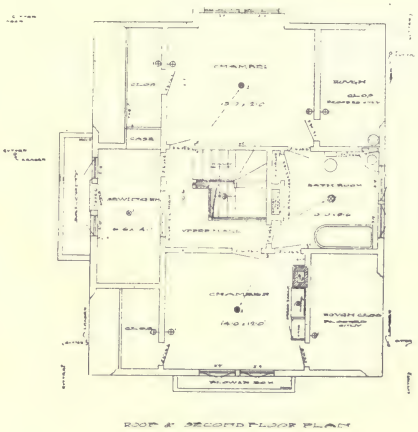
The dining room, R H. Potts residence. Finished in dark stained redwood.



AN ALAMEDA HOUSE. A VERY COMPACT, CAREFULLY PLANNED COTTAGE OF EIGHT ROOMS AND BATH. THERE IS EVERY IMPROVEMENT TO BE FOUND IN A COTTAGE. COST ABOUT $3,250.



GROUND PLAN OF ALAMEDA HOUSE.



SECOND STORY PLAN OF ALAMEDA HOUSE.

From a drawing by Edward Borein, the California artist.

THE LAST OF THE CASTROS

The Castro family has always been prominent in California. One of them, Jose Castro, was a more than usually noted man and was appointed Governor by Figueroa on the 29th of August 1835, and afterwards became Governor, ad interim, on the death of Figueroa. Under the Mexican rule the governor was appointed by the supreme power and had but limited rule. He was assisted by a secretary. There was a departmental or territorial legislature with limited powers to pass laws only of a local character. The province was entitled to one representative in the Mexican legislature. In this number of the Overland Monthly there is an article that is descriptive of the home of the Castro family, which will prove of interest to Overland readers.

THE ROMANTIC HOUSE OF THE CASTROS

A BIT OF OLD CALIFORNIA

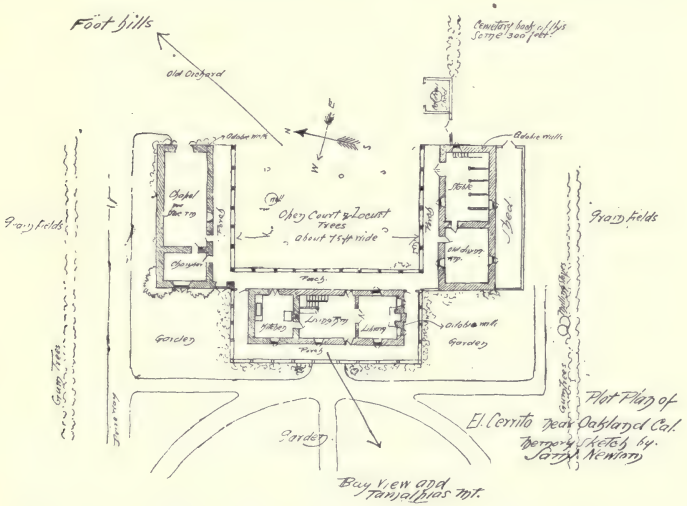
A HOME AMONG THE MEADOW LARKS

BY SAMUEL NEWSOM

Thank God the larks sing sweet to-day,
I love their calling whistles,
Over the chapparal rings their songs
From wild oats and breeze-tossed thistles.

ABOUT THE time that the Santa Barbara Mission buildings were completed the silver bells of San Gabriel were in place. Their sweet tones called the friars and Indians to assemble to celebrate the event. The echo was taken up and passed from mission to mission along the coast till the bells of old Dolores joined in the ringing. Then, almost in sight of Dolores, almost within sound of its bells, across the bay, near the little hill—or El Cerritta—one of the Castros built for his family a small adobe house on his ranch of some thousand acres in the Contra Costa foothills. As time passed, and they prospered, a wing was added; then another, and finally a second story to the main part, until the dwelling was completed as it stands to-day, and has been the home of several generations of Castros. Of the many old Spanish houses of the early Californians, none to me are as interesting as this place, and none are as well preserved; and though the scene of many joys as well as sorrows, on the whole it can be said that the Castros enjoyed life to its fullest, and in its broadest sense.

From the grounds there is a beautiful view of the Bay, the Golden Gate and the San Rafael Mountains, with Tamalpais and its Sleeping Maiden outlined in purple and partly veiled as the sun sinks in the ocean. The grounds around the house are nearly level, and run back to the foothills; here horses and cattle ranged the pastures for miles in the early days, and here also the Indians had their homes. The Indians are gone, and the cattle, but the quaint farm buildings are here to-day nearly as good as new, and the larks are as thick as ever. The old place is to-day owned by Mrs. Philip Galpin, a daughter of Victor Castro, who, with his wife, lies buried in the little private cemetery near the orchard, and there are the graves of five or



OUTLINE SKETCH, SHOWING GROUND PLAN OF THE HOUSE.

THE UPPER AND LOWER PORCHES EXTEND AROUND ALL FOUR SIDES OF THE CENTRAL BUILDING ON BOTH FLOORS, AND ROSES, HONEY-SUCKLE, WISTARIA, CLEMATIS AND OTHER VINES CLIMB UP THE POSTS AND MEET ON TOP.

THIS SHOWS THE OLD CHAPEL WALL. THE ENTRANCE IS UNDER THE IVY. THIS WALL IS THREE FEET THICK OF ADOBE.

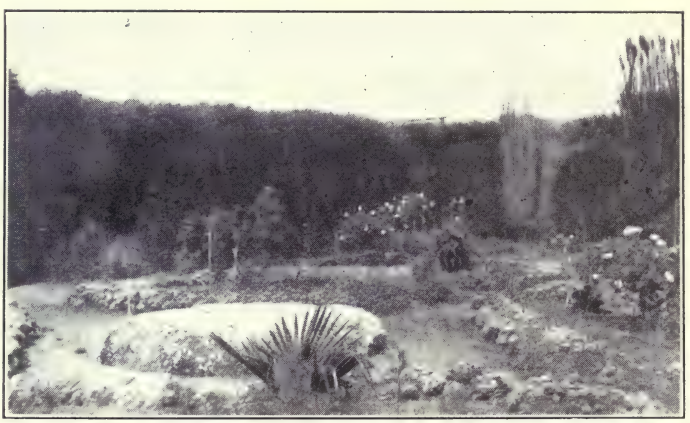
six other members of the family.

The three buildings form a square, with the east side open toward the orchard and forming a court some seventy-five feet square, in which are several large locust trees. Porches were carried around the three sides. The last addition to the building, made many years ago, was a large living room and the bed rooms in the second story. The writer, in making some minor repairs in the main building, found that the ceiling of the first floor was beautifully beamed, but these walls had been covered with half-inch boards and papered. These boards were removed, leaving the original ceiling. There are porches on all sides of the center building, and one can step out of any room through casement windows. The lower story windows are panneled and set in the adobe walls, which walls are three feet thick, the windows having small lights and paneled casement blinds swinging out; these were formerly closed at night for protection from the Indians. These deep window openings form nice seats, places for window decorations and stacks of books.

THE LIBRARY ON SOUTH END OF THE HOUSE; ALSO THE OLD DINING ROOM WALL OF ADOBE.

THE PRICKLY PEAR IS ON THE LEFT. THE PATH LEADS TO THE ENTRANCE GATES FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

The chapel is a room some eighteen feet wide and forty feet long, and is now a carriage house; the other wing, formerly used as the dining room, is now a store room; the stable is still in use, the



THE LITTLE CEMETERY NEAR THE ORCHARD. HERE ARE SIX GRAVES.

open space over it being a hay loft. In the back yard is the big cauldron used for frying out fat; also the mill stones for grinding corn.

The hand-made tiles formerly on the main building are now on the shed, and a new roof of shingles substituted some years ago. There is the old well in the court, now abandoned and covered over. There are several acres of fruit trees, and though not cared for properly for years, still bear heavily well flavored fruit. Near the orchard some way back from the house is the small cemetery shown in the picture, surrounded by cypress trees, its odd-shaped beds filled with roses and chrysanthemums, and bordered with "old hen and chickens," the six graves being outlined with moss-covered brick set on corner. The garden in front of the house is quaint in its arrangement, a big prickly pear cactus, abundance of shrubbery and pear cactus and flowers fill the beds; quite noticeable is an old Castilian rose, Marechal Neil, and many other old favorites. The old fountain is almost smothered in periwinkle and "old hen and chickens."

This home, being only a few miles from San Francisco, the military barracks of Yerba Buena, and the Mission Dolores, was no doubt a very busy place in early days.

A little hill to the west shelters the grounds, and the climate is much milder for that reason. It takes but thirty minutes to reach this place from the City Hall in Oakland, and is well worth the trip.

Formerly there was a lot of fine old furniture here, big Spanish seats and large easy chairs. A fine old high-post bed, with canopy, is the envy of all who see it at the owner's home in Berkeley. A good portrait of Victor Castro, which formerly hung in the hall, is now in the Berkeley home, together with a large painting of the Ascension. The photographs were taken by the writer.

SUCCESS

BY V. D. HYDE

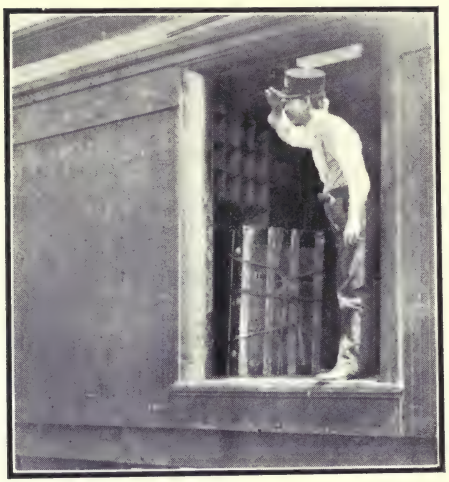
Success! A golden diadem to wear
When one has reached the ending of the way;
The fitting final prize of energy;
The culmination of an earnest prayer.
Success is but a rose, embedded where
The thorns are thickest. Blooming bright and gay,
And dew-bedecked, it gives itself to-day
To those who would achieve—to those who dare.

Success is but a mooring place, to pass
The few contented years which we will know;
A maiden fair of form and bright of dress—
A dainty and a most seductive lass,
With blushing cheeks and lashes hanging low—
All these my definitions of success!

THE MESSENGER FROM BRUSH

BY V. D. HYDE

Do you like a good, ripping, hold-up story? "The Messenger from Brush" is one of the kind that makes you feel it is true to life. It's a train story, and it's a good one.
EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IT WAS 4:35 p. m. No. 6 was just ready to pull out from Denver Union Station when a great commotion arose in one of the express offices facing the railroad, and a moment later a porter rushed down the track alongside of the Burlington with a clothes-basket covered by a tarpaulin on his shoulder, and swung it in at the open door of the express car right at the messenger's feet, panting: "First National—sign, Bake."

He reached the messenger's register up just as the wheels began to grumble, and all the signs of an imminent departure came from the train.

"Hell. What is it?" demanded Baker, with unfriendly eye on the basket only half-way in the car.

"First National, I tell you. Hurry."

Baker's eyes gave a threatening glint; then they glanced momentarily over the porter's head to where Car Inspector Goody was frantically waving his hands in a suggestive and repellant fashion. Accordingly, he howled: "I won't take it. I won't sign for it," and he pushed strenuously with his foot at the basket, while the porter held it firmly in place. "That there thing goes by No. 2."

"You're to take it," insisted the porter. "It's a rush, and to go by No. 6," and he pushed the basket farther into the car.

"McGurdy said particular it was going by 2," roared Baker.

"McGurdy says particular it's goin' by 6," returned the porter, trotting alongside of the car which was now in motion, and holding onto the floor. "Give's a lift!"

"I tell you it can't—it shan't go by 6," hissed Baker, stooping to aim a revolver at the porter. "Take it off, Chump, without any more trouble."

"Dare you, Bake," was the response, as the irreverent porter put his fingers to his nose. Then, suddenly striking the revolver aside, and clasping his arms about Baker's neck, he swung himself lightly into the car, Baker involuntarily bracing himself against the side, just as the train gathered headway, took on speed, and pushed out of the yard.

The messenger came to his feet and frantically danced about, uttering his thoughts in deep imprecations. Soon he quieted down, the porter, a good-natured young giant, standing, hands in pockets, back against the door-jamb, wordless. So he began to pack the freight, ignoring the basket, on which, however, he observed the porter had an eye. He was in a con-

dition of savage taciturnity when the tall porter (to evince his fearlessness of the "grouchiest messenger of the bunch") slipped his hands in the straps of his jumpers, and, mincing about after the irate Baker, simpered: "Can I be of any use to you, Mr. Baker, please?"

"Where's your gun?" was the fierce reply.

"Company doesn't furnish porters with guns, and didn't have time to borrow. But I guess my dooks 'll do," and the porter doubled two brawny, knotted hands, and struck an attitude.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Chump," with extravagant politeness, "I don't doubt any hold-ups will come without no arms except their fists, just to oblige you." And the messenger disgustedly turned to his stacking. Chump good-naturedly lent a hand, and, being of a garrulous turn, soon forced Baker into conversation, which, as usual, took the form of questions.

"Where's McGurdy now?"

"In the depot, I expect, father Baker. He was right back of me, with a whip of scorpions—swore me clear out of the office and over the track."

"Does Goody know of the change? Didn't McGurdy say nothin' but that t'was to go?"

"That's all."

"Why didn't he give you the key to the safe there?"

"D'no. Don't tear your shirt. If he had, we couldn't get in."

"How much?"

"Three packages—one hundred thousand."

Baker groaned. "An' no guard! An' one of me guns with the hammer broke."

"How's that?"

"I d'no," savagely. "Went broke when I leveled it at your cocoanut."

"Phew, I'm as good as radium. Let's get it out of sight."

Baker grumpily glanced about the car, now neatly stacked with a view to station delivery. "Hump. Here's a damned conflict of orders. But I s'pose we're expected to look after that stuff with our heart's blood, even if it wasn't in the bill, and isn't signed for, and no guards and no safe and no nothin'."

Chump grinned and ran his hands through his hair till it stood up. "Don't take it to heart so. As a good expressman, you'd sure do anything to head off a hold-up and protect such good employers and patrons. And you have the best engineer and fireman—Billy and Geff. Truth is, a wire come into the depot from the east that there was to be a hold-up of No. 2, and the First National was to go by 6."

"But that hold-up's booked for 6, not 2, I tell you. That's why—well, Goody knew it was for 6, and selected 6 for his experiment."

"Yes, and I guess the hold-ups know you knew it. And Chicago got wind that they knew that we knew that they knew it was booked for 6 and so changed the plan to 2," gravely. "Hence *our* change."

Baker's figure relaxed into limp thoughtfulness, and he pulled vigorously at his pipe. But he was a man of action, not given to thinking, and he soon carefully laid his smouldering pipe in the coal bucket, took a long pull at a bottle which came out of his pocket when Chump's back was turned and went right back again, then walked over to a barrel, knocked off the upper hoop, removed the gunny sack cover, and tilted the barrel till its contents—potatoes—streamed toward the door.

"Not all, Bake; need some to fill up," admonished Chump, catching some in the gunny sack. Then, as the messenger replaced the barrel, still a third full, he dragged the basket over. Out of it they took the three packages, each about seven inches wide, fifteen inches long, and several inches thick, wrapped in heavy manila paper, and marked in large black letters, "$100,000." Five or six green seals adorned the ends of each. These packages they placed in the barrel, which was then filled up with potatoes, and the gunny sack and hoop replaced.

This work done, Chump said: "I guess we'd better shut and bar the door and light the lamp."

"Chump you are in name, and chump you are by nature," was the brief retort, as Baker dragged his old kitchen chair to the open door near the barrel, and sat down, his hands clasped around his knees, to view the passing landscape in a beautiful sunset, the rain being over.

Chump wandered about the car with his hands in his jumper straps, whistling,

singing and reflecting aloud, till suddenly he stopped beside the uncompanionable Baker, and remarked threateningly: "Say, you're pretty hard on a fellow fixed as mean as I am—without a bite to eat or a gun to protect myself, booked for Chicago as guard for three hundred thousand, and not knowing a thing about such jobs. Think I like it?"

Baker cleared his throat and looked out.

"You'd think it was all my doings," growled the youthful giant. "I did not force myself on your company; I ain't longing to act guard to a measly, cross-grained messenger and a third of a million. I don't want to fight. I have no fight in me—don't see any sense in it. There isn't any number of millions can buy a man's life in my eyes, or his limb, either. The worst cut-throat hasn't got so much bad in him as is tied up in one of those packages in that barrel." With which bit of philosophy the boy swung around and posted himself at the door opposite to Baker, and gazed out at the flying scenes.

Baker's eye glinted, and he shook his head in an equivocal way. Then he coughed and observed: "*I* didn't bring the *mon* aboard," almost soothingly.

"Who said you did?" demanded Chump in a querulous tone. "But there is no use of acting as if I did. I acted for a superior," and he took a turn up the car, during which Baker took another drink from the disappearing bottle, and suggested: "Who's sometimes a inferior."

"Well, I kinder think he was right this time."

"Hump," retorted the messenger, "whether he was or not, it's done as ordered, so *you're* out of it, except for guard duty, of which you'll probably be relieved at Brush. But me, I've got two duties, conflictin'. I've got this *mon* to convoy for Gen. Agt. McGurdy, an' I've got something to do for Supt. Goody, me own boss: that's agin' *mon* orders. Then you talk!"

"Well, not knowin' what the orders are, can't you see why they're against a money run. I guess you'll get a message at Brush, too, O. K. Goody knows by now, and he knows you have his—ur—what was it?—experiment?"

"Very comfortin', me boy, only *his* orders has got to be over with and done before we get to Brush."

"That's queer. We don't stop till we get to Brush."

"We do—that's it." And Baker fondled his bulging pocket longingly.

"Why, there isn't any station that No. 6——"

"We stop," interrupted Baker, savagely, and the bottle appeared openly, made a faint inclination toward Chump, who repulsed it impatiently, sent something gurgling down Baker's throat, and returned to its lair. Chump affected not to see, but jingled some silver in his pocket as his gaze wandered about till it came to the potato barrel. Then he said, with decision: "Well, I wouldn't."

"Is that your best advice, knowing the facts *and* the man?" ironically.

"Maybe I don't know the facts, Mr. Lemon, but I wouldn't stop, facts or no facts."

"You're an American, Chump, true born. That's how they won the Spanish-American war—havin' opinions of their own."

Silence fell, Chump standing in the door, facing toward the front of the train. At last he leaned out, then a little farther, and asked quietly: "Judging from looks, where would you say we are?"

Baker took account of the landscape and replied: "About eight miles out of Brush. Just where my orders begin." And he arose abruptly and reached up to the automatic brake cord.

"Yow there," squawked Chump, snatching Baker's hand. "You'll not stop here on the lonely prairie and give the hold-ups a chance while I'm aboard this express—and you drinking, too."

Baker turned his smouldering gaze upon the porter-guard, removed his cap, looked into it, glanced at the gun on the rack above the barrel, and remarked: "You've obeyed your boss's orders; now I'll obey mine. I've the guns."

Chump was looking out anxiously, mouth open. Presently he said solemnly: "See here; it isn't any question of bosses or guns, or hold-ups, either, Bake. It's *collision*. Let that cord alone and come here."

Baker took a long look out of the door, then muttered: "Is that a ingine, Chump?

You're a plainsman an' see farther'n me in the dusk."

"That's an engine and we're single track here. And she's making most the same rate of speed we are."

Baker pursed his lips and observed: "Then she's a yard ingine from Brush. There ain't no train, freight nor passenger, due here at this time but No. 6. But she don't look wild-cat."

"She isn't. There's a man at the throttle."

"An' there ain't no switch nearer than Fort Morgan or Brush."

"At the rate we're going, I give you two minutes to say your prayers," said Chump. "Pick a soft place to jump."

"Sure. Which 'll you have? Rocks and stones on one side, and stones and rocks on t'other?" sneered Baker. "'Tain't the telescopin' I'm thinkin' of—Goody's scheme 'll fix that. But them's the hold-ups, accordin' to programme, I bet, and you're goin' to stay here and use that gun as well as your fists. We're goin' to stop now, more'n ever. They've lost control," with which he reached again and pulled the brake cord.

There was a hiss rising to a shriek, a cessation of rolling and grinding, a fearful jerk in which everything movable about the car was piled near the center, and the potato barrel rose up lightly and evenly, sailed out of the door—and that was the last they saw of it. The express car stood still, and they could hear the Pullmans stop, one after another, till there was absolute silence save for a distant hissing of steam.

The messenger and guard had, unconsciously, grasped the nearest support, as Baker pulled the cord, and were simply shaken into numbness.

"My God, the *mon!*" hoarsely whispered Chump, after the commotion in the car and in his own inwards had subsided.

A duet of whistles broke out, and Baker aspirated, "That's No. 6, and that's the yard ingine."

The whistles ceased, and Chump, who was still holding at the door support, said in a loud, hoarse voice: "There goes Billy and Geff."

"And no mattress to receive them," groaned Baker.

Chump had his teeth set together, and his lips drawn death-like across them, while his eyes, almost starting from their sockets, looked out and up the track. Suddenly he shrieked in a weird tone: "Goodbye, Bake, save yourself!" and made to jump.

But on the instant, a hand of iron was on his collar, a deft foot hooked his legs from under him, and he lay sprawling on his face, inert, palpitating, his hands pressed into his eyes.

"No you don't," growled Baker. "No danger—we're third, and uncoupled. An' I want you, mah honey, yes I do, 'case the hold-ups isn't killed or comes from another direction."

There was a distant squawking, grating and hissing, and then comparative silence. Chump removed his hands with a shudder, raised on his elbows and lifted his head, with a wild air of listening. A surprised expression chased away the horror from his countenance—then gloom fell over it again, as he said thickly: "Am I mercifully deaf?"

"I d'no. I wouldn't count it no mercy—not in the railroad business," replied Baker, frivolously. "First one you ever been in?"

Chump nodded his head, and began to gulp violently, ending in retching.

"Well, I guess you're over it now, so help pull the doors and let's get up by the ingines. Mebbe the boys need our help, though I must say it was the piannyest collision—as my girl says when she plays soft—ever I heard."

Baker was quick of movement, though slow of speech, and, even as he spoke, had found his pipe, put it in his mouth, emptied the bottle down his throat and then thrown it out of the door, pushed the doors on his side shut, crowded Chump till he jumped off at the other side, almost closed the door, squeezing out of the narrow crack himself, and jumping to the track, struck a match on the seat of his jumpers, and started up toward the head of the train.

"You're not going away and leave this car?" demanded Chump.

"I am. The whole cargo in there now ain't worth ten dollars, and I guess Billy and Geff together is worth that," and he hurried off, swinging one bare arm and holding his pipe in his mouth.

Dusk was rapidly falling, but it was light in the direction toward which he was advancing. Something was burning. As Baker walked, he noted with satisfaction that the couplings of all the cars were neatly separated. "Who'd a thought Goody had it in him," he muttered. "I always took him for a demfool car inspector."

* * * *

The rest of the story, as told by Baker, to the spell-bound office employees, runs as follows:

"When I got there, hang me if No. 6 wasn't sitting as solemn as your grandmother on the track on the bridge, while Billy and Geff was floppin' around in the mud of Boulder Creek that hasn't had any water in, the Lord knows when, only the rain had made it muddy. They thought they was hurt till I yanked them to their feet. No hold-ups was visible. The yard engine was heeled over some yards ahead of the bridge where the track had washed out by the rain, and was burnin'. The wash-out was just about where originally the collision would have occurred. We stopped short on the bridge ahead of the washout, as if we knew all about it, and all our cars was neatly separated along the track, like beads on a string. What stopped No. 6? Well, you'll hear, if you will just note what would have occurred to No. 6 if she hadn't stopped short.

"Then I noticed Chump hadn't come along up with me, and, after examinin' the burnin' yard ingine and not seein' nobody, and Geff tellin' me she had slacked some before she heeled over, and several gents had jumped and strolled down our ways, I walks back to the express car. In the half dark I sees several figures a-standin' there, and goes up with me mouth open, all ready to abuse Chump, when a pistol goes into me mouth. Was I 'sprised? Can't say I was. Queer things had been happenin' ever since we left Denver. Anyway. I was in that kind of a mood that nothin' 'sprises you. A lantern swings, so as to show my face, and I sees something black tied over me friend's face, and he says, kind of polite and cultured: 'Hand over the First National, p. d. q.'

"'The what?' says I. 'Where's Chump?'

"'Quit your kiddin',' says he, impatiently. 'If you mean the brakeman that was here, he's a-layin' in the corner with a cracked cocoanut. Hand it over, quick. There's five of us.'

"With that he takes the gun out of me mouth, and I felt sort of relieved, so I says: 'If you'll be kind enough to tell me, sir, what you want, I'm willing to help you to the fullest extent of my ability. We ain't got ten dollars' worth of valuables in that there car, 'pon my soul to Gawd.'

"He didn't say nothin', and then I saw another chap come up and whisper and he says: 'You're Baker, the messenger,' says he. I gave a start, for there's something familiar in that man's voice, not to speak of me own name. But I says, 'I am,' and he says, rippin' out an oath that'd done your heart good: 'Hand out that First National without any more bluffin, you sonnygun.'

"Now, I never knew but one man that said sonnygun, an' he had a voice remarkably like this soft-spoken chap.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, 'I tol' you there ain't ten dollars' worth of valuables in that car. There's the safe right afore your eyes. If you bust it open—you know messengers don't have the keys or combination—why you'll see.'

"Another come up just then, an' he says in a hurry, 'Let's pitch him in an' set fire to the hell of a thing. The Pullman's is emptying out.'

"Now, besides not carin' for me an' Chump being so clost to a conflagration, it struck me that it would light up that prairie sort of inconveniently. A potato barrel might surprise them lyin' aroun' loose on the prairie. So I says: 'Not objectin' to this gent's suggestion of an ottydefee for me'n Chump——'

"'What's that?' growls the newcomer. 'Let him go on, I tell you; the Pullmans is emptyin',' says the second one, swearing.

"'It's a hotbed, gents,' says I, 'that I used to read about in Fox's Book of Martyrs when I was a suckin' babe; an' as I was goin' to say, 'not that I had any objection to that, but honest to Gawd, that First National Bank was booked for No. 2——'

"'You're a liar,' yells the polite one that I knew. 'It was booked for 6, don't I know.'

"'Perhaps you do, my friend—'deed I

think you do, for it was,' says I. 'Then the superintendent, he has a scheme afoot to try a new invention of his cousin's that he wants the railroad to adopt, a automatic couplin' worked by the air-brake, an' he won't let no one try it but me, coz he thinks so much of me, an' he takes me off the station at Brush an' puts me on No. 6, an' orders the money shipment out on No. 2. That's as true as I am here. You know he wouldn't dare monkey with a train that had a shipment like the First National's. If you don't believe me, come an' look at the new contraption. If there's any train men among you, you'll believe me story.

"Mr. Familiar-Voice turns to the others and says: 'Guess that's no lie. I've been over every inch of that car and busted the dinky safe, too. An' the brakeman's story fits.' Then they all gets in a swearin' altercation about the times the shipment had been changed from 2 to 6, and back again. Lord, they knew more about it than me—when sudden I says, pleasant-like: 'Gentlemen, here come the Pullman people in a body. I'd put up me irons, an' mingle-like with 'em an' I'll give you all a lecture on the new couplin', and not give you away. One good turn deserves another, an' you've treated me like a brother.'

" 'For the sake of old times,' says Mr. Familiar-Voice, and his gun disappeared. The others followed suit; and, how he got loose I don't know, but, as I walks to the nearest couplin and turns around, here I sees Chump, in a sudden flare from a lantern, grinnin' and blinkin' at me, hands in jumper straps, near the express car door. I had quite a respectable audience, an' you couldn't tell the patrons of the road from the knights of the road: me an' Chump was the orneryest lookin' of anybody. They all was a-shiverin' in fine spring overcoats with high collars an' travelin' caps, and so on, includin' my five friends. Some of them sees the fire an' strolls up there; an' I misses Chump after a while, an' I wonders if he has a plan, an' I turns over plans in my own head till it most cracked, while I was a-talkin' me guts out over that couplin an' answerin' questions.

"Just as I was thinkin' of something to put an end to this interestin 'scene, I hears a rumblin' on the track towards Fort Morgan, an' I talks louder'n ever, tryin' to make a fascinatin' noise, till I see Mr. Familiar-Voice quietly braceletted to a healthy-lookin' gent that joined my audience, with two other friends that formed a close connection with a couple of Mr. Familiar-Voice's chums. The other two of the gang wandered up the track to see the fire, I guess, and forgot to come back.

"I quit, and most of the Pullman people strolled back to their nests never suspecting there had been a hold-up—thought we just stopped for the washout. The few more noticin', makin' out the extry on the track behind us, and addin' that to the quiet arrests, was just told that the wrecking crew had brought out the sheriff and some deputies for a few gents that had jumped bail. When we gets rid of them, the officers compliments Chump on his wire-tappin'—he called up Fort Morgan from the wires aside the tracks, bein' a telegrapher; then they compliments me on my lecturin' ability. They said Supt. Goody ought to make me a demonstrator of that couplin' at a salary like the president's of the road.

"As the officer walks off with Mr. Familiar-Voice—who used to be an operator at the Chicago end when I had No. 6 regular—he says to me, low-like: 'This is a dirty trick. We may meet again.' 'Cheese it,' says I, 'your brakeman was a telegrapher.'

"Oh, well, they isn't much more to tell. While the wreckin' crew was fixin' things up, Chump found the potato barrel under the platform of the nearest Pullman, and we straightened the stuff. When we pulled into Brush, not many more hours behind time than often here on the Western runs, we found orders to take the office safe and a couple of guns, and finish the run to Chicago. That's all."

* * * *

"I am happy to say the company always properly rewards such loyalty," said the general agent feelingly, the recital being over.

"Yes, sir, sure. Chump an' me's divided that up a'ready. He wants to get married, an' mother's got a mortgage on the old shack. Guess that half a thousand apiece will come handy to each,

'specially as Chump gets next messenger. Chump's—ur—ur—not a chump," and Baker blushed at the vividness of his compliment to his colleague.

As Baker stalked out of the office, feeling more or less swelled as the result of his own importance, he paused at the claim agent's desk, with a quizzical "What do *you* think, Jones?"

Jones was a weak-eyed, bashful young fellow, whom everybody teased and trusted and liked. He looked at Baker with an expression of admiration, and replied, in an awed voice: "Prevented a hold-up *and* a smash-up! Thank you, thank you! My wife was on the train. I never saw a hero before, Mr. Baker," rising and bowing profoundly. "How ever did you think of it, amid so much confusion, and have the courage?"

The claim agent's desk was alone near the door, and he was very close-mouthed. The messenger from Brush glanced around cautiously, drew nearer, winked, then said in his laconic way: "Well, I d'no, Jones. I was drunk."

THE CUCKOO CLOCK

BY IVY KELLERMAN

The cuckoo clock is striking in the hall,
I hear its foolish note ring loudly out,
As from its stronghold there upon the wall
The noisy bird leaps forth again to shout,
And on the weary air its chirpings fall
As hastily it swings from out its door,
And all importantly attempts to call
Attention to its own self o'er and o'er.

You blatant cuckoo there across the hall,
Epitome of man's own futile strife,
Still sounding loud and long upon the wall,
Do you, too, hope for some blest future life?
Do you look forward to some splendid wall
Made by the maker of all cuckoo clocks,
Where you may dwell, and never hush at all,
But clamor always from a wondrous box?

A FRAGMENT OF THE ANCIENT CONTINENT OF LEMURIA

BY ADELIA H. TAFFINDER

Ignatius Donneley, the Seer of Nininger, as he was called by the scoffers, once wrote a tale that rung true to the ear. "Atlantis" was followed by the sequel, "Ragnarok," and a cult of Atlanteans had been created. There were many people in the world who read Donneley's book who accepted it as scientific. Mrs. Taffinder writes for this month's Overland the article, "A Fragment of the Continent of Lemuria." This must be a valuable addition to the literature of the psychist, and it may or may not be accepted as a compliment by the author to be told that it is splendidly written, of absorbing interest, fantastically beautiful, and yet impossible of acceptance as fact by the

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SCIENTIFIC DATA and historical research have supplied abundant evidence that there existed at some prehistoric time a vast Southern Continent to which the name Lemuria has been aptly applied.

The acceptance of the existence of such an area rationally accounts for many existing anomalies, and helps to clear a great many inexplicable difficulties in the evolution and distribution of organic life. It is calculated that this submerged Southern Continent flourished 18,000,000 years ago, and that California was the center of a civilization that antedates the Continent of Atlantis, by thousands of years. One who has made a deep study of the hoary antiquity of California, affirms that she was a high mountainous country, with fertile valleys, away back in the ages when the waves of the sea rolled over the remainder of the United States.

That from her mountain peaks she has patiently seen, with ever watchful eye, the land to the east of her gradually rise, shaking the salt sea from its back. During the ages when the west and the south volcanic action had shaken the earth into fragments, until it become a prey to the devouring water, the glorious land of California remained as the only monument in this part of the world to testify to the ancient grandeur of the land and the high civilization to which it gave birth.

It is stated that beneath the soil of California is hidden vast wealth, much greater indeed than any of her rich mines have ever yet produced. while beneath the foundations of her cities, more especially of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, lie buried the remains of mighty cities.

The antiquity of our State accounts for the remarkable fertility of soil, and for the gigantic trees, many of which are contemporaneous with the Star of Bethlehem, and the departing grandeur of Egypt.

According to occult science, the magnetism of prehistoric times still lingers in our earth atmosphere, which is conducive to the development of the psychic faculties in man.

A few years ago there was published in this city a strange book, called "Yermah the Dorado." The story is located on the site of the city of San Francisco, but the time of action was eleven thousand years ago, when an Atlantean colonial city of "seven hills" called Tlamco, attained a high state of culture.

The name signifies Wisdom, and the inhabitants were taught Divine Science. The author graphically describes how this ancient city was laid out in circles, with the Temple of the Sun in the center. These seven circles marked the orbits and diameters of the planets. The outside circle described the orbit of Mars, which was typical of the curious warfare which trade was to wage in later times. The story runs that in those days Lone Mountain and the Twin Peaks were centers for astrological computations, and that they were enveloped in mysticism.

Mr. P. L. Slater, an Englishman, had the honor of christening the lost continent, "Lemuria," in recognition of the fact that it was probably on this continent that animals of the Lemuroid type, or monkey-like animals, were developed.

Modern science posits a common animal ancestor for the anthropoid apes and man. Occultism asserts that the anthropoid apes are the late descendants of a mixture of the human and animal kingdoms that took place on Lemuria. Who shall dispute that those bestial beings known as satyrs in old Grecian legend may not have been the progeny of such a degrading alliance?

The eminent naturalist, Mr. A. R. Wallace, says: "This is undoubtedly a legitimate and highly probable supposition, and it is an example of the way in which a study of the geographical distribution of animals may enable us to reconstruct the geography of a by-gone age."

It is quite possible that this continent was the cradle of the human race, although evidence points to the fact that the Atlanteans were the "first truly human and terrestrial race."

Many have been the scientists who have written much, and thought more, upon this subject. Authorities give various good reasons to believe that at one time Lemuria covered the area now washed by the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

The continent extended from the foot of the Himalaya, south across what is known to us as Southern India, Ceylon and Sumatra, embracing on its way as we go south, Madagascar on its right hand and Australia and Tasmania on its left, running to within a few degrees of the Antarctic circle. Thence it extended far into the Pacific Ocean, Easter Isle and the other islands sown hither and thither on the face of the Pacific, together with a large part of California, are remnants of this once mighty land.

North of California, Lemuria may have touched the coast line of North America. From the south, the continent extended in the shape of a horse shoe past Madagascar, round South Africa (then a mere fragment in the process of formation), through the Atlantic Ocean up to Norway. "The great English fresh water deposit called the Wealden, which every geologist regards as the mouth of a former great river, is the bed of the main stream which drained northern Lemuria in the seeondary age." In those days, there was neither Africa nor the Americas, still less Europe, for all these were slumbering on the floor of the ocean. Just as Professor G. P. Serviss has recently stated that the primeval sea no doubt covered the whole round earth to a great depth, and as the depth of the ocean decreased dry land emerged in many quarters. At that period to which we allude, there was very little of the present Asia, for the north Himalayan regions were covered with seas, beyond which were Greenland, Eastern and Western Siberia, which belonged to a yet older continent.

Do you wonder what location scientists give to a continent older than Lemuria? It is claimed that the "Cap of the North Pole," the Peak of Mount Meru, is the point where the first land appeared on this globe. As the land slowly emerged from the turbulent tepid ocean, it spread out from the center "like the lotus of seven leaves," forming seven great promontories of land. These promontories and their center formed the First Continent, known as the Imperishable Sacred Land. Science postulates that this polar-land was once a glowing, gladsome country, with a tropical climate and a richly luxuriant vegetation. Aeons upon aeons of years ago, when the earth was in its infancy, the pole or axis of the earth is said to have lain in the plane of its orbit about the sun, not being inclined to the ecliptic, as it is at the present time. This change in the inclination of the earth's axis, or a real shifting of the axis, as is asserted by some, together with a slowing of the revo-

lution of the earth, has caused radical changes in climate to sweep over the earth several times.

As time went on, land rose from the water south of this sacred land, or the first continent, which became known as the "Hyperborean," or second continent. This latter land stretched southward and westward from the Arctic circle, and embraced what is now known as Northern Asia. Greenland is a remnant of this "land of the gods," as the Greeks called it, saying that the "nocturnal shadows never fall upon it."

Finally this continent broke into pieces and was submerged, the first deluge in the life of Mother Earth. Next came the great continent of Lemuria, the ancient mother of California. The continent of Atlantis was slowly rising, as Lemuria was broken up by earthquakes and volcanic outbursts, the one emerging as the other sank. While great obscurity surrounds these dates, it is computed that it required 150,000 years for the sinking of Atlantis, while 700,000 years elapsed between that event and the destruction of Lemuria. Some portions of Lemuria, after sinking, were evidently again raised with little harm, for instance Easter Isle, which was again elevated from the ocean, with its statues and other archaic remains. The New Zealand Herald, 1905, contained the following item: "The old Atlantic is a tomb, the tomb of a continent, the sepulchre of a race. But so it appears is our new Pacific, from which Easter Island emerges, to remind us of the things that have been."

From the mere existence of Easter Island, men of wit and insight have always leaped to the conclusion that a lost Pacific Continent was the sole explanation of its obvious place in the scheme of a highly developed civilization which had reached to the carving of stone upon a grand and majestic scale.

This civilization had manifested a realization of art in sculpture, the possession of a gorgeous ritual, and had attained to that civic organization by which alone great and lasting work is possible. Within the last few days, this poetic theory of a lost Pacific continent has been scientifically corroborated by geological and biological explorations in Fiji, whose islands are now asserted to have been a part of a great mainland that extended to Australia and New Caledonia at a time when the fauna and flora of the earth were much in their present state. * * * A lost continent is of a mild scientific interest if it was doomed before man appeared upon it. * * * But what if man lived on this lost continent; what if civilization flourished in the Pacific, and if it all went down in some wild cataclysm? That this is what happened, Easter Island bears mute but unquestionable testimony, for there we can still see work that was never finished—half finished figures of which the artist workmen were cut off."

The Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in the vessel "Scotia," has recently added many interesting and romantic chapters to the history of South Polar exploration. Mr. William S. Bruce, the leader of the expedition, has lately published an article corroborating the hypothesis of a submerged continental land in that sea.

At a Philadelphia meeting of the Affiliated Scientific Societies held some years since, a discussion took place on the flora and fauna of the Antarctic and adjacent regions. Several prominent scientists were of the opinion that from the geological formations, the continent was once connected with Australia, South America and perhaps Africa. Professor Huxley said that the simplest and most rational mode of accounting for certain mammalian faunas of Australia, South America and the Arctic regions, was in the supposition that a Pacific continent existed in that area and gradually subsided.

Many instances are at hand of the convergence of facts in natural history and geology, which points unmistakably to a great Southern continent having been in existence ages ago.

Considered from the occult stand-point, the evolution of the Lemurian constitutes one of the most interesting chapters of man's development. Archaic records state that during this period, his body underwent the greatest physical changes and the transition of sexual separation occurred. The sounds which these primitive men made to express their thoughts were at first composed entirely of vowels, for their language was only a slight improve-

ment on the various sounds in nature, like the cry of gigantic insects and the forest animals. In the slow course of evolution, the consonant sounds gradually came into use, but the development of language from first to last on the continent of Lemuria never reached beyond the monosyllabic phase.

The Chinese language of to-day is reputed to be the sole great lineal descendant of ancient Lemurian speech.

These were the days of amphibious monsters, the Plesiosauri and Icthyosauri, which swarmed in tepid marshes—and monstrous land reptiles, the Pterodactyls, which not only crawled on the earth, but with bat-like wings flew through the air. Ernst Haeckel's "History of Creation" relates that the Dinosauria were terrible beasts of prey, and that they attained a length of from 40 to 50 feet. That subsequent excavations have laid bare skeletons of an even larger size.

The recent interesting article, "Where Mammoths Roved," by Professor Louderback, of the University of California contains some scientific facts which bear on our subject. He describes the series of elephantine tracks which were excavated in the State Prison yard (the Prison quarry) at Carson City, Nevada.

He presumes that these tracks were made by the Mammoth during the Pliocene Period. Professor Louderback says that much interest has centered about a peculiar type of track that has been found in several series and much more abundant than those already described. He describes them as varying from eighteen to twenty-one inches in length, and from six to eight or nine inches in width. They "are rounded at each end, the forward end being broader than the back part, and they are curved about with the hollow on the inside as in the imprint of a human foot."

These tracks have created considerable discussion, because many people are of the opinion that they are the tracks of giants.

Gigantic footprints of birds of the heron-type have also been found in that vicinity. Fossil remains, including many bones and teeth, were excavated during the quarrying of the rock at the State Prison.

The reptilian monsters of Lemuria, possessed strange organs of vision, having a third eye at the back of the head. Lemurian man is credited with the third eye which gave him psychic vision. His head sloped backwards and upwards in a peculiar way, facilitating his ability to walk backwards with almost as great ease as forwards. It is the atrophied remnant of this "third eye," known in Physiology as the pineal gland, which causes clairvoyance in many people of the present time.

As humanity advanced from the Lemurian or Third Root Race, into the Atlantean or Fourth Root Race, the third eye ceased to function, retreating inwards and disappearing altogether as a physical organ during the Toltec Empire. Grecian mythology has embalmed the memory of the third eye, for we read of the one-eyed Cyclops, as the one-eyed were called in later times. Our early Lemurian ancestors are described as having been gigantic in height and correspondingly broad, possessing tremendous power, attaining the height of 60 feet. The later Lemurians averaged from 12 to 15 feet. We wonder if sacred history had reference to them when it says that there were "giants in the land?"

Mr. Scott-Elliot, who is occult authority, believes that the degraded remnants of Lemuria who still inhabit the earth, may be recognized in the aboriginal Australians and Tasmanians, the Andaman Islanders, some hill tribes of India, the Tierra del Fuegans, the Bushmen of Africa, and some other savage tribes. The Malayans and Papuans have descended from a cross between the last Lemurian sub-race and the Atlanteans. The Hottentots form another remnant. The negro race is a strongly marked descendant of Lemuria. One can fancy that some of these "remnants" might have a racial memory of that pre-Adamite age similar to "Big Tooth," as chronicled by Jack London.

Occult Science postulates that highly evolved beings from the planet Venus, not only guided and taught the primitive denizens of Lemuria, but assisted in improving the racial type. One of the first things that they were taught was the use of fire in the preparation of their food. They were also shown how to till the ground, and to cultivate the seeds of wild grain until it improved in type. Vast ages elapsed before the evolution of the var-

ious cereals which we now possess, such as barley, oats, corn, etc.

Mrs. Besant, the distinguished theosophist, says in reference to these spiritual teachers: "These ruled the less evolved, under the beneficent sway of the great teachers, and the compelled obedience to elementary rules of right living—very elementary at first, in truth—much hastened the development of mental and moral faculties in the embryonic souls. Apart from all other records, the gigantic remains of civilizations that have long since disappeared—evidencing great engineering skill and intellectual conceptions far beyond anything possible by the mass of the then infant humanity—suffice to prove that there were present on earth men with minds that were capable of greatly planning and greatly executing."

Lemurian architecture was of cyclopean dimensions, corresponding with the gigantic bodies of the race. One of the great cities is described as having been built of blocks of lava. The immense statues of Easter Island, measuring often eight feet across the shoulders by twenty-seven feet in height, may have perpetuated in stone the features and the stature of those who carved them.

The following remarkable statement is taken from "The Pedigree of Man" by Mrs. Besant: "Guided by the divine kings, the sixth sub-race (of Lemuria) built the first rock and lava cities in the region of Madagascar, and many such cities followed, whereof, here and there, vast fragments remain, rocks that no modern engineer could handle, ruins of huge temples—cyclopean ruins, they are called. To the early Greeks and the early Egyptians they handed on the types of such buildings and in the temples of Egypt, such as that of Karnac, we see traces of Lemurian building as practiced by their later descendants of the Atlantean Race.

So, again, in southern India, traces of this massive style of building appear in some of the old temples. Judging by the ruins of Karnac, you may imagine the building of those who were mightier yet than they who raised those ponderous stones; or see the mighty pyramid of Egypt, and measure the knowledge and the skill that reared its stupendous strength. But those stones were not raised by mere bulk of muscles, nor by skillful apparatus, strong beyond modern making; they were raised by those who understood and could control the forces of terrestrial magnetism, so that the stone lost its weight, and floated, guided by the touch of a finger, to rest on its appointed bed. Some of the extraordinary rocking stones still remain, that were poised by Lemurian fingers.

These stones are one of the puzzles modern science has failed to solve, trying explanations of erosion by ice and water, that are manifestly inadequate. And what are they, the rocking stones?

Means by which messages might come from those above to those below, in which the swayings of the stone spelled out the messages, as the swaying of the Morse telegraph needle spell out messages today.

As ages rolled on, a separation arose between those who strove to be faithful to the higher teachings, and those who sought sensual pleasures. Bitter quarrels and fierce wars occurred, which were accompanied by terrible convulsions of Nature. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions rent asunder the great continent, forming continental islands.

These were not destined to escape the terrors of repeated convulsions, until Lemuria as such "disappeared, devastated by fire, channeled by lava in great explosions of steam, generated as fire, warred with water, and, amid roaring flames and surging billows, it sank, island after island, into the whirlpool of fire and sea."

The eternal equilibrium is maintained, cause and effect is the fundamental law of nature.

Apparently portions of our planet have alternately perished by fire and by water.

We are on the Fifth Continent of creation. Will fire be the destroying element?

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST HOTEL IN THE CAMP OF WHITE OAKS, N. M.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF "BILLY-THE-KID"

BY J. E. SLIGH

The story of Billy-the-Kid has created some interest in one of the characters of the early cow-boy days in the Southwest. The article by Mr. J. E. Sligh in the July number was written in a style that always appeals, and while it was in a reminiscent vein, it was not at all tiresome. In fact, a number of readers have written us, asking for the opening of a department devoted to "True Tales of the Old West" as in the days when Rounsevelle Wildman was the editor of the Overland Monthly. In this issue, Mr. Sligh treats of the Lincoln County war, and the reader will find that it is full of gripping interest.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT WAS in the winter of '79-80 that William Baxter discovered very rich free gold ore in Lincoln County, New Mexico, in a low range of hills that skirt the Mal Pais plains on the east, which hills form the connecting link between the Jicarillas on the north, the Nogal mountains on the south and the Capitan range on the east. The particular hill in which Baxter found the ore was unnamed even among the local sheep-herders, who constituted the population of that region previous to Baxter's advent, and it was at once christened Baxter Mountain. The nam-

ing of the mountain for Baxter was considered sufficient honor for him, and consequently the mining district and the town which ensued were named for some springs nearby, the water from which made the whiskey of the town drinkable.

The first rush after the discovery of the gold was from the town of Lincoln, a few miles below Fort Stanton, and from the surrounding stock ranches, even extending down to Roswell-on-the-Pecos, which was eighty miles east of White Oaks. Among the first who came in from the outside world was myself, who was then just up from Tombstone, Arizona, and on my way to the Gunnison, Colo. Hearing of the White Oaks strike at Las Cruces, a deflection was made across the plains to that place in April, '80, and there I remained for ten years.

The Billy-the-Kid war was raging then in fierce intensity throughout the county, and he and his friends made numerous visits to the town and camp. Some of them made locations and quit the Kid gang, while others remained faithful to him. It was believed for awhile that if the Kid could secure a pardon from Governor Wallace that he would cease his lawlessness and settle down to the peaceful and quiet life of a rancher, prospector and miner. Some efforts were made in that direction, which, however, proved abortive—but all that belongs to another story.

It was about the second week after my arrival in camp that I was introduced by Bill Hudgins, the owner of the first saloon in camp, to Pat Garrett. Garrett was then living at Roswell, and was in the employ of Captain J. S. Lea, an old Confederate soldier who never took the oath, who had settled at Roswell with the idea that he was practically out of the United States, and would never be troubled by its officers nor by its laws. Lea commenced with a few cattle, and was gradually increasing his herd, holding his own with the mavericking crowd which infested the Southwest at that period. Lea was an educated man, and his wife a refined, cultured lady. There was no other white family within ninety miles of their home, which was established at the springs, which burst forth from the ground at that place, like a small river, and soon joins the Pecos. There were a few Mexican families living near, and these formed the only society available for Captain Lee and his family and for Pat Garrett and others in the employ of Lea. Hearing of the fabulous richness of the Baxter strike at White Oaks, Garrett, along with others, had come up to share in the distribution of Fortune's favors.

He was a very tall and very slim man, at that time about thirty-five years of age; black hair and eyes, with the usual swarthy complexion that goes with tobacco, black coffee and the malarial inhalations that characterize the locality in which he was raised. His voice was the peculiar thing about him. It was very low, very distinct and very convincing. I have known him for years, and I never heard his voice raised above his ordinary tone. Garrett, Bill Hudgins and myself were all raised in Claiborne Parish, counties we call them here, Louisiana; and not very far from each other, though we never met until we came to New Mexico. Garrett's father was a planter of considerable means before the war, and was sheriff of the Parish for one term. Pat was the youngest son, as I recollect, too young to enter the rebel army, and was only a boy at the close of the war of the rebellion. Mr. Garrett, Pat's father, in common with nearly every southern man at the close of the war, believed that he was permanently broken up, financially, and neglected, as thousands of others did, the education of his younger children. Consequently Pat received only a meagre preparation for the struggles that came afterwards. He soon left home and struck out for Western Texas, which was then swarming, literally, with buffalo, wild horses and cattle. His experiences as a plainsman in the buffalo, wild horse and cattle camps of West Texas gave him a splendid training for his afterlife in New Mexico.

Like nearly all cowboys, Pat drank, smoked and gambled, but always in moderation. No one could ever hear his voice in conversation and connect the owner of it with dissipation and debauchery. He always had himself well in hand, and under perfect control; and he impressed all with whom he came in contact with the idea that he had a powerful reserve force at his command, which, in any contest

that might arise, would be called into action as needed, as re-inforcements to an army. One never seems to know before-hand the power of such a man. Pat Garrett was the most popular man of his class that I ever knew. If, with his natural advantages, he had enjoyed the privileges of an education he would have made his mark high up among the notables of his section, wherever he had been placed. He was so illiterate that when he was elected sheriff of Lincoln County he was absolutely dependent upon his deputy for the proper conduct of his office. But for that, when appointed collector of customs at El Paso, he would have remained in the public service the remainder of his days.

Like all new mining towns, White Oaks was "wide open" every day and night in the week. All sorts of men from all sorts of places were there, and rows and personal encounters were common occurrences. I remember one night there was a big up-roar in the streets, or rather street, for there was only one street in the camp at that time; a few pistol shots rang out, and immediately afterwards Jim Redman, whom Billy-the-Kid hated, and who was mortally afraid of the Kid, ran against the door of Hudgins' saloon, from the outside, and fell sprawling into the middle of the room yelling: "Look out, boys; Billy is outside." This put serious faces upon nearly all those inside; for no one knew what minute the door might be pushed open again and more shooting follow. Hudgins and the Kid were enemies, also, and either one would have been glad to put the other out of business at any time. Redman was an ally of Hudgins, and naturally ran to him for protection from the Kid. Garrett was sitting at a table with others amusing themselves with a small game, when the disturbance occurred; he knew all about the trouble between the Kid and Hudgins, and knew that Hudgins nor any of his close friends dared to go out into the streets from the saloon at that time, yet the position of seeming to be held up in that way was galling to him, and, as his game was broken up, he called for the drinks, and after drinking, walked out of the saloon as if nothing unusual had taken place.

I was in my tent at the time the shots were fired, although I had not retired. My partner ran out and I followed, after a little while, and stopped in at Whiteman's store. While I was there a few more shots were fired further up the street. Shortly afterwards, Pat Garrett dropped in to the store in a casual manner, as cool as possible and perfectly calm. I asked him what the trouble was, and he answered, "Nothing," and continuing, said:

"Billy-the-Kid and his gang are in camp to-night, and they have more booze aboard than is good for them. They have been creating a little excitement by shooting up the camp a little. They have no idea of doing any serious damage, however, and I suppose they would not have fired off their guns if they had not seen Jim Redman."

"What about Jim Redman?" I asked.

"Oh, Jim is always blowing about what he will do to the Kid. Every one knows that it is all blow, and that he is an arrant coward. When they saw him to-night they could not resist the desire to see him run. He did run, too, and nearly knocked Hudgins' door off the hinges getting out of the way."

"You know the Kid, do you, Pat?" I asked.

"Yes, I know him very well. I see him quite often on the range looking after his cattle. He has mavericked a small bunch of cattle, and if he had not been interfered with would have been very well fixed. I imagine that if he was not afraid of being arrested that he would stop the war and lead a peaceful life," replied he.

"Are you and the Kid friendly, Pat?"

"No, we are not friends, neither are we enemies. He minds his business and I attend to mine. He visits my wife's folks sometimes, but he never comes around me. I just simply don't want anything to do with him, and he knows it, and knows that he has nothing to fear from me as long as he does not interfere with me or my affairs."

"Why, Pat, are you married?"

"Yes, Mr. ——, I married a Mexican woman four years ago, and have two children. Some people seem to think that a man who marries a Mexican woman, and stays with her, lets himself down in the es-

timation of white people; but I can't help that; I married my wife because I loved her and I love her still, and I intend to stay with her to the end. If people don't like me because of my wife, they can simply let me alone."

"How does your father's family take it, Pat?" I asked.

"Just as if I had married a nigger, and you know how our Southern folks take a thing like that. I married my wife for myself, however, and not for my family. As it is, I will never trouble them, and I am sure they will not trouble me."

If Pat had married into the aristocratic class of Mexicans, who are of the pure Spanish blood, his family would have taken it very differently, but he married into a "greaser" family, and that was simply awful. There is no question in the world but that his marriage was unfortunate. It closed the doors of white society to him, not because he was not welcome to such homes; but he would not accept hospitality, friendship and society that his family could not share; and they could not share such society, not because the whites were unwilling to receive them, but because they could not divest themselves of the feeling of inferiority, and therefore would not mix with the white people. A long time after my first meeting with Pat in White Oaks, and after the town of Roswell had become a railroad station and had filled up with nice people from the States, Pat sold his land there and moved to Las Cruces, an old Mexican town with a Mexican population surrounding it, where he and his family were held in high repute and accounted among the very best people of the community. He lived there until his death a few days ago at the hands of Wayne Brazille.

Pat didn't find anything in White Oaks district that he thought worth anything, so he made no locations, and soon returned to his home at Roswell. He continued in the employ of Captain Lea, and acquired a small bunch of cattle for himself. He also took up a quarter section of land, and made him a home of his own, which, later, became very valuable. He lived a quiet life and did not attract public attention until '83 or '84, when he ran for sheriff on the Democratic ticket and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Billy-the-Kid and his gang had committed a very atrocious murder of a prospector near White Oaks previous to Garrett's election, and it was the sentiment that Kid must be arrested, convicted and executed according to law. The people wanted no more of the Lincoln County war; they determined to see that the law was executed, and it was believed that Pat Garrett would arrest the Kid and bring him to justice. While Pat Garrett made no special promises, it was generally understood and believed that if he was elected Sheriff that the "Lincoln County War" would speedily become a thing of the past. His election was almost unanimous.

Soon after he was sworn in and took charge of his office he appointed Charley Bell as his deputy, to take charge of the office. He himself took the field with a few trusted friends, and in a very short time he had Billy-the-Kid rounded up in an adobe shack, on the east side of the Pecos, away out from any settlement, and not far from the Texas line. Kid believed himself absolutely safe at this place from any attempt to arrest him. The place was unknown to most people; only a few Mexicans knew of the location, and there were no local people around to inform on him.

Kid, like all outlaws, had to have some friends among the people on whom he relied for assistance when needed and for supplies. These friends were Mexicans. He visited their families socially, and sometimes attended the bailes, dances, given at their homes. Only these friends of his knew of his place of concealment, from which he would issue at times on his raids. He generally had a few friends with him, sometimes Mexicans and Americans.

Pat Garrett, having a Mexican wife, had friends among the Mexican population also. These were known to Kid's friends, and ordinarily confidences between the two sets were not exchanged; but with the election of Garrett as sheriff a great change came over Kid's adherents. A Mexican has a great respect for an officer, especially for the sheriff, and now that Garrett had been elected to that office, his friends made the most of it, boasting as to what he would do, and making promises

STONE MOUNTAIN MINE, ONE OF THE HAUNTS OF BILLY-THE-KID.

to those who joined with him in clearing the country of all outlaws. It was a case of climbing into the band wagon, and nearly the entire population piled into it. Kid had few friends left that he could rely upon, and he was making his arrangements to leave the territory and go down into old Mexico, and if Pat had not rounded him up when he did, the probability is that Kid would have abandoned the country. Pat knew of this, but he, with others, believed that Kid would make periodical visits back into Lincoln County, and that some men's lives would never be safe while he was at liberty. With information furnished by the former friends of Kid, Pat had no difficulty in locating the shack which constituted Kid's refuge and castle.

It was a single room, built of adobes, the walls being of the usual thickness, about 16 inches, and thatched over with straw and adobe mud on top of that. There was one small window and one door. A Mexican chimney did duty for a cook stove and heater. Kid had cut and stacked quite a lot of hay for his stock during the winter, and had all sorts of supplies. Only one man was with him at the time he was rounded up by Garrett.

Arriving near the shack about daylight, Pat and his men, three of them, alighted and staked their horses, and on foot quietly approached the cabin and took up their stations so as to cover the door and the window and at the same time be protected from Kid's rifle from the inside. They had not long to wait before the man who was with Kid came out of the cabin and walked a few steps towards the corral, a small pen surrounding the hay. As soon as he was far enough away from the cabin door to make his retreat there impossible, he was commanded in a very low tone of voice to "hands up." This he did, and was secured and placed out of harm's way. This left Kid alone in the cabin. He did not walk out as it might have been expected. He seemed to know that enemies were around and managed to get a sight of some of them, when at once the whole matter became clear to him, and he knew that Garrett had surrounded his cabin—he said this afterwards. Seeing that his retreat was cut off, and that it was only a question of time when he must be captured or killed, and having perfect confidence in Garrett's grit and ability, he realized that he had no chance to escape. Therefore he hung out a white cloth and a parley ensued. He asked Garrett to

guarantee that he would not be mobbed, and Garrett promised. Kid knew that Garrett would keep his word, and throwing down his arms, he came forth from the cabin and surrendered.

The Kid was placed in the Lincoln County jail, which was not a jail, but simply an upper room in the adobe building, the lower story of which was a general store, the clerk's and treasurer's offices, while the upper story was used for the District Court room, grand jury and petit jury rooms and the Sheriff's office. Kid was kept in the sheriff's office. Charley Bell and Bob Ollinger, two of as nervy and capable men as ever lived, were his jailers. Kid was heavily ironed, and with two such deputies to guard him, it was believed that his escape was impossible.

Within three weeks afterwards, Kid had killed both Bell and Ollinger, and escaped to the Capitan mountains, which were just across the canyon from the town of Lincoln. Not a shot was fired at him, and not an arm was raised to prevent his escape. The exact facts and details of the murder of Bell and Ollinger by the Kid have never been made public, if indeed they ever were told by the Kid. No one was present, so far as known, when he killed Ollinger in the "jail," and Kid was killed by Garrett afterwards before any statement was made by him. So far as positively known, and I got the facts direct from Garrett himself, Bell had gone to lunch at noon, leaving Ollinger alone with Kid. By some means Kid got into a position where he could strike Ollinger when off his guard. He struck with all his force with both hands, the irons being on and fastened, which gave additional weight and force to the blow. Ollinger was stunned sufficiently for the Kid to get hold of his pistol and kill him, when the Kid at once got the keys to the irons and freed himself. By this time Bell having heard the shots—Ollinger was shot twice—ran over to the court house, and as he passed under the window of the "jail," Kid leaned out and said to Bell: "Hold up, old fellow, your time has come," and immediately shot him, killing him in an instant. Kid at once walked out of the house, and mounting a horse that happened to be saddled and tied to the rack in front of the store, rode off into the mountains, which were only about a half mile distant.

Garrett was absent from Lincoln at the time of the Kid's escape. He returned home at once, appointed other deputies in place of those killed—George Curry, the present Governor of New Mexico, who was then a young prospector and miner at White Oaks, being one of the new deputies—and with a couple of trusty men took up Kid's trail. In about three weeks Garrett had Kid located, knew just what his plans were, knew where he was, and laid his plans to capture him again. His plans miscarried through the unaccountable in action of his assistants and Garrett was compelled to kill him or be killed himself. The facts, as I got them from Pat himself, were as follows:

Pete Maxwell, who lived at old Fort Sumner, on the Pecos, had an unmarried daughter for whom Billy-the-Kid had a great passion. Kid had planned to leave the territory and go over into old Mexico, but he determined to see his sweetheart before he left, and made an appointment to be at Pete's on a certain night. Garrett stationed his two men in the door-yard of Maxwell's house while he, himself, went into Pete's room to see what information he could gather. It was expected that the Kid would come in at the front gate and enter the house, and Pat had instructed his men to close in on Kid as soon as he passed them, and disable him by knocking him down, or failing in that, to shoot him. At any rate, they were to give Pat some notice of Kid's presence, so that Pat would not be taken by surprise if the Kid should enter the house. As it really occurred, Pat was at the beside of Pete Maxwell, talking to him in a low whisper, when the Kid suddenly appeared in the only door to the room, and seeing an object, the room being in semi-darkness, no fire or lights burning, he called out in Spanish: "Who's there?"

At the sound of the Kid's voice, Pat knew who it was, and slipped around the end of Maxwell's bed, at the same time bringing his pistol to bear on the Kid. Kid saw the movement and brought his gun to bear, and both shots were fired as one. Kid's shot flew wild, but Garrett's struck Kid fairly in the breast and put out of existence one of the most reckless

and daring men that the Southwest ever produced. It was said by some afterwards that Garrett waylaid Kid, but there was never one word of truth in such sayings. Kid took Garrett by surprise, and really had the advantage, but his time had come, and finally he went down and out.

After his term of office as sheriff expired, Garrett went back to his ranch on the Pecos, near Roswell, and remained there for some years quietly attending to his farm and stock. He finally sold out and moved to Las Cruces. He served in the Cuban war under President Roosevelt, as one of the Rough Riders, where he became personally known to Roosevelt, and gained his respect and confidence, as he did that of every man with whom he came in contact. When Mr. Roosevelt came into the Presidential office he remembered Pat Garrett, and made him Collector of Customs at El Paso. That kind of life did not suit such a man as Garrett, and he went back to his farm and home at Las Cruces, among the people and friends of his wife, dying with his "boots on," at the hands of Wayne Brazile, who shot twice before Garrett could get his gun into action. Pat must have grown stiff or careless with age, and the younger man was too quick for him.

ON THE MASSACRE OF JEWS IN RUSSIA

BY HARRY COWELL

O Thou, adored of heaven, abhorred of hell,
Lord Jesus, mild just Jew whom Gentiles own!
Hear how the murderous Muscovite makes moan
Thy brethren who in Darkest Russia dwell.
Was not Thy mother such in Israel?
Remember, then, whose ravished daughters groan.
For whom Thy Father's finger graved the stone
Forget not, nor their wrongs unspeakable.

Holds not Mount Sinai's sixth commandment still?
Thy "Thou shalt love." Thy Sire's "Thou shalt not kill."
Did not annul. Lo, Israel cries aloud
For vengeance. From ten thousand wounds she cries.
And though Thou sleep, though Baal-deaf the skies,
God's chosen she, imperishable, proud.

TEN YEARS AFTER

HAVE WE FAILED IN THE PHILIPPINES?

BY GEORGE AMOS MILLER

The question as to whether we have failed in the Philippines may be variously answered. Mr. Miller, who has had a wide experience in the island colonies or dependencies, as you like to call them, voices a conservative opinion. He is neither optimistic or pessimistic, but writes with a positiveness that is born of a knowledge of the situation, but, as much depends on the point of view, it is barely possible that many may not agree with him as to the amount of good work done by the beneficient and paternal Government of the United States, while others may differ in that he has not gone far enough in his praise of the officials, the voluntary exiles of the Far East, who are doing a great big humanitarian work and a labor that is patriotic as well. The author of "Ten Years After" is not an anti-Imperialist; he is not a beach-comber, he is not a disgruntled lawyer who has been disbarred in the island courts; he is not a returned sore-headed soldier, but a plain, every-day pains-taking American citizen who has studied his subject and knows how to tell the story to his readers.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A DECADE IS a short period in a nation's life, but it is long enough to inaugurate a policy, and its close may be a good time to take a trial balance of the most remarkable colonial experiment in all history. We began in the Philippine Islands by breaking the Spanish yoke, and we have continued by trying to compress into a single generation the whole age-long evolution of humanity.

Some of the results of this unprecedented attempt have been failures, some have been triumphs, some have been surprises, and all are unfinished, but there has been time enough to set stakes and note directions and progress. After ten years, ten items may be entered on the credit side of the account.

1. We have established peace. Throughout the tropics, peace is a relative term and complete peace must be fought for, but there is more of it in the Philippines now than there ever was before we went there, and there is more of it than may be found in any other place of equal latitude. The picturesque and bloodthirsty ladrone leader has been ferreted out and brought to justice, and his ragged bands have been scattered. Guerilla warfare has lost its old-time popularity. Formerly, the "peace zones" were surrounded by the rest of the country. Now the trouble spots are remote corners that are infested because they are inaccessible. No peaceful citizen any more lies down at night fearing that sword and flame will murder his family and destroy his property before morning. No robber chief may longer rest upon his hard-earned reputation as a bad man, for the Government will get him if he doesn't watch out. Nor may the "higher up" aristocrat at the Capitol longer secretly protect his profit-sharing bandit protege in the hills, for he is justly treated as a *particeps criminis,* and the penitentiary is not popular as a rich man's residence.

2. We have administered justice. Absolute justice is as refined a product as complete peace and as difficult to attain south of the 23d parallel. Revenge and graft and intrigue have given away to effi-

cient and impartial administration. Cases are no longer settled always in favor of the richer side; the "cacique" and the "inahin" no longer live upon the earnings of a people ignorant and helpless. There friars no longer lord it over the heritage of a people ignorant and helpless. There is more fair play in the islands to-day than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy and songs of the greatest of Filipino patriots who was executed for the crime of possessing lofty ideals of patriotism.

A comparison of the administration of insular affairs with that of the Government of most of the larger American cities shows all the counts in favor of the honest and impartial conduct of the Philippines. To establish a judiciary for seven millions of people is no light task, and to revise the fearfully and wonderfully made code of the old Spanish law was not a diversion for a holiday, but both have been done and the results are a long step in advance of any other Oriental country.

3. We have improved the public health. Among a people almost destitute of anything like sanitary sense, a health department has been organized and manned with skilled experts brought from everywhere. And the results have justified the means. Smallpox has been eradicated, cholera reduced to a minimum, beri-beri, malaria, amoebic dysentary and dengue fever reduced to the ranks of preventable and curable diseases. The death rate of Manila has been brought below that of Washington and Philadelphia, and all this in the face of a three century old prejudice against medication and hygiene of every sort. The former experiences of the native made him willing to patiently lie down anywhere and die, if only they would not call the doctor or send him to the hospital. That this mistrust did not disappear in a day is not strange. That it is slowly giving away before increasing education and experience is sure.

Three hundred thousand dollars worth of hospitals and laboratories, one of the finest corps of specialists in the world, and the best-found methods of meeting the heretofore baffling tropical conditions have wrought wonders. The native does learn that the health officer is not an ally of the Devil, but an angel of light and fresh air and cleanness, and may be a very present help in time of need. With the final defeat of the microbes will come the mastery of the tropics and the microbes are on the run.

4. We have provided popular education. A half million little brown brothers and sisters are finding their way every morning to the American bamboo school houses scattered through every pueblo in the islands. And they are learning the multiplication table and everything else in English, which means that in the generations to come there will be enough of a common speech that the people may get acquainted with each other and find out that they be brethren, and not natural enemies. From the dawn of history there have been eight separate nations with distinct languages, and each of these to-day believes itself to be the original "Filipino people" for whose favored scions the other seven tribes were created to be body servants. We are laying the basis for a national consciousness without which there can never be a Filipino people.

The schools are almost exact duplicates of the American public schools, and they have succeeded beyond all question. A corps of American teachers supervises and conducts normal training schools from which are sent out the rank and file of the native teachers. Some of this native teaching is crude and imperfect, but it is being constantly improved, and a great teaching force stands loyal to the principle of popular education. Some heroic educational missionary work has been done by the exiled American teachers who have labored in lonely seclusion to uplift the lives of a people.

The native children are as quick to learn as their American contemporaries, and their older brothers, who are finishing their school life in American universities are giving a good account of their early training at home. The results speak well, and only well, for the success of the first system of popular education to be inaugurated in Asia, and something of the great changes taking place in the educational life of China and Japan may be due to our example.

5. We have instituted religious liberty. Giving every credit for all the results reached under the old regime, it must be

said that a larger liberty of conscience exists under the American rule. The Protestant missions established since 1900 have been among the most successful of all history, and it is well within the facts to say that these great results are due as much to the presence of the flag and all for which it stands, as to any other one factor. The atmosphere that goes with Old Glory makes for righteousness, and there has been a ready response from the Filipinos themselves. Official reports indicate that patriotism and religion are increasing together. One loyal missionary required his converts to vow allegiance to the flag before he would receive them as church members.

6. We have inaugurated an era of industrial development. "Inaugurated" may be too strong a word, for we have made but the merest start, but it has been a beginning full of high promise. Last year over three million pesos worth of produce were brought to market over Government roads built through country formerly utterly impassable. After repeated efforts to organize the project, the new railroads are now being built into the richest sections of the islands, and with the railroads comes the world to these out of the way treasure houses of natural wealth. Waterways are being cleared and charted, mines located and developed, great forests surveyed and preserved until the rails and mills bring their untold wealth of finest hardwoods to market; plantations are being developed, new crops introduced, agricultural machinery imported, modern methods adopted, and the native is being taught to do all these things and more for himself.

We have put heavy emphasis on the fact that agriculture is more profitable than politics, and also more pleasant and safe, and that development is more desirable than agitation. That the native can learn this lesson may be inferred from the language of Governor Dancel of the province of Rizal: "What we need is not orators, but plowmen" (*"no oratores mas aradores."*) We have yet but touched the margin of this vast empire of the undeveloped Philippines, but in the years to come we will look back to these beginnings as remarkable because of two things; the largeness of their outcome and the indifference of the American people to their value.

7. We have protected the Filipino from exploitation. Be it said to our credit that the McKinley policy of "the Philippines for the Filipinos" has been faithfully followed, with an exception to be noted later. In spite of the inflamatory and damaging agitation of the misguided Boston Junta, and the criticisms of other well meaning people whose preconceived ignorance has been unable to accept the hard facts of the case, we have been the best friend the Filipino ever had. Contrasted with the Asiatic colony policy of the European powers, our course in the Orient has been so extraordinarily altruistic as not to be comprehended by the Asiatics and wholly misunderstood by many Europeans. Instead of establishing a protectorate over any unclaimed territory we could find, and then despoiling and appropriating the country for our own profit, we have administered these islands for the uplift of the people who, by right of birth and occupation, own them—truly an incomprehensible act. This policy has also been bitterly criticised by some American politicians and capitalists, whose pet schemes for profit were thwarted by an administration that, other things being equal, invariably decided points at issue in favor of the Filipino. Certain it is that the Filipino has had the best of it, and is increasingly having his own way about things in his country. As a colonial policy, it is certainly rank heresy to our contemporaries, but time will tell the final result.

8. We have begun to develop a middle class. Neither in the Philippines, nor to any extent elsewhere in all Asia, has there been a middle class of intelligent, industrious, moral and patriotic citizens without which government of, for and by the people is but the dream of a disordered brain. Between the rich and educated "ilustrado" and the poor and ignorant "tao" there was no soil in which to grow intelligent self-government.

But the schools and the new regime and the flag are working a revolution, and up from the ranks of the "ignorante" is coming the brain and brawn and patriotism that is to make in time a Filipino people. The poor man is sending his children to

school, and to the disgust and surprise of the snobbish aristocracy the poor man's child is as bright and industrious as his own. Out from the public schools and workshops and training stations and experimental farms and railroads and laboratories is coming the small advance guard of an army of young men, keen, alert and vitally interested in the development of the country. Upon these men depends the success or the ruin of the first Republican form of Government to be set up in all Asia.

9. We have promised these people their independence and we have already granted them progressive self-government. No patriot at a Boston tea party, nor signer of a Declaration of Independence ever ardently desired separate political autonomy than do these children of the East. Their interest in elections is something to shame the stay-at-home voter of the States, and if they can give our most astute politicians pointers in manipulation of an election, they can also match him in watching the other fellow's tricks.

We have discovered the Filipino to his own best possibilities, and we have stirred up in him every great ambition of which he is capable. We are every year turning over to him a larger share in the responsibilities and functions of Government. He is sometimes crude in his apprehension of these blessings and disappointing in his fulfillment of the high trust, but he seizes them with all the eager confidence of a boy in his teens, showing his father how to run the business. The thing is daring, and it is unorthodox, but we are doing it.

10. We have elevated labor. Once a disgrace, a calamity and a curse, labor has become remunerative and respectable, and we have made the laborer worthy of his hire. Wages have doubled, the standard of living has risen, and a reliable labor supply is being developed. Great public works and private enterprises are carried on with native labor, and it is found with right management to be both efficient and economical. The Benguet road, the Manila street railway, the new telephone systems and the five hundred miles of railroad now under construction, are examples of what may be done. To work with the hands is no longer a sign of slavery, and to know how to do something useful is a distinction. The power to earn good wages is bringing into living conditions a new motive force, and while the Filipino may not yet be able to feel very keenly the pressure of a future want, he at least knows the force of a present necessity, and the value of a just reward for his toil.

These ten things we have done, or are in process of doing. None of them are finished, and the final form of no one of them may be now predicted, but they indicate the direction of our path.

There are five things that we have failed to do.

1. We have failed to make the native understand us. Age-long concepts, wrought out in the blood and sweat of life, may not be acquired in a day nor taught in a common school course. It would be a miracle if any Asiatic people could in a decade come to understand us and our strange programme in the Philippines.

The Filipino does not understand us because our motive is to him yet incomprehensible, and because he is so intent upon his own desire to have his country all to himself that he forgets how far he has come in ten years. All of which is not strange. Ten years is not enough time to train a single child amid all the influences of a civilization full grown, much less to greatly change a nation whose inner forces have but begun to feel the touch of a new order. Slowly but surely he will learn to interpret our course by a new law, the law of treating others as he would like to be treated himself, and there will come a day when every just decision and unselfish action will bear its fruit in national character and statesmanship.

2. We have failed to establish an economical Government for the Filipinos. The nominal expense of the old Spanish Government was about one-tenth of the present annual budget, though the actual cost was several times greater, owing to the burdens of official corruption and administrative inefficiency. It is not strange that now the native objects seriously to an elaborate bureaucratic Government, the need of which he does not appreciate, and the expense of which he can ill afford Many Americans have felt that too much was undertaken in the attempt to set up over night a full-fledged regime sufficient for a nation full grown and many times

more numerous than the Filipinos. The retrenchment policy of the past three years has done something to remedy this condition, and the development of the country will do still more.

There has also been some well founded criticism of the over-supply of red tape and irritating technicalities in administrative functions, and there has been something like a "gag-rule" enforced upon the free speech of Government employees. All of which is to say that we have failed to make the Philippine administration very much better in these matters than is our Government at home.

3. We have failed to satisfy the would-be exploiter of the country. We have made it impossible for the American, or any one else, to acquire land enough to make any extensive developments worth undertaking. We have so hedged about the timber and mineral wealth and fisheries and soil that capital and enterprise have passed by on the other side with indifference or contempt. This has gone so far as to keep away money sorely needed to develop the country, and most of the Americans who have assayed to carry on any line of business or promote any large developments have been sent home bankrupt. Even the man who wishes to acquire a few acres and make for himself a place in the land will have to wait for a change in the present land and mineral laws.

4. We have failed to establish a definite policy in the administration of the islands. To have succeeded in forming such a policy in ten years under the conditions existing would have been a marvel, but the results of the failure are not changed by its inevitableness. Almost any policy out of a score is better than all of them, and even a poor or a bad policy may be less disastrous in its effects than an indefinite number of good policies, arranged on the lightning change plan. When there are three Governors General in one year, and each of them a good man and efficient administrator, there is room for fear that we have sacrificed real efficiency for something else.

5. We have failed to divorce our colonial administration from home policies. Here is the one item that really scores heavily against us in the account. Where, indeed, was there ever a country that did separate its conduct of over-sea affairs from the political exigencies of the home Capitol?

But we have set out to do this work by the new method, and we should either carry out the programme to the finish, or abandon the task. Sometimes it looks as though it had been "the Philippines for campaign ammunition." The task of the Philippine Commission may be likened to that of a boy who tries to steer his boat through the windings of an unknown and tortuous channel toward a difficult landing place, while a lot of old grannies on the bank shout conflicting and changing directions to the distracted navigator. If these advisors have made bets as to the way the boy will take, and are otherwise financially interested in his course, their directions will be about as useful to the boy as is Congressional legislation resulting from a desire to repair political fences at home. Just now there is no sane man rash enough to predict just what Congress will or will not do for the Philippines, or when it will happen. Congressional action may within a year double the value of every dollar invested in the islands, but the same power may also nearly destroy such values as now exist. The reduction of the tariff on tobacco and sugar would quicken the financial circulation of the islands at once, but if a high tariff combination should be thrown, there will be ruin for the men now pioneering over there.

The hope of the Philippines is in the establishment of some sort of definite continuous policy regarding the marketing of the products of the country, and some positive attitude toward the development of the yet untouched resources. As soon as this is assured, there will be men enough and money enough to make the islands a mine of wealth. Until it is done, the Philippines will be better material for descriptive writing than for dividend declaring investment.

Political influence has been the bane of the Philippines. We have opened the country; we have kept our promises; we have dealt justly. We have told the American investor that the flag waves over the Philippines, and that safety of life and property are guaranteed thereby. But we have made it impossible to se-

cure land, and have shut out from the home market the products of that land after they are harvested. And every few weeks we change our mind about the whole problem. Herein lies such failure as we have made in the Philippines.

Many things are incomplete, but three things are certain. We are going to keep the Philippines for a long time yet; they are bound to become a great country, and we must give them a square deal politically and industrially. If we know the day of our opportunity and treat these people and their country right, the day of their independence will bring no terrors for us, for we will by that time be working together for the development of one of the richest archipelagos in all the earth, and the progress of a people endowed with capacity for high civilization.

In the first ten years of our administration of the Philippines we have done what no nation has ever before done for another people, and ten years hence we will look back with pride and satisfaction upon the second decade's harvest from our early years of sowing.

REDWOOD PEAK

(A Summit east of San Francisco Bay.)

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY

I went up the mountain pathway
To a sentinel peak on high,
That greets the smile of morning,
That sees the sunset sky;
It looms o'er grassy dingles
That dent the mountain's breast,
Where hides 'neath rose-bright shadows
The Poet's house of rest.*

And the redwoods of Moraga,
With heavy boughs spread low,
Bring up green tabernacles
Where trickling waters flow;
Who seek for peace and gladness
In the blue of winter skies,
Find dreams and inspirations
Where the green, close arches rise.

A chorus of youths and maidens,
Out of the cool, deep dells,
Came laden with garlands trailing,
And drooping flower-bells;
To me they were fawns and graces
From dim, sweet, mythic days,
With music of laughter passing—
Processional of praise.

I stood on the Peak at sunset,
And saw the hill-bound bay
From terraced old Vallejo
To gardened San Jose.
I thought of seas historic,
Lost thrones, and fallen fanes,
But saw on the spires beneath me
A glory that remains.

Remains, and yet forever,
No fairer goal to seek
Than the sun-bright cities lying
Far-viewed from Redwood Peak.
Kept by the circling mountains,
Kept by the lapping sea,
The winds waft peace upon them,
The stars write destiny.

*THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER.

HUNTING EXTINCT ANIMALS IN ALASKA

A zoological expedition to Alaska, sent out by the Smithsonian Institution last season, and conducted by Mr. C. W. Gilmore of the U. S. National Museum, has brought back, besides interesting information, many fragments of bones of early animals, of varieties no longer living there. Although there is not in the lot material from which can be constructed ancient genera hitherto unknown, the specimens show that over the Alaskan fields at a period long before man arrived on earth, roamed mammoths, several kinds of buffalo, musk-oxen, sheep, moose, caribou, horses and bears. Beavers also built their dams along the rivers.

The official report of the trip will be published in the series of "Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections," at about the same time as the appearance of this article.

EVER SINCE Otto von Kotzebue, nearly a century ago, brought back from Alaska a few pieces of skulls and bones of strange extinct beasts, men of science have looked upon that region as a possible source of information concerning the early ancestors of our northern American animals. Much has been written about it. Little systematic was done, however, until 1904, when the Smithsonian Institution sent out its first expedition under Mr. A. G. Maddren. This trip was so fruitful that the institution last season despatched a second expedition, in charge of Mr. C. W. Gilmore, which, while following a certain itinerary, was to search for the remains of large, extinct vertebrate animals, and to investigate the causes leading to their extinction.

Where the Party Traveled.

The party was gone in all about four months, during which nearly the entire length of the Yukon river was covered, and several of its tributaries partly explored. Close upon fourteen hundred miles of the distance was traveled by canoe. During the whole time, search was made along the cliffs and in the river bars as being the places most likely to show relics of early beasts. Mining camps were also visited on the way for possible traces of significant bones.

The course was laid through Skagway on the upper part of the river, by train to White Horse, then by steamer through Dawson to Rampart, whence came some ancient bison skulls now in the U. S. National Museum. Rampart marked the beginning of the long journey by canoe. For thirty or forty miles below Rampart the Yukon flows between walls of older rocks at from five to six miles an hour, tumbling faster and faster down toward the rapids. But the rapids once passed, Fort Gibbon is reached, below which lie the now well-known "Palisades," dubbed in that region the "bone-yard," for from it have been dug broken remnants of many early beasts.

The party here spent two days gathering remains from the frozen cliffs a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. The almost perpendicular faces of the cliffs are being continually undermined by the swift current. Large masses break off, many times with a startling report, and splash as they fall into the water below. "Often during the stay here," says Mr. Gilmore, "the report sounded so like the firing of a gun that we were startled by the sharpness of it."

The Nowitna River.

The party paddled on, however, in search of larger game, and at the mouth of the Nowitna River information gained from an intelligent Indian, who had visited the headwaters of this stream on hunting expeditions, that he had seen "big horns and other big bones" on the river bars and had picked up the "shank bone" of some large animal, lured them into a side trip up the river. Three days up, the traveling turned bad, and a cache had to be made of all articles not absolutely needed.

It is a picturesque region. "Often the water has cut in under the bank," says Mr. Gilmore, "which extends out over the stream like a great shelf. The trees growing on these undermined banks frequently lean far over and dip their tops in the water before being carried away. Large blocks of the bank, covered with bushes and trees, cave off into the streams, where they remain standing half-submerged for a long time. Frequently there hangs down from the top of these undermined banks a mantle of moss which serves as a curtain to hide the destruction the waters have wrought."

The party struggled up the Nowitna River for nine days, hunting for the source of all the pieces of ancient bones found washed down from somewhere above. No settlers were met with, and only an occasional deserted winter cabin of a lonely trapper showed that man had ever scrambled along the banks or pushed a paddle in the stream. Food began to give out, so that they were forced to turn back before reaching the headwaters. The side trip, however, was not without results, for from nearly every bar searched was taken a fragment or a complete element of a skeleton representing such extinct forms as the mammoth, bison and horse.

Stopping at Mouse Point and at Kokrines, an Indian settlement and trading post, they paddled down into a region of towering cliffs. In places the banks rise 200 to 250 feet, and from them were taken now and then a skull or a tusk or a tooth of some forgotten animal. Anvik was visited, and then Andreafski, where the canoe trip ended. The rest of the journey was on steamer to St. Michael, Nome, and finally Seattle.

Results of the Expedition.

It was found that the scattered remains of the very early animals occur throughout the heart of Alaska, not constantly covered by ice and snow, in three quite distinct deposits: First, in the black muck accumulated in gulches and the valleys of the smaller streams; second in the fine elevated clays of early origin, known as the Yukon silts and Kowak claps; and third in the more recent deposits along the banks of streams. These specimens have been either washed out by the process of erosion or dug out by miners in search of gold.

The fossil bones secured came from localities on the Bonanza Creek, Little Minook Creek, the Palisades of the Yukon, the Nowitna River, the Yukakakat River and the Klalishkakat River.

In connection with the "bone yard" of the Palisades, and with Elephant Point farther north, it has been thought that there might be enough ivory in old imbedded mammoth tusks to pay for its excavation and shipping for commercial purposes, as is the case in some localities of Siberia. In fact, mammoth tusks for a good many years have been an important export of Siberia. But the Alaskan remains are not in as fresh a state of preservation, and until a few years ago, it is said, a man would not take a tusk as a gift. Now they are used to manufacture curios of different sorts.

How the Animals Died.

How the ancient animals whose remains are now picked up piece by piece along the rivers, died, has been a subject of speculation. Mr. Maddren believed they met their end on the shores of glacial lakes, and that their bones, carried out on the ice in the spring break-up, were dropped here and there as the ice melted, becoming imbedded in the silt. Mr. Gilmore, however, believes that since the best specimens have been found in gulches and valleys of smaller streams, and are more common in muck than in silt, these animals probably at some ancient period became mired in prehistoric bogs, then not frozen as now. The bones were afterwards probably separated by the "flowing" or "creeping" of the muck.

THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY QUESTION

BY JOHN C. VIVIAN

"The College Fraternity Question" is a very serious one all over the United States. It is not so because the college "frat" is, in itself, injurious to the men and women who indulge in this stupid recreation, but because of the fact that the High Schools have copied from their elders, and it is a poor school indeed which does not boast of a dozen or more Greek letter secret orders. The evil has grown to such an extent that steps have been taken by the school authorities of various cities to abate it. In some places a simple appeal to the school children was all that was necessary to put a stop to almost criminal initiation practices; the children being sane enough to appreciate that they were still in the formative period of their several existences, and that that which might be tolerated as prankish in their elders must be tabu as likely to have dire results with youth. Mr. John C. Vivian has handled the subject conservatively, and his opinions are well worth reading by the parents as well as the children. As far as the college men and women are concerned, it is an impossible task to reach them at all, once the virus of the P. D. Q., the S. N. O. B. or some other fool fraternity, has injected its social boycott in their veins.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

NE of the first questions which confronts the freshman in college is the fraternal question. It comes to him in some aspect, no matter whether he is interested or not, for in a college where fraternities make up the most of the social life of the institution, all of the students are aware of their existence.

There are many ways in which a student may look at the matter. If the boy has been prominent in high school affairs or has an aptitude for mixing among his fellow school-mates, he is likely to notice the fraternities, and the latter, likewise, are likely to notice him. To this kind of a boy, the college fraternity is a goal to which he aspires, and he at once begins to dress as well as possible, and look up to and respect those men who wear pins on their breasts. He knows nothing whatever of the significance, meaning or standing of any particular Greek letter organization, only he has been told by some of his superiors that he should be a fraternity man if possible. And so, such a boy caters to the fraternities and the fraternity men. It is natural that he should do so, for a boy of his temperament will find fraternity life a supplement to his previous social training. There are some girls in the same institution, if it is a co-educational school, who will recognize him above the other fellow who is commonly termed "barb.," derived from barbarian, and he will in this way gain an acquaintance among that set of men and women of a school who are select among themselves.

And all of this is alright. The fraternities have their place in an educational institution just the same as a lodge has its place in the general community. Most of our institutions of higher learning today are free and democratic, where every man is his own boss and is justified in doing what he pleases. In the national educational system, taken as a whole, the fraternities have a true place in college life

and add materially to the social life and good fellowship of the institution in which they are located.

But there is another side to the question, which the unfortunate or independent boy sees, and he often appreciates it thoroughly. Many a boy is a good fellow and has hosts of friends in his home town. He goes to college for the purpose of getting an education, and wants little or no social life in his routine of college work. He therefore pays little attention to the fraternities, and is probably not noticed by them. Such a boy hardly expects a "bid" to any of such organizations, for he is not the type that would make a social success. But this is the boy who oft-times is literally snubbed by the Greek letter men and receives but little attention from the men outside of his immediate friends and class mates. To this sort of a college man, the fraternity does not appeal, but its actions to a casual observer are noticed by him with a keener interest than that of the fraternity men themselves. He is in a position to ascertain both the good qualities and defects of such organizations. To the man who has failed to be recognized by the fraternities when it was his one desire to wear a pin on his breast, it is a sore disappointment, and it is often asked on the campus, after none but good qualities in personality, appearance and qualification have been enunciated by some of his friends, "Why, I wonder, didn't Brown 'make' a fraternity?" And this is a question which nobody but the fraternity man can answer. He is the one that knows, for no matter what fraternity he is a member of, he will have had some sort of a chance at some time during his college and fraternal life to look into the record of Brown. The latter has perhaps been rejected for a simple reason, which may sometimes be that he is not liked by some one member of a fraternity. And one dissenting vote, in most, if not all, fraternities, throws the man out, without his or the other fraternity men's knowledge. And so it goes in college fraternity life. There are many men in every school, on the other hand, who come from the best families in the State and are not fraternity men. There are men whom some people think would surely make a fraternity, but they are too independent to join. Lots of fellows who enter college are men of the best training and acquaintance, good mixers and makers of hosts of friends, but they do not see that they can be benefited by a fraternity, and therefore see no reason for joining. They do not, as many people believe, consider the fraternity the ultimate point of success in college life, although one of the first questions that is asked among college folk is, "Are you a fraternity man?"

There is a significance to the pin over the heart that appeals to the young and fair maidens in college or who have been in college long enough to realize the significance of fraternities, but those who look upon the subject as merely incidental to college life and not essential to standing among the rank and file of the college appreciate the man and not the pin.

It is true, also, that the college fraternity men are recognized over their colleagues who have not been so 'fortunate' as they have, or perhaps have turned down a bid while they are in college, in athletic events and all matters pertaining to college activity. It is a fact that fraternities often carry college elections of various kinds by combinations and cliques among themselves, and this is the very thing that throws the non-fraternity man out of a voice in the student government. He may be heard at the election or meeting, but he has had no part in the caucus and naming of the slate. One of the common tricks of some fraternities is to pledge a man who is active in the life of the university, and after he is taken in, use him as a tool to gain some coveted office or honor. This sort of thing is condemned by the independent men of the school, in most cases.

But the successful man in college, whether he be fraternity man or "barb" is the man who is broad-minded enough to recognize everybody with whom he deals, and meets them on a fair and square basis. He is the man, regardless of his fraternity affiliations, who treats all of his classmates alike and is a good fellow among all students. He is the man who votes for whoever he thinks eligible for the various positions in the college, and then he can look his fellow students in the face and say that he has acted according to his conscience. When the "barb." realizes

that a fraternity man is not solely and wholly wrapped up in his fraternity, and shows some interest in his less fortunate brothers, and takes an interest in their affairs, he thinks a great deal more of that man than of one who considers fraternity above all else. Otherwise, he is regarded as a fraternity man, and that is enough. He receives no further consideration.

The man who is the broad-minded college man is the man who deals with all men alike. He would never ally himself with the so-called "barb." movement against the fraternities in general to defeat anything fostered by the fraternities. As soon as he affiliates himself with such a movement, he as much as says: "I am sore at the fraternities because they did not bid me, and they are not going to accomplish anything if I can help it." But this is entirely the wrong attitude, and is contrary to the idea of that college man who either has had the chance to join a fraternity, or who considers them of little importance in the affairs in which he is interested. Such a man does not look up to fraternities, nor does he look down upon them. He makes a success of his college life, makes as many friends as his friend, the fraternity man, and cares to do as he pleases and make himself liked and as conspicuous as he likes. He is above what is commonly known as fraternity bonds.

But there are many aspects to the question and it is of little import except in a strict college sense. It is a college institution, and there is its proper place. Taken for granted, although it is seldom the case, that the fraternity men are the best and leading men in an institution, the very reverse is found in the business, social and industrial world. Very few men, comparatively, know what a college fraternity means, and the ordinary individual who is a success in life, but never attended the university, does not know the names of the prominent national fraternities, and could not distinguish one from the other. The question never comes up in the routine of everyday work in any of these lines, all of which goes to show that a fraternity man's position serves him in college alone, sometimes it is a beneficent disease. The question is seldom heard of in the outer world, and is in every sense a college fad. If a man is a fraternity man when he leaves college, he meets and has to do with so many men who are successful and never went to college that he forgets, and rightfully puts away his college fraternity antics.

BOOK-PLATES EAST AND WEST

BY SHELDON CHENEY

PERHAPS if you have gone to a large public library to consult a dictionary you have found the heavy volume chained to its case—not that you or your neighbor would steal, but books have a mysterious way of wandering from their rightful places and ownership. This chaining of the dictionary is but a relic of those days of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when books were made by hand and exceedingly valuable, and each volume in a large library was chained to its desk or shelf. It was late in the fifteenth century that printing from type was invented and books became more common. Then the institution libraries grew to great size and the poorest reader could afford volumes of his own. But still there were too many who considered books as common property and borrowed to return not. Chaining was impractical, and so arose the need for the book-plate, the guardian of book-ownership and the witness against book-stealing.

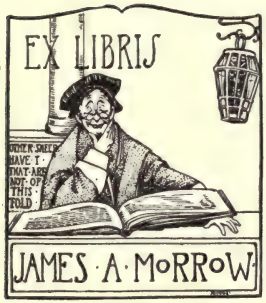
A book-plate is a name label which is pasted inside the front cover of a book to denote its ownership. It may be a plain type-set label, or it may be an elaborate engraved design of great artistic merit. The earliest plates were heraldic, and in Europe the heraldic is one of the most popular styles to-day. But whereas for hundreds of years the plate with an engraved coat-of-arms was practically the only form, now there are a dozen styles from which the booklover of to-day may choose. nearly all coming under the general term, pictorial. The most popular form nowadays—in America at least—is the symbolic, suggesting in graphic form something personal to the owner.

There are several reasons why these trivial labels are interesting, why earnest men and women collect and study them, and books and articles are written about them. A plate is valued by a collector either for the associations which cluster about the man who used it or the man who made it, or for its own sake as a work of artistic merit or as an interesting picture.

The antiquarian finds by far his greatest interest in the first class, the plates of men famous as writers, artists, rulers, wits, and so through all the vocations of historic characters. Did George Washington have a book-plate? Did Victor Hugo, did Dickens? It is interesting to know, and to see, what these famous men chose for so personal a mark. George Washington's book-plate is heraldic, and shows those arms from which our flag was made. Victor Hugo had a design in which the two towers of Notre Dame de Paris formed the initial H of his name. Dickens used a beautifully engraved crest. The great of all nations have used book-plates, and there is a mine of pleasure for the collector who studies the subject from the historic and biographic sides.

In the matter of book-plates, which are interesting on account of their makers, there are no better examples than those few which Paul Revere designed and engraved. To the average reader, Paul Revere exists only as the hero who saved his country, and was immortalized in verse and first readers. But the book-plate and print collector knows the rest of the story of the patriotic engraver—how he was self-taught in his art, and constructed his own tools and press, and how his midnight ride was not his only service to his country. Of his book-plates there are only four that are signed. They are crudely enough done, but that matters not one whit to the enthusiastic collector.

That book-plates are collected for the



good art that is in them, just as old prints and etchings are gathered by those with longer purses, may surprise the uninitiated. To prove that they are artistically interesting, one need only review the names of some of the earlier designers and engravers, Durer, Holbein, Hogarth, Bartolozzi, Bewick and a host of the more recent great. And perhaps the illustrations that appear with this article may help to prove the point.

But even away from its artistic merit a bookplate may be interesting in itself. In this class of plates are the quaint and humorous designs, which are found so frequently in French libraries. There are great numbers of rebus and punning *ex libris* (as book-plates are often called in America and England, and always in the other countries.) There is a humorous suggestion in one of the plates here pictured, the old Dutchman with his blunderbuss standing on the book, with the warning, "This book is mine." There is a design in which a monkey is picking pages out of one book, while a studious monk is absorbed in another; and one in which a cat is just ready to devour a student's meal while he has turned aside to read an absorbing volume, all unconscious of his impending loss. And then there are the plates which are unwittingly funny. There is a certain doctor who had a good design which showed a herald crying "Lost! Lost! A book." Shortly afterward the doctor married, and his wife, being a book lover, too, it was necessary to have a new plate with both names. Whether there is any connection between marriage and the new plate is unknown, but the second design clearly shows a man up a tree—and still climbing. It may be mentioned here that joint plates are common, on which appear the names of both husband and wife. A wife is much less likely to let her mate buy books instead of bread if her name is not on the bookplate. But aside from the interest in a plate for its associations or its design, the motto may draw attention. From Grolier's "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum" to a recent Washington plates, "I'm stingy grown, What's mine's my own," there is a gap that covers much interesting material. The average booklover puts on his plate a favorite quotation of solid sentiment, but there are amusing exceptions. Such is the following by F. Y. Cory:

"To any literary friend,
This bonnie book I'll blithely lend,
Till all its contents he has kenned
Wi' plenty time to learn it.
But may the de'il with fiendish yell
Wi' barbed fork and sulphur smell,
Lang roast the carl in hottest hell
Neglecting to return it."

There are minor reasons for collecting book plates, such as tracing out genealogical lines by means of heraldry, and for dates and periods. In the latter connection it is interesting to note the plates of the French Revolution when book-lovers hastened to cover their coats-of-arms and titled names with designs bearing liberty caps over the plain "So-and-so, citizen." And after our own revolution, the English arms were often discarded in favor of the American shield.

Now, having shown wherein the interest in book plates lies, it is necessary to give a short resume of their history, before proceeding to an estimate of American plates.

The first book-plate is German. About 1450, Hans Igler had the bad taste to put into his books a design wherein an uncouth hedge-hog was the main motive, perhaps with heraldic or allegoric meaning. That was the beginning of the book-plate art, good or bad. In Germany, the standard was early raised by Durer and Holbein, and there are many fine examples from the earliest times down to this century. Modern German plates very often border on the grotesque, the example here shown being typical of a large school. However, the Berlin ex libris magazine is the most artistic of all the book-plate journals, and the Germans are far ahead of all the other nations in the use of color. The use of book-plates began in France and England much later than in Germany. It seems surprising that the French designs should not prove more interesting. Not till modern times do we find the characteristic wittiness and delicacy of other French art..

In England, the history of book plates includes the work of such men as Hogarth, Bartolozzi and Bewick. Of late times there have been two distinct schools of design, the old heraldic, impeded by old-fashioned traditions and an abhorrence of novelty, and the younger artistic and impressionistic class. Between them they are producing more poor designs and more good designs, perhaps, than any other country.

But the American collector and student of ex libris finds the richest field for research in his own country. Charles Dexter Allen has gathered in his book, "American Book-plates," notes of almost a thousand old American plates, chapters on the early engravers, on plates of special interest, on recent designs and a great deal of odd information, all very delightful to read. The pioneers of book-plate making in America, like the pioneers in all other lines, made their own tools, presses and plates to engrave on. Chief among these pioneers were Hurd, Doolittle, Paul Revere, Dawkins, Maverick, Rollinson and Anderson ("The American Bewick"), whose names will all be remembered when the final word is written on American engraving. The earliest dated American plate has the figures 1702, but the earliest signed and dated plate does not appear until 1749. The early ex libris are of course rather more crude in design and workmanship than the contemporary foreign work.

The present renaissance of the book-plate art in America dates back to 1890, when the English ex libris society was founded. Between that time and the date of his death in 1906, Edwin Davis French, the American master of engraving, made nearly three hundred book-plates, which take rank among the finest ever produced. J. Winfred Spenceley, William Fowler Hopson, Sidney L. Smith and Edmund H. Garrett, are to-day engraving and etching plates which bid fair to place America ahead of all other nations in the production of artistic designs. And the pen and ink designers are not far behind the engravers in the excellence of their work. Some of those artists who have made the most and the best designs are

Louis Rhead, Elisha Brown Bird, Claude Bragdon, William Edgar Fisher, Frank Chouteau Brown, C. Valentine Kirby, George Wharton Edwards, Howard Pyle, Edwin A. Abbey, Ludwig S. Ipsen, Frederick Garrison Hall, David McNeely Stauffer, Albertine Randall Wheelan, Maxfield Parrish and Jay Chambers.

The West can claim its share of successful designers. Of those mentioned, Mrs. Wheelan is a Californian, while Mr. Fisher and Mr. Kirby hail from Fargo, North Dakota and Denver respectively. Mr. Kirby has only worked in the book-plate field for a few years, but he has made nearly one hundred designs, of which the Jane Shaw Ward plate shown here is a good example. Mr. Fisher has lately deserted the West in favor of New York, but is always spoken of as a Western artist. No one has made a greater success of book-plate work, and no one's designs in black and white are more esteemed by the collector. The two Goldsmith plates were made for Portland booklovers, and show two distinct sides of Mr. Fisher's ability.

Mrs. Wheelan stands at the front of the large group of California designers. Her forty-odd plates show that she was a thoroughly trained artist before she started to design. Each of her plates has a central idea artistically worked out. The Fairfax Henry Wheelan was her first design, made in 1900. The other illustration, the University of California plate, is one of a group of seven designs commemorating special bequests to the university library. The symbolism is clear, and the conception and execution are alike beautiful. There are a number of other California designers who are doing excellent work in the book-plate field. Some of the more prominent are Florence Lundborg, Arthur F. Matthews, Isabelle Percy, Sidney Armer, Mrs. A. B. Hooper, E. J. Cross, Xavier Martinez, Mary E. Curran and Gordon Ross.

A number of California designers and collectors have joined together to form the California Book-plate Society, at present the only association in America for the study and encouragement of the book-plate art. The meetings are social as well as business gatherings, and every phase of ex libris interest, as well as much of art in general, is discussed. The society is planning an exhibition for this spring or summer. The Book-plate Booklet, the quarterly magazine which is its official organ, is the only ex libris journal published in America. William August Brewer, the pioneer of California collectors, is the president of the society. His plate is the only one of the illustrations of this article which was not made by a Western artist. It was designed and engraved by Edwin Davis French. As the original is from a copper plate, it loses much by process reproduction, but still shows the work of a master-hand.

There is much of interest to the student of California ex libris from the plates of the forty-niners (there is one dated "San Francisco, 1849") to the recent artistic designs. The book-plates of authors are usually of special interest. The design which Jack London uses is reproduced. It was made by E. J. Cross, a member of the California Society, and shows a wolf's head backed by crossed snow-shoes. Mr. London said that he knew of nothing more typical of himself than the wolf, and the snowshoes are, of course, typical of his field in literature.

The plate of another California writer is shown here. It is that of Irene Hardy, whose poetry is well-known. The design was made by Mrs. A. B. Hooper, and is an excellent piece of work. Another design by the same artist is illustrated, that of James A. Morrow, a book collector of Oakland.

It often happens that the inspection of a collection of book-plates inspires a book owner with a desire to have a plate of his own. Perhaps some who read this may feel that desire. So a few words on the selection of a design may not be amiss. First, since the plate is to be used all one's life and seen every day, it should be artistic, and one should not grudge a few extra dollars to have it done by a recognized artist. Secondly, it should be personal—an artistic interpretation of an idea characteristic of its owner as distinguished from his neighbor. It may be heraldic, though Americans are less prone to climb their family trees than are foreign families; but almost any stationer will rig one up a coat-of-arms, if one wants to take chances with the heraldic

authorities. Or it may be a portrait plate. If you wish to put your likeness in each of your books, you have distinguished precedents in the plates of Wilibald Pirckheimer and Samuel Pepys. Or you may use a landscape, a very beautiful form, or your library interior, or any one of the several other classes. But let the plate be typical of yourself, and, if possible, of bookishness. Let your name appear plainly, not in initials or monogram—for a book-plate is essentially a name label. The graphologists tell us to let our names appear in our own handwriting, as adding another personal touch, but in some cases, as in that of Horace Greeley, for instance, that would defeat rather than help the purpose of identification. Many men put their degrees and titles on their plates. One ex libris in the writer's collection has twenty-seven printed lines of title under the name. Another has the plain name, followed by the words: "Veterinary Surgeon and Cow Leach." The book-plate is a favorite place for the book-lover to record his favorite motto, it is the signet of the owner's approval.

Eugene Field, in his delightful "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," writes in this manner of the book-plate: "As for myself, I urge upon all lovers of books to provide themselves with book-plates. Whenever I see a book that bears its owner's plate, I feel myself obligated to treat that book with special consideration. It carries with it a certificate of its master's love; the book-plate gives the volume a certain status it would not otherwise have." May you who read this, enjoy equally this best of bibliomaniacs' pleasures in book collecting, and may you find equal enjoyment in your own book-plate.

INCOMPARABLE

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

I waded through a tide of leaves
That some enchanting fairy
Upon a shore of billowy ferns
Was luring, light and airy.
I waded through a surge of leaves—
My quest was mad and merry—
To match the scarlet of your lips—
I could not find the berry!

I floundered through a lake of flowers,
Abloom when days were sunny,
When every bee a nautilus sailed
A sea as gold as money;
I floundered through a lake of flowers,
My heart a nibbling cony,
To match the sweetness of your lips—
I could not find the honey!

I tarried 'neath a cataract
Of bended blossoms, flinging
The downpour of the songs of birds
To ears with music ringing;
I bathed me in the pools of song,
Love every echo bringing
To match the music of your lips—
God never made such singing!

BY F. MARION GALLAGHER

Ella Costillo Bennett has rendered the loves of Heloise and Abelard in verse, and has written a masterpiece. This should be of interest to all Californians, as Mrs. Bennett is from San Francisco. The edition is printed in limited numbers, five hundred copies only, on Arclus handmade paper. It is printed by the Tomoye Press, in New York City, and published by Paul Elder & Company. The typography is by J. H. Nash, and is simply perfect. The only objectionable feature to this edition is the "poison" blue cover which is not at all attractive to me, but may please others. The Paul Elder Company has issued a small "de luxe" edition of the same work, in exquisite binding, and, I am told, this is selling at from $5 to $10 a copy.

Mistress Bennett is a sweet singer, and her versification of the deathless missives of the lorn lovers is well done, and the book is deserving a place on the shelves of those who love good English, and whose pulses stir at the tale of sacrifice and devotion. The book is dedicated to Constance Mattingly.

A Man With a Temperament.

"The Cobbler,' by Elma A. Travis, M. D.

"There was a fool and he made his prayer," quite early in this story, with the result that he marries the woman in all respects his opposite and finds out his mistake rather too late. That wouldn't be so very awful, Mabel, were it not for the fact that the aforesaid fool meets the only woman shortly after, and walks with her through several purple passages in this book—and comes out all right in the end.

The fool's difficulty lies in the fact that he is a literary genius. Now, literary geniuses do queer things. The fool, not content with his scientific wife and the only woman, takes up with a pretty, ignorant little Italian girl who, toward the end of the story, makes a strong impression on him—with a stiletto. Evidently Mrs. Atherton is right when she tells us in "The Conqueror" that it takes more than one woman to satisfy a great man.

"The Cobbler" is unusually well written and gives you something different all the time. The author is gloriously and perilously sulphitic. Humor a-plenty there is here, and some wit and enough epigram to make you sigh for more. It is a book rather above the range of devotees of the six best sellers, but should prove a favorite with persons who do not follow the crowd.

The Outing Publishing Company, New York, $1.25.

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

"The Adventures of Charles Edward," by Harrison Rhodes.

Charles Edward is a boy who never grows up, and Lady Angela, his wife *and* sweetheart, is his heaven-sent affinity. They are a delightful, joyous, care-free, fun-loving pair, who race merrily up and down the ways of life scattering sunshine as they go. Their adventures are rich, original stories, calculated to dispel frowns and blue devils, and win smiles and golden moods.

Mr. Rhodes has a light, laughter-laden style which always convinces and charms. He deserves the good-will of all men for introducing us to Charles Edward and Lady Angela, and for managing the introduction so cleverly and well. After all, the people who diffuse sunshine in dark

places are the truest benefactors. If you feel the need of getting away from your own shadow and forgetting your troubles for an hour or so, by all means drop in on Charles Edward and his charming spouse. They are as delightful as the Jimmies and the Jardines.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, $1.50.

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECHES.

"The Real Bryan: Being Extracts from the Speeches and Writings of 'A Well-Rounded Man,'" Compiled by Richard L. Metcalfe.

These selections have been made, the compiler tells us, in order to show the high ideals that control Mr. Bryan's political conduct and that rule in the other affairs of his life. "If, through the perusal of this little volume, those men and women who have been taught false notions concerning Mr. Bryan, learn that he is a true and manly man, who believes that the gifts with which nature has endowed him are veritable commands to render service to his fellows, then they will know 'the real Bryan;' then they will know him even as he is known by every Nebraska neighbor who has had the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the man."

The extracts cover a wide range of topics. Capital and labor, Chinese exclusion, campaign contributions, "criminal speculation," dreamers, graft, socialism, swollen fortunes, the scholar in Government, Tolstoy, Napoleon, the twenty-third psalm—these are but a few of the subjects on which interested persons may obtain the Nebraskan's point of view by dipping into this book.

Personal Help Publishing Company, Des Moines.

A STORY OF NEW MEXICO.

"The Blossoming of the Waste," by Edith Nicholl Ellison.

The subject of irrigation in the so-called desert lands of America is dealt with convincingly, and at length, in this book. As a story, "The Blossoming of the Waste" reveals a marked originality of plot with what we are reluctantly obliged to call an equally marked weakness of execution. The novel is clever in spots, and has several well-conceived scenes; but it is written in a style uneven and mercurial. It is a hard book to read. Clearness is not the author's strong point, and she has a way of jumping from mountain-peak to mountain peak of thought, leaving the poor, plodding reader to sweat and grunt along the scarcely perceptible trail. At the same time, it is well to remember that she has something to say, in which particular she has the advantage of more than one present-day advocate of sweetness and light in fiction.

Calkins & Co., New York.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

"The Greater Love," by Anna McClure Sholl.

Here we have an unusually well-written book, a carefully planned and admirably balanced story. It teaches a sound moral lesson without preaching it, and introduces three or four characters that make convincing studies of the life we know and live. The central figure is a woman with a past—not an inexcusable past, but still a past. The woman has a daughter from whom she seeks to hide the skeleton. Then circumstances force open the closet door, and the wretched thing of gibbers and bones walks forth, as skeletons usually do, and the daughter flies from her mother as from an evil thing. But love comes into the girl's life, and the scales fall from her eyes, and she sees in her mother not the idol of childhood, but the woman who has sinned and suffered. Finally, the mother, to secure her daughter's happiness at the expense of her own, makes the great renunciation, and the story closes in "sweetness sad and sadness sweet."

A truth driven home forcibly and persistently in "The Greater Love" is this: Conventionalities, galling and absurd as they often are, have an adamantine moral basis. We cannot ignore them to any extent and go unpunished. Every individual is in some sense a law unto himself; yet he is subject to the general laws that regulate the conduct of society.

The Outing Company, New York, $1.50.

SONG-BIRDS OF GOOD WILL.

"Cowboy Lyrics," by Robert V. Carr. W. B. Conky Co., Chicago.

"The Raven's Leaf," by "Aeona."

There is a pathos in the reviewer's life, a pathos that makes him fast and pray and don penitential sackcloth and bestrew his bald pate with gritty ashes. He is sad and sick at heart. If not to do were as easy as to do, this pathos would never be his, for then the authors of "Cowboy Lyrics" and "The Raven's Leaf" would not have written these fair-appearing but deceptive volumes. He cannot review these poems. Instead, let him give a taste of the quality of the singers. Here is a glimpse of Mr. Carr:

> "Can't ferget that night that you
> Loved him long an' sweet an' true,
> Can't ferget his voice and style,
> Reckless, careless all the while,
> Can't ferget that old dark day
> When he laffed an' walked away."

I'm afraid not. And here is a stanza from the pen of "Aeona":

"My taste grown aesthetic—I'd early eschew
The carcass that's now available stew.
We stalk in advance of carnivora blind
And eat what's donated by kindred mind;
No hand raised against us, 'our mutual friend'
In the doorway bars evolution's trend;
And we pine for release, manslaughter—to cease.
Let human step higher that brute may aspire!
Sang the 'symphony concert' at Birdies' Fair."

The rest is silence.

The Bureau of American Republics has just issued its May Bulletin. This report contains much valuable information and it is profusely illustrated. It should be in the hands of every merchant in San Francisco and on the Pacific Coast, who is looking to the enlargement of trade relations with the Central and South American Republics. John Barret, well known on the Pacific Coast as a newspaper man, is the director.

Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Many San Francisco and Oakland people will recall the little, stooped over figure of Homer Lea, dreamer, conspirator and would-be liberator. He was the organizer in the United States of an army of reform, among the Chinese. The idea, if I remember rightly, was to start a revolution in the Southern Provinces, by fanning the fires of hate against the usurper. The Dowager Empress was to be toppled over, and in her place Kwang Su, or his predecessor, was to reign.

The army never materialized to any great extent, although it is said that Homer Lea and his adherents were really successful in fomenting some very serious disorders in Southern China.

Now, Homer Lea has used this experience in writing a book, dealing with China and Chinese romance. It cannot be said truthfully that Mr. Lea has failed in writing a most extraordinary and interest-compelling tale in "The Vermillion Pencil." It is truly a very absorbing novel on new lines, and the blood is stirred by the graphic description and the incidents to the book. Mr. Lea still claims to hold a commission as "Lieutenant-General of the Army of Reform." The reviewer believes the book will be a much more tangible success than the army. In some places there are crudities that call for the attention of an expert reader, and there are one or two errors in punctuation that will make the captious writhe. Altogether, the book is one that few novel readers cannot afford not to read.

Published by the McClure Co.

"Fritzi" is one of Mrs. Daulton's stories, and they are all on a par with this last production in their splendid sweetness and healthy sentiment. The book is a good vacation book for boy or girl. The story teaches, without apparent effort, a love of home and family. Fritzi is a dear little girl whose mother died in a New York hospital, through an accident that left little to show who child and mother were. Then, by curious chance, Fritzi came, several years later, to a delightful Staten Island family. The charm-

ing home life there, the discovery of Fritzi's aristocratic heritage—an heritage apparent from the first in her grace and beauty and talent—and the return of the long lost father to claim his motherless little girl, is all told with much sympathy and skill.

The Century Co., N. Y.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued a splendid volume by Margaret V. Farrington, dealing with the life and the works of Fra Lippo Lippi. As illustration, we have three perfect photogravure reproductions of the paintings—Madonna Della Stella, Angel Fra Angelico and The Adoration, Lippo Lippi. As a frontispiece, the book has a picture of Lippo Lippi from a cracked old painting, showing the brush and the virility of the work of the masters. The face is full of life, and is an ideal man's head. Miss Farrington has told a story in a delightfully sweet and sympathetic style. No library is complete without Fra Lippo Lippi, and no lover of books can afford to miss the volume.

Mr. Edward Breck, out of a vast fund of personal experience, has written a manual for sportsmen in Northeastern United States and Canada. This is a practical field manual, intended to form part of the kit of every camper, fisherman and hunter. There is nothing that is omitted in its pages that might be of use to the lover of the Great Outdoors. It is called, "The Way of the Woods." A feature of the book is the price list of articles needed, and, better still, the place where the articles in question may be purchased. There are eighty illustrations to the book.

The Overland Monthly is now forty years of age. It has weathered all kinds of storms, and is still bravely forging ahead on the waves of popular approval. The publisher knows full well that June, July and August are the months when all is quiet in the busy business world, and that this is the season of the year when humanity takes to the woods, as it were. Humanity, however, must read, and California and Western humanity reads the Overland Monthly.

The circulation of the magazine, we know you will be glad to know, is on the increase. The Overland Monthly is read in every civilized land on earth. It has a larger circulation in New Zealand than any other American magazine. In the Philippines it has a steadily increasing clientele. In India, the series of articles, illustrating the advanec of "Young India," have made it many friends among the English-speaking Indians and the Europeans.

In California and the West generally the lists are increasing. The material furnished you by the editor is of the very best. We make no great pretence in the way of illuminated covers or fireworks, but as one of the new subscribers puts it, the Overland Monthly is the "live wire of the West."

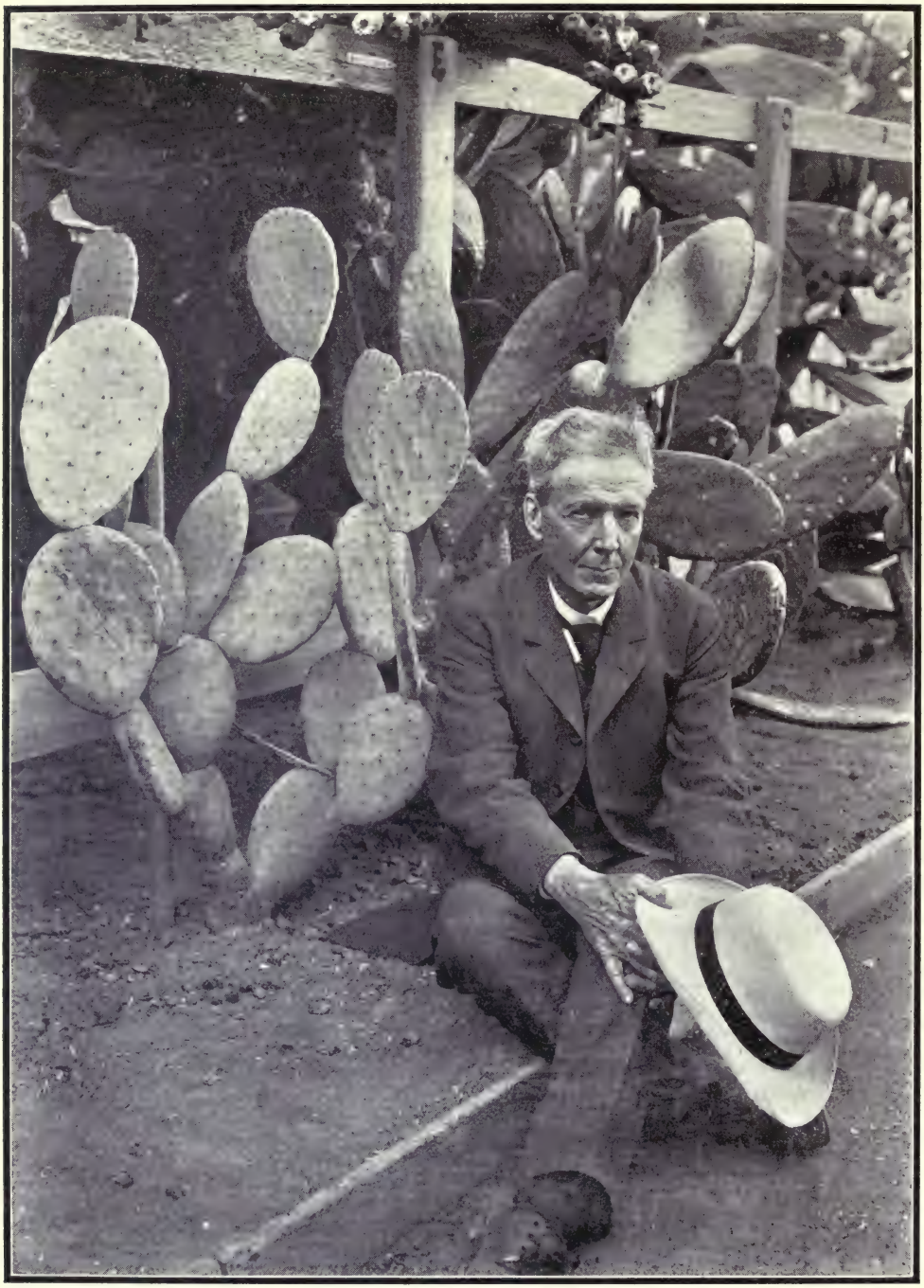
Compare the articles page for page with those of other magazines, and you will join me in giving the editor credit for doing good work.

Now, if you want to help a home magazine, if you want to help the advertiser, tell your friends to subscribe to the Overland Monthly.

At this publication time, while you are on your vacation, you will find the dear old magazine a faithful friend. Recommend it to your friends just as safely as you would recommend to others the man you have found true!

F. A. M.

THE ENTRANCE TO BOHEMIAN GROVE, FROM CAMP VACATION. A BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.



LUTHER BURBANK, THE CALIFORNIA PLANT WIZARD, AND HIS THORNLESS CACTUS. FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

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THE SKYSCRAPERS ARE CROWDING ONE ANOTHER IN THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

CONCERNING SAN FRANCISCO

BY T. B. WILSON

WHEN THE historian writes of the rehabilitation of San Francisco his work will not be well done if he fails to feel that every one of the structures stands for a distinct individuality in the heroism and stability of character that reflects the "stuff" of which the men are made who stood upon the ruins of the old city while they were yet wrapped in fire and smoke and planned for a greater and stronger metropolis. Only yesterday, so to speak, San Francisco was not. Its former self lay dead in its own ashes. Today the work of its rebuilding represents more than $100,000,000 in business structures, and the same progress is still forceful, showing no signs of fatigue or hesitation. Already the new city is a marvel and a wonder in steel and concrete and stone and brick, whose combination is wrought into a veritable palace of commercial energy and activity, and the distinguishing characteristics of each of them, as no one could escape observing, are the plainness of the outward architectural design and the richness of the ornamentation and finishings within.

This does not mean that the new city is composed of long lines of stiff and uniform structures, separated by dark canyons called streets. On the contrary their elevation ranges from eight to fif-

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. THE METROPOLIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK. ONE OF THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURES IN MODERN SAN FRANCISCO.

teen or more stories in height, with each building presenting an individuality distinctively its own, but as a whole or individually they suggest the independence of separateness and the strength of unity. In this respect more particularly the new San Francisco is unlike any other city in the world and what is still more is the impression the stranger gets of the elements-defying solidity of the structures, whatever their elevation or foundation frontage may be. Upon closer examination it will be found that the muscle of labor and the skill of mechanical art have been honest and conscientious in the performance of duty. The rehabilitation of the city has gone forward on lines of community harmony energy and plenty of local and foreign financial backing. And it has been observed all along that in

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. THE MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING.

all instances a business was waiting to occupy the new structure the moment it was ready to receive goods and wares.

What is in the future for San Francisco is not so much of a problem as some may suppose. The new business blocks, which represent a permanent investment of over $100,000,000, merely indicate what shall follow from year to year. Mighty and inspiring as they are, the commercial and financial demands of the new city are by no means satisfied. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will bring new requirements for the steady expanding trade and traffic and they must and will be met to the uttermost of their needs and these new needs will be met with buildings and conveniences that correspond to those that have already set the pace for the new city. This assurance is all that capital needs to seek employment in business structures to meet every requirement of the city's commercial expansion, hence there need be no fear that there will be a cessation in the building movement in the near or distant future. In fact, he who will acquaint himself with the reasons why future commercial and industrial greatness for San Francisco is inevitable will find no reason for pessimism or discouragement, and he who is protesting that the present construction of mammoth business houses is too active and upon a too extended scale for prudent investment is not in harmony with the spirit of the times, nor is he in touch with the incoming demands of trade and commerce the world over that the new San Francisco shall be a greater city in every way than was the old.

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. A QUIET DAY ON THE FLOOD BUILDING GORE. THIS IMMENSE STRUCTURE WAS ENTIRELY REMODELED AFTER THE FIRE, AND IS NOW RAILROAD HEADQUARTERS.

The site of San Francisco occupies a commanding position in the natural trade currents between the Orient and the Occident and between the Atlantic and Pa-

SAN FRANCISCO—WONDER CITY. THE RELIEF HOME FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM, ERECTED OUT OF THE FUNDS SUBSCRIBED BY THE GENEROUS PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD BY THE SAN FRANCISCO RELIEF AND RED CROSS FUNDS CORPORATION.

cific coasts and of the vast territory lying between. And not only so, but San Francisco is by nature the one point on the Pacific slope for the accumulation and distribution of the commerce passing along these trade currents to the markets of the Orient and Occident and of the coast country of Central and South America. These are facts, and in view of their present and future demands upon San Francisco it is foolish to say that the more than $100,000,000 now invested in business structures in the new San Francisco will not have to be duplicated to meet coming requirements of commerce. The millions of dollars that have been invested in new business structures during the last year and a half may be said to be the advance guard of still greater volumes of money seeking permanent and profitable investment, and that the scores of new buildings stand as models and patterns in stability, architecture and dimensions for the scores that are to come—to come to meet the demands of new enterprises. Thus is the new San Francisco building wisely and well, and when the new city has become an old city with a population of a million or more people, it will, as at its beginning, be a city noted for great business structures of types that suggest only stability, permanency, architectural beauty and convenience.

THE NEW SKYLINE HAS ENTIRELY REPLACED BROKEN CHIMNEYS AND DESOLATE REMNANTS OF BUILDING, FIRE-SCARRED AND BATTERED WALLS.

The fact that Eastern and foreign capital is seeking investment in new structures in San Francisco, and not only in buildings but in commercial and industrial transportation enterprises, should satisfy the most dyspeptic of pessimists that great as the new San Francisco is, there will be a greater and a still greater upon the ruins of the old San Francisco. The accompanying cuts of the elevations of some of the new business structures, magnificent and stately and solid as they are, may be called specimens of what greater new San Francisco will be composed. This must come to pass, because there is a demand from the commerce of the world for a greater San Francisco, and back of the demand there is a commercial necessity and back of the commercial necessity are capital, energy and business foresight. The impression prevails in some outside localities that during the rehabilitation of the city, or at least until quite recently, no great activity in business circles was to be expected. Such talk is not only absurd, but almost idiotic. More than 100,000 travelers and suburban residents enter the city or depart from it every day, and it is safe to say that not two per cent of this great army comes for sight-seeing. Most of them are in business in the city but reside in the bay or peninsula towns. As a matter of fact, the surprising thing is that the partial destruction of the city hindered business transactions for so short a time, and how quickly commerce improvised temporary building. But the greatest of all surprises is the rapidity of the work of rehabilitation, as is evidenced in the expenditure of more than $100,000,000 already upon new business buildings—buildings that stand as the equal in all respects to the very best in any city of importance in any part of the world.

LOVE

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

Love is the essence of diviner things,
  Giving as sunshine gives, self-undefiled,
  With all the faith of any trusting child;
The thrill and energy of all the springs.
The madrigals of all the larks it sings,
  The nightingale's sweet ecstacy beguiled;
  The streamlet's plash, the river's song, and wild
Its passion in the ocean's tumult rings.

It knows no time, eternity it claims,
  It knows no space, illimited its span,
    It links soul unto soul across the spheres;
Through all the conflicts of our life it flames,
  Unwavering in the restless soul of man,
    Undimmed, immortal, in the flight of years.

POSSIBILITIES OF GRAPE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

BY T. B. WILSON

The welfare of California is so interwoven with two great industries that we cannot contemplate the State's phenomenal prosperity in the past, and its wonderful present development, without giving credit to mining and viticulture for the prodigious activities and achievements of the California people. Since its earliest history, when the old padres of the Catholic Church planted the vine it has been a source not only of immense wealth to the State but it must be admitted that it has stimulated this wonderful people to great deeds. Mining came in the nick of time, and supplied the solid backing to the creative genius and nervous strength and imagination of the Californian. Remove the inspiration of the vine and its products, and California becomes a narrow-minded, sordid, money-grubbing mass of imaginationless bipeds.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE POSSIBILITIES of California as a wine-producing State are being studied by both capital and labor, and the closer they are weighed and measured, the more good judgment is inclined toward their development to their uttermost. This comes partly from the fact that however much grape culture may be extended, it would not diminish the acreage already producing grains, fruits and vegetables, and partly from the fact that the hill soils of California are peculiarly adapted to grape farming, and their cultivation would add materially to the general agricultural wealth of the State. While not a few would encourage the production of native wines as an aid to temperance in that it would gradually take the place of the more spirituous products of grain, and thus in a great measure prevent intoxication, the spirit that is just now arousing the public to a higher appreciation of California's possibilities in the direction of expanding the grape-producing industry is largely, if not altogether, commercialism.

It is not surprising that both capital and labor should at least give careful consideration to an industry that promises so much to each. To labor having a little means to start with, the promise is steadily increasing annual remuneration and a steadily increasing value of the acres under cultivation. To capital, the promise is profitable employment in conducting the processes of development from the local vineyard to the markets of the world, where it is offered as a finished product. Thus, while the objective point of the movement to swell the output of California grape products is essentially without sentiment or any more ethics than is demanded to support high business integrity, there would follow, it is claimed, a wholesome and substantial influence among all classes to substitute native wines for spirituous liquors as a beverage. However, it is not intended that this article shall deal with the "liquor question," so-called, nor with the innate desire of man, which he has manifested in a most pronounced way in all ages and in all climates, to use stimulating beverages. The creation of a new race of people without the appetites of human nature is not the purpose in hand.

The question is now the same as it was when the territory was organized as a political and social commonwealth: "What is best for California?" Nor will the time ever come when new events that are born of fresh demands will not have occasion to ask the same question of the people into whose hands the Eternal Purpose commits the destiny of California from generation to generation. Although the mineral wealth of California is very great and not to be considered lightly, it is essentially an agricultural State and in ground products lie its greatest possibilities for permanent investment and remunerative industry; and the only wonder is that viticulture, whose possibilities far exceed those of any other promise the soil and climate guarantee, has had so little attention. Very true, there are probably 250,000 acres of California land devoted to grape culture giving an annual wine and brandy and raisin output value of some $25,000,000, but the acreage that is as well adapted to grape culture as the best in France and Italy is capable of producing grapes and their products to a market value of fully $200,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the increase in the population of the State that the cultivation of these vast areas of now idle land would necessarily cause, and what California is very much in need of is an influx of industrious tillers of the soil. In fact, California needs expansion in population and in every line of commercial, industrial and agricultural occupation, and all this would come if we first, and then others, had a higher appreciation of the promises of wealth and comfort that are held out by these areas of idle grape lands.

Objections are raised in some quarters to the encouragement of expansion of viticulture upon ethical grounds, but all that is very far-fetched. If there be valid objections to the cultivation of the grape because much of it goes to produce wines and brandies, there are equally valid objections to the cultivation of all other kinds of fruits, notably apples, peaches and berries, for they all contribute to the volume of intoxicants. And if danger of intemperance lurks in fermented or distilled fruits, how much more lurks in corn, barley, rye, wheat and other bread grains? It is not the fault of fruits or grains that men cultivate intemperate habits, nor is it either consistent or logical to urge the abolition of grain or fruit raising because they possess qualities that may be perverted to man's injury. But the commercial rather than the ethical side of viticulture is just now under consideration. What is best for the material—the upbuilding of the agricultural interests of California is the question. Is it worth California's while to encourage the expansion of grape culture and wine production until the annual output is swelled in value from the present income of $25,000,000 to $200,000,000? It is at its last analysis a question of dwarfing or expanding the agricultural products of California. It is not a matter of sentiment or poetry or idealism. It means the opening of this wealth-producing agency and avenue—grape culture—to the limit of its possibilities, or the condemnation of all effort in that direction.

The California Promotion Committee is doing a mighty work in the direction of acquainting the people of not only this but of all countries with the marvelous advantages California offers to homeseekers and to the industrious of all laudable occupations, and tons of carefully prepared and truthful printed discriptive matter and data are being distributed all over the civilized world for the information of people everywhere. And very wisely the Committee is putting the agricultural possibilities of the state first and foremost in presenting the advantages which it possesses in the productiveness of the soil, nearness to markets and healthfulness of climate. This committee was organized and is maintained to further the business interests of California upon lines of commerce, industry and agriculture and to present facts and future possibilities. Would it be consistent or sensible in the committee to withhold facts concerning the productiveness of the soil of the state as to any given product on sentimental or ethical grounds? But it is upon such grounds that opposition to grape culture and wine manufacture rests. Figures and statements that have been made concerning the possibilities of viticulture in California are not denied by anyone. Nor does anyone deny that if the lands

in California congenial to grape raising were under cultivation the volume of income from agricultural pursuits would be increased by at least $200,000,000, if not more, a year.

The United States, with its annual output of some 40,000,000 gallons of wine, ranks tenth in the list of wine producing countries, the total for the world being over three and a half billion gallons, of which 70 per cent. is produced in France, Italy and Spain. It is conceded that the strictly grape soil of California is capable of giving an annual production of a billion gallons of superior wine to say nothing of grapes converted into raisins and brandy. Such a volume of production would make California rank second only to France—to the whole of France—whose agriculturalists are investors in foreign national and corporation securities in amounts aggregating about $1,500,000,000 practically all of which represents profits from grape culture. If grape culture in California were on a scale that would produce such results and should be at the expense of the grain, grass, fruit and vegetable industry, objection, and valid objection, might be raised, but it would not diminish the volume of those products at all. In fact it would create a new home consumption market for all such produce—necessarily so because of the additional hundreds of thousands of grape culturalists that the new industry would call to the state.

From every viewpoint, therefore, only an increase in the population of California, an increase in the acres of land under cultivation, an increase in the home demand for farm and orchard products and goods and wares of all kinds, and an increase of $200,000,000 in the value of the state's annual commerce from soil cultivation would result. In view of these facts it would seem like blindness, if not rank stupidity, to discourage the development of the culture of the grape and its various products. As has already been pointed out, California is essentially an agricultural state and it would be a crime to hinder or retard the growth of any branch of soil tilling on sentimental grounds.

LUCRECE

BY ARTHUR POWELL

Disgust has held me the long day through;
  Bicker and barter, the clink of coin,
Have whelmed and dizzied my finer sense;
  But now, as star-glint and twilight join
To garb with glamor the common view—
Now, with one laugh, I may shake off care,
  Forget the sordid, put ills to flight;
For, ah! Lucrece of the murky hair,
  I drown myself in thine eyes to-night!

The frowns of Jove and the vented hate
  Of the Three are naught. Fault, fleck and flaw
Are lost in the moon-lit, gemmed immense;
  I am over Jove by a loftier law,
And lord supreme of a higher estate.
Fame, with her gold-lipped trumpet's blare,
  Shall vainly challenge Love's gentler might;
For, ah! Lucrece of the murky hair,
  I drown myself in thine eyes to-night!

The Great Stillness

—BY Kensett Rossiter—

NORTH OF Death Valley, north of the Funeral Range, south of the Kawich Mountains, is a land that is wholly desolate.

When a country reaches a certain point of desolation; when it has passed beyond the semi-arid stage; when it dips again into that primitive evolution begun millions of years ago, then that country becomes at once alien, wonderful, beautiful, horrible. Wonderful in the tinted atmosphere of the strange southland, beautiful in the painted rock ledges of the morning and evening glow, formidable, horrible in the unbroken silence that God has flung far on the southwestern desert. And yet there are those who love it, and for them the mirage will trace the outline of all the world; for them one star reflected in the stagnant water-hole is barter for every ounce of gold in the hills.

Is it strange, then, that, after one has served his apprenticeship with a moulder of thought so subtle as one of nature's great hiding places—the desert, his soul should gather and absorb the wonderful stillness that is there? He becomes a part of the solitude, a part even of the great stillness. He cannot throw it off; he would not if he could. His silence is as natural as deep breathing, and if our lives have taken on an unnatural trend the desert will show where it began. There are some men who cannot bear, even for a few hours, to be alone with that vast silence. The desert has a way of closing in upon a man and of holding him in its mystical grasp till there is no doubt—for him it holds naught but terror. The ranchmen know, for they live on the edge of that silence, but the prospector goes farther back, and verily do we understand what he means when he says "it is a country that men are afraid of."

Close to the rim of the canon, down the long line of sheer cliff walls we followed; watching the shadows creep low on the mountain, while our eyes filled with the elusive lights of the closing day. The old prospector led, walking by the side of his horse; the Doctor and I rode

together, while three of the cowboys from the Naravise Draw trailed along, sometimes in the rear, ever alert, ever watchful. We had penetrated for a little distance into that strange land, into that country that men are afraid of.

The Doctor was elated because he had obtained data to complete important research work; I was content because I had seen the naked soul of the desert; but the cowboys were enthusiastically atune because on the morrow they would reach civilization. Our guide alone remained unchanged, unmoved.

"We'll camp here," he said.

"Water?" questioned the Doctor.

Far across the canyon another line of perpendicular wall shot out from the sand.

"Do you see that white streak against the gray rock wall?" asked the prospector.

We looked.

"That is a quartz vein," he explained, "and *there* is the only spring that I know of in a day's journey."

The cowboys began to uncoil their saddle ropes and loop them together.

"Cannot we get into the canyon and go across?" suggested the Doctor.

The old man shook his head. "There is no way—the wall is sheer all along."

"It's about half a mile?" I asked.

"It's more'n a mile," emphasized Hickory, who had been drawing lots with his partner and had lost.

"It's a little more than two miles," corrected our guide.

Hickory allowed himself to be roped; then he understood that it was for this he had been drawing lots. Gently we lowered him over the eighty or ninety feet of sheer drop to the bed of the canyon. The rope came back, and we lowered the canteens.

While the others attended to the horses and made camp, the Doctor and I sat on the edge of the rim rock. There is something peculiarly fascinating in watching a man creep over the desert in the evening light, and we watched Hickory go further into the gloom till the last sun's rays flashed from his canteens. A half hour must have passed before he reached the quartz vein. It was very still; then suddenly we heard a voice, clear and distinct: "Some fossils here and some shell-rock. Shall I bring 'em?" it said.

Instantly the Doctor scrambled to his feet; they would help in his work; he put his hands to his mouth while Hickory's companions smiled covertly. "Bring them by all means," he shouted.

In a moment the answer came: "Talk louder—I can't hear," and this time the cowboys suppressed a laugh.

The Doctor braced himself; he grew red in the face. "Bring—them—by—all—means," he shouted again.

Sandy and Fountain roared with laughter, and even the Prospector smiled indulgently. The Doctor braced for a third effort. The cowboys held their breath. It was one of those times when, instinctively, I felt reluctant to aid my friend. Then the prospector touched him on the shoulder.

"Hickory's trying to fool us," he said.

"How so?" asked the Doctor, impatiently.

"Well, he had a little help from the canyon wall," resumed the other. "It's one of those things in the desert we don't entirely account for. If a man stands over by the spring and speaks above a whisper, you can hear him where we are now."

"But you said it was two miles away!"

"I said it was *more* than two miles, but the strange thing about it is that if you are a little above or below here, or down in the canyon, the sound of the voice will pass unheard till it strikes on this rock wall."

"It's incredible," insisted the Doctor.

"You heard it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but——"

"But it doesn't work both ways—no, I know it doesn't," explained the prospector. "You can stand here and shout as loud as the Lord will let you, and it will never reach the other side. Sometime I'll tell you how we came to know of it."

It seemed but a few moments till Hickory again stood beneath the ledge with the canteens. We pulled them up; lowered the rope again and raised him inch by inch to the rim of the canyon.

When our simple meal was over and the blankets spread, I reminded the prospector of his story. He did not respond, but gazed steadily out across the canyon. We lounged for some minutes in the gathering gloom, when suddenly the prospector

sat upright, twisted his saddle under him for a pillow and leaned back.

"It was a good many years ago," he began, "that Colonel Rivers ranched to the South. I knew the Colonel well in those days, for he came from the same part of New England as I did. In eighty-two he settled in the Naravise country, he and his little daughter Verna. She was a tot of ten then, and I can remember now, when I used to come down from the hills Sundays to see the Colonel, how she would run to meet me, and say: 'Uncle Jim, you are very, *very* late.' She was just the prettiest thing I ever knew, and sometimes when the Colonel had tucked her away in her little bed he'd take me in to see her. Then he'd close the door softly and say: 'Jim, was there ever another little Verna like mine?' I don't think there was, and when I'd see her ride out with the boys on her little pinto pony, I just kept watching her till she was out of sight.

"Well, I don't know just where the next seven years went, but when a man keeps busy he doesn't notice. During that time the Colonel had done well with his ranch, and Verna had grown seven years prettier than she was before. She could do about anything on the range as well as a man, and at homes he did things a little better than any woman I ever knew.

"One evening after supper we were sitting on the porch. I had just come down from the hills. The Colonel was smoking his long pipe, and Verna was making something with her sewing; she could make anything, and it always puzzled me where she learned.

"The Colonel moved his chair towards mine. 'Jim,' said he, 'do you ever strike anything back in those hills?"

"'I haven't struck a great deal,' I admitted.

"'What makes you stay with it?'

"'It's a quiet place,' I argued.

"He drew his chair closer. 'Look here, Jim, why don't you start in with cattle. There's *money* in cattle.'

"'I don't want money. I did when I started out; it's different now,' I told him.

"'What do you look for, then?' he asked.

"'Gold!'

"'Well, gold's money, isn't it?'

"'It's when men fight for it back in the cities, but out here——'

"'Father,' interrupted Verna, 'perhaps Uncle Jim finds something better than gold back in those hills.'

"'Perhaps,' agreed the Colonel. He glanced sidewise at me. 'Jim,' said he, 'we're going to have a visitor at the ranch. He's the son of an old friend of ours in the East. I reckon the School of Mines back there isn't as healthy for a young fellow as the one here in the open; it sort of knocked him out, so we've asked him here to spend the summer and get rested up.'

"'Perhaps you'll take him prospecting sometime, Uncle Jim,' put in Verna.

"'I've an idea,' went on the Colonel, with a sly wink at me, 'that Graydon and Verna got to be pretty good friends when we went East last winter, but he's a man's man, and I reckon you'll have to show him the hills. I don't like it over there—it makes me blue.'

"'That's because you're a cattle man and don't understand my hills,' I replied.

"'Well, have it your own way,' laughed the Colonel. 'But, seriously, Jim, I'd like to get you interested in cattle because—well, it's a new country down here, and it's the fellows that get in first that are going to come out ahead. Besides, I'd like to see a group of men in this end of the country that could put their foot down on these town men. A man who hangs around a saloon hangs around his ranch about the same way. They're getting a few towns southeast now, and there are a few men like that in every town. I don't trust that kind; it's too damned easy for them to mistake another man's cattle for their own. Do you ever meet them in the hills?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'but that kind don't get back far—they are afraid of the hills.'

"It was sometime before I again came down from the hills. The Colonel was on the porch, and came forward as I approached; but he did not greet me in his old brisk way.

"'Has anything gone wrong?' I asked.

"'When did you get in?' he returned.

"'Just now, this evening.'

"'Jim,' said he, gravely, 'I've got a life on my hands—but I'll tell you all about it.'

"The Colonel leaned against the arm of his chair. 'Graydon came a few days after you left,' he said slowly. 'The following Sunday we rode over to the Delno outfit. I figured on buying his calves with a ten per cent cut, but Delno wasn't ready, and we had to wait.

"'Verna and Graydon were gone all that day on their horses. They didn't say anything to me till Tuesday, when we got back to the home ranch, then Graydon told me they thought they'd run on to a beryl deposit.'

"'Where?' I asked.

"'In Sunk Canyon. He wanted me to go up there with him, but I couldn't get away then. Well, that fellow started out alone. I should have known better than to let him go, but we rigged him out for water and four or five days' grub, and I told him I'd be up before then to see if he'd found anything. We went; Verna rode with me to show me the place. He had dug a great hole near the canyon wall, and there were indications of beryl. Then we stumbled on a note:

"'There is nothing here; I have gone further into the hills.

"GEORGE GRAYDON."

"The Colonel's voice broke. 'Jim, we've tried every means to follow him; that was five weeks ago and we haven't had a trace of him yet.'

"'Was that all the water he had?' I asked.

"'Every drop.'

"'The desert's got him then,' said I.

"The Colonel moved his head slowly. 'We've given him up,' he said, 'given him up, all except that little girl, she still insists that he is alive somewhere. I believe she'd go back in those hills *now*, and look for him, if I'd let her, she's so sure she could find him. It's pretty hard, Jim, pretty hard.'

"I didn't see Verna that evening; her father said she would not see anyone.

"It was a month later that the fall round-up came. I'm not a cattle man, but I had always helped the Colonel at that time. You could hardly drive the boys back in this country; there was something they didn't like about it—it was too far off from any place. As you have seen, some of these canons are way below sea-level, and run for miles before they end, often in an abrupt wall. It is a terrible thing to be lost in this part of the world, and so I always went on those trips. I don't know what the cattle lived on, but we generally picked up as many as sixty or seventy ragged strays, and in a month's careful feeding they were good cattle again. It was better than letting them die back on the hills.

"One evening we were riding a little north of here. Verna had come with us, as she always had in the hill round-ups, but this time she kept much to herself and rode alone. The Colonel was back with the herd, when I saw her hurry through the gloom from the edge of the canon.

"'Uncle Jim,' she cried, 'they are going to kill someone—I heard—they are going to take a human life!'

"'Poor girl,' I thought to myself, 'the desert's got her too. It's too lonely here, it makes her imagine things.'

"'Nonsense, child,' I said, 'it's only the night coming on; don't you know—'

"She gripped my arm, 'Come, Uncle Jim, come and save him!'

"There was something in her voice which dispelled doubt, and I hurried with her to this same spot, right on the rim of the canon. Then far across the open space there came a voice; it puzzled me—I couldn't understand what that human voice with its abandoned cry of despair meant, here in the desert.

"'We've *got* to kill 'im,' it said. 'I can't stand it no longer—this deal's gone too far—it's hell.'

"Then came the answer back, striking on this rock wall, while the girl trembled on my arm.

"'We don't dare to; there's somethin' watchin' me night 'n' day—it's too God-forsaken here—it's too damned still.'

"I felt the girl's grasp on my arm tighten. Then the words came again.

"'The desert's *fixed* me, Ike—I *can't*. Back in town I put a knife in Charlie till it grated in his bones, but here, somehow, I ain't got the nerve. It's too Almighty still, I tell yer!'

"'We shot 'im once, didn't we?' snapped the other.

"'Yes, 'n' by God, it didn't kill 'im. It's

like shootin' at a ghost, 'n' he keeps coming right for yer. No, sir, there's somethin' in these hills that ain't right; I can *feel it.*'

"'How long since he's had grub or water?'

"There was a deep silence.

"'Answer me—why don't yer talk?'

"'Only six days this time,' returned the other.

"'Well, this is the *last*, then—understand? We'll go up 'n' see if that fellow is dead yet, 'n' if he's dead or not, I'm for gettin' out of this country. I don't want no beryl mine—yer right, pard, it's too G—— d—— lonesome here.'

"I tell you, it was an *awful* moment.

"Verna drew closer to me. 'Uncle Jim,' she cried, 'tell me—there *is* a God in Heaven, *isn't* there?'

"Something behind me made me start, and I turned to see the shadowy forms of the Colonel and the cow-boys. They had seen us hurry through the dusk, and feared that something was wrong. Now they had closed in a semi-circle about us, some kneeling on one knee, some crouching, others standing erect, intent, stolid. It was a picture I can never forget.

"Verna ran towards her father. He drew her close to him.

"'Boys,' said the Colonel in a hoarse whisper, 'there's just one thing to do; we have got to get down off this wall, and quick.'

"Not a man spoke, but the ropes began to uncoil, and in two minutes we stood at the bottom of the canyon; Verna, too, had gone down on the rope. We couldn't hear a sound, but swiftly, silently, we moved over the sandy body, all the time watching, listening. Then, dimly, we made out the cliff wall on the other side, and we began to hear men's voices again. We were close to them now—the *real* voices, not the ones that the canyon wall had flung back. When you hear a man's voice you can tell if there is any good left in him. These voices were as hard as the rocks on which they rang.

"We stopped for a moment to listen; then slowly, out of the darkness, we saw Jim Banter steal ahead. We saw him drop on his hands and knees, then flat on his stomach, and crawl. It was as still as the grave; we could feel our hearts pounding against our breasts.

"There came a wild cry of terror.

"Jim shoved the muzzle of his six-shooter right into the brute's mouth.

"'Move!' he shouted, 'I'll blow yer head off!'

"There was a rush and the other man ran, but he ran square into us, and in a second the boys had him pinned. Then we heard Jim call for help. His man had twisted the revolver and held it over Jim's heart, but Jim got his finger between the hammer—those fellows weren't afraid of guns; they were afraid of the *desert*. We ran forward; Pete Moulter slipped a noose over his neck and choked him down.

"'There's one of your *town* men,' said the Colonel.

"There were few words spoken, but those men knew what was wanted of them. Without further resistance they led us back from the canyon. On and on through the still night we went, till we reached the bed of a dry lake and stood on the edge of a huge caldron. It was one of those natural pitfalls where we sometimes find the bones of animals, a sunken crater forty feet below the bed of the old lake.

"At the bottom, a prisoner of lost hope, was George Graydon. We lowered two of the men. Tenderly, carefully, they lifted the prostrate form, but he was too far gone to understand.

"It was days after, when the boy began to get well, that we learned just what had happened.

"When Graydon had dug down on the third day, these hounds chanced upon him—and in his excitement and inexperience he let his enthusiasm get away with him. The strike later proved worthless, but it was his estimate of the riches that he thought he'd found which had caused the mischief. They left him digging there, and went on up the canyon, but soon returned and drew him into further conversation. It was one of those moments when instinctively we can feel the force of minds made up. Graydon felt that something was wrong; he saw the brutes close in upon him; then he knew there was murder in their hearts, and he was unarmed.

"Suddenly he sprang, grabbed the bridle rein and swung onto his horse. There

was a shot, and blood trickled down onto the saddle, but he did not fall till he had gotten around the bend, where he crawled in among some rocks and lay still.

"At sundown they found him, and would have killed him then and there, for they had trailed him with no other purpose; but as the night came on, these men, who were unafraid of crime or punishment, were overpowered by the great silence of the desert. A giant hand seemed to spread over the desolate waste, its fingers trembling with the clutch of death. The very walls of the canyon seemed to be drawing together to shut them in. A mighty terror was upon them, and at last they were afraid of the God that they cursed!

"They thought of that pit, and carried Graydon there. Day after day they meant to kill him, and day after day went by and they could not. Then they set out to starve him; they would go by, around anywhere to avoid him; they would let him lie for days at a time, but always that awful, forboding silence of the desert clutched at their craven hearts. They swore and shouted like men crazed from drink; but they could not fight it off; their nerve was gone. In the end, one of them would steal away, give poor Graydon a little food and water, stay and watch him eat and drink, and then slink back, cursing this one spark of humanity which the desert had rekindled in his soul, the while trying to brace himself for murder.

"A strong man could not have climbed up those walls, and they kept Graydon in such a half-starved condition that he could only wait and pray for the death which would have come soon, had we not found him."

The Prospector paused.

"What became of the men?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't know," he returned slowly. "After we got back to the canyon wall we halted—there are no trees in this country. The boys had the ropes ready.

" 'There's the cliff,' said Banter.

"Yes, and there were the horses, too. If a man's neck is noosed, and the horses start different ways—it's the same thing, but that went against me.

"The Colonel drew Verna aside. 'Jim,' he said, 'what chance has a man got to get through to the north?'

" 'None,' said I.

" 'But he has a *chance?*'

" 'One in a thousand,' I answered.

"It was decided.

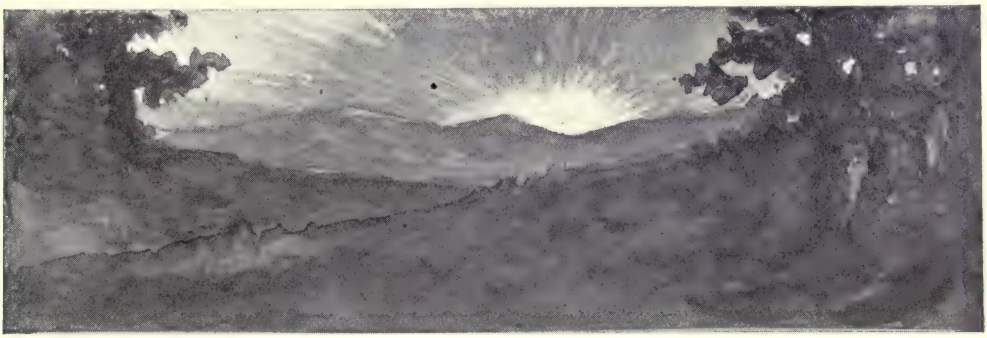
"That morning we watched them go; we watched them creep along the gray wall of the canyon. A clump of sage momentarily hid them from view, then we saw them approach the bend.

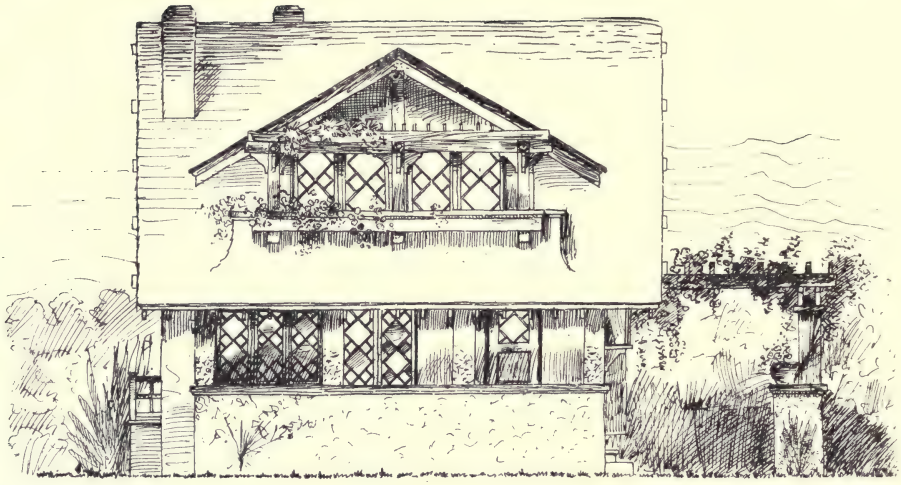
" 'That's an awful death,' put in Moulter, as we watched them disappear for the last time.

" 'One in a thousand,' muttered the Colonel. 'But if they get through— they are *men.*' "

* * *

The old prospector had finished his tale. There was not a word spoken. A shooting star fell across the heavens. I looked about me—grim, silent, spectral mountains; weird, fantastic forms, around which the blanket of night had fallen—then stillness—the stillness of a million years in the silence of the desert. Before us lay the homes of ranchers; beyond, forever beyond, lay the "country that men are afraid of."





FRONT·ELEVATION
A·CEMENT· HOVSE

A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. I.

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS--V

THE CEMENT COVERED HOUSE

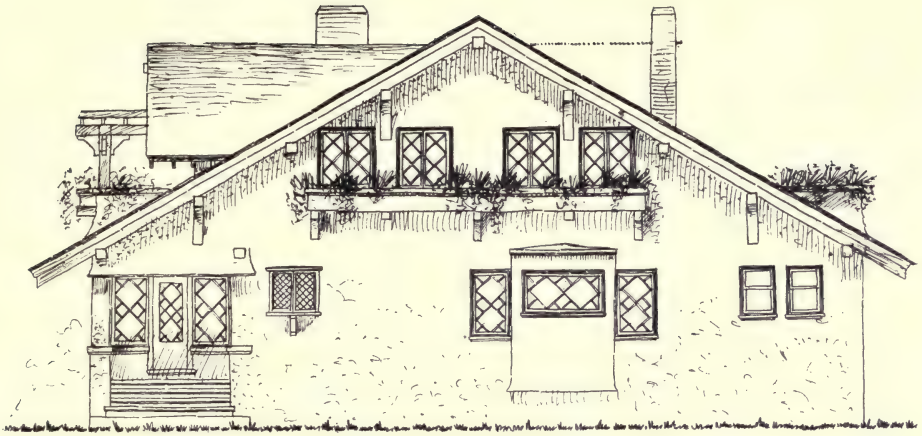
BY DAEDALUS

All the plans given here are by Samuel and Sidney B. Newsom, Architects, Humboldt Bank Building, Market street, San Francisco.

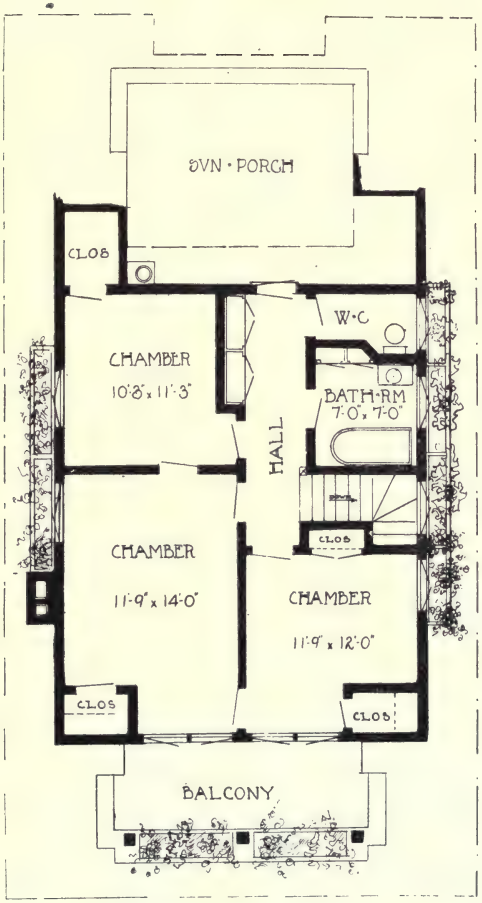
THERE IS a subtle charm in the old adobe walls of our Spanish missions and houses. In them, the lime wash, gone over and over again, has left open places where the caked wash has fallen off with the weathering. These spots have taken on the most beautiful coloring, especially near the ground where the dust has rested. At the St. Louis Exposition, in the Swiss Alps concession, this charm of color and ageing was accomplished by artists who stained the cemented walls of the village buildings, and the result was marvelous and real. Of course, this was the work of artists as well as trained painters.

I have often wondered since why it was not done by some one in our cement-covered country and suburban houses, which seem to stand out against their surroundings, and look too new and too straight and uncomfortable. I know the use of a little color, rightly put on to take the place of ageing, would open the eyes of most lovers of the beautiful. But it must be done, I say again, by an artist. There are many here to do it if they once had the opportunity.

These old mission walls, with their siennas, greens, umbers, browns and yellows, are blended so perfectly with lichen that painters never tire of putting them on canvas.



SIDE · ELEVATION
A · CEMENT · HOUSE



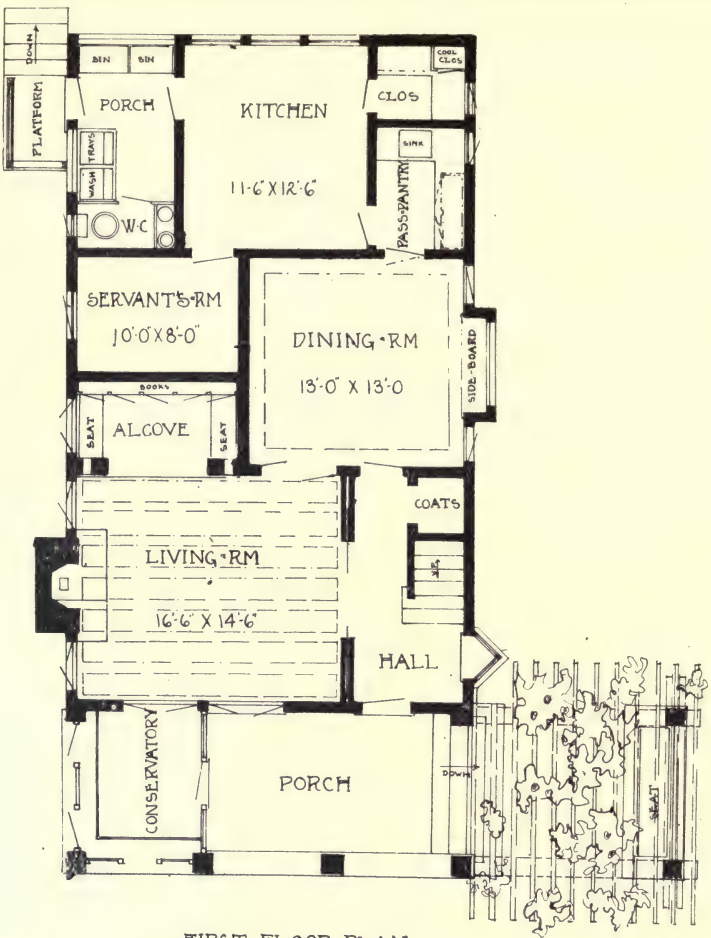
SECOND · FLOOR · PLAN

A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. I.

The cedar shingle house, if allowed to do so, at once begins to weather and take on the silver grays, and adapt itself to the landscape. Not so the cement house, unless stained or softened by color. Solid walls of concrete are lately advocated for country houses.

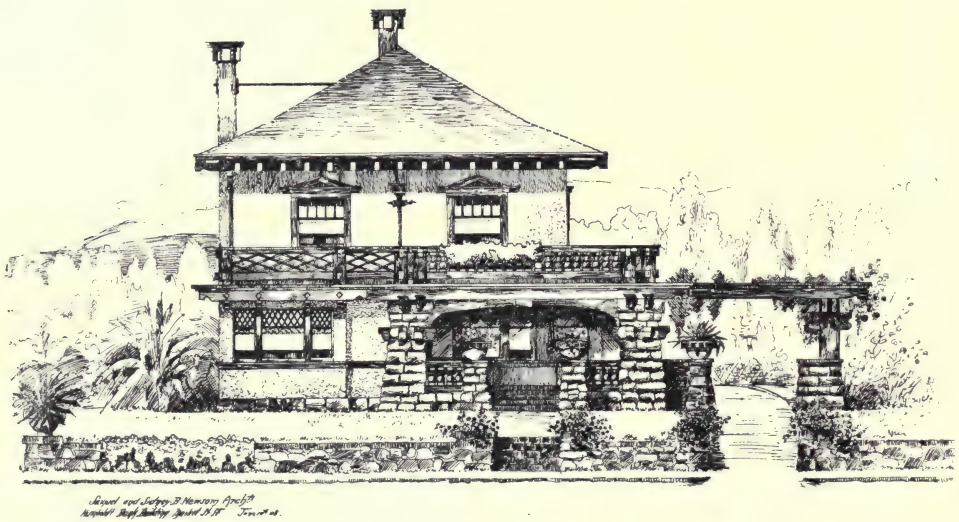
But the frame house covered with cement seems to me to be the rational thing to build for California. Such houses will last for generations, and can be made nearer earthquake proof than any other construction if built properly at the start, and this can be done by a little extra care and expense, and are easily repaired if necessary.

A good way to make a cement finish is, first, to cover the studding or wall timbers with 1x4 T. & G. boards; then a layer of water-proof paper over the whole surface. Then nail $\frac{3}{4}$x$\frac{7}{8}$ inch strips up and down 10 in. on center, more or less. Over this stretch galvanized wire one-half inch mesh, stapled to the strips, and the walls are ready for the cementing. (Note.—Be sure the wire is galvanized, as it will not last otherwise.) The first coat of cement sand and fine gravel can have a little lime plaster put in to make it work better; the last coat must be one-half cement and one-half gravel and sand. But into this while wet the gravel or pebble dash is thrown. This had better be done by the same man all over the building, if possible—for it's queer, but the work of different men, in this, is as different as



FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN

A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. I.



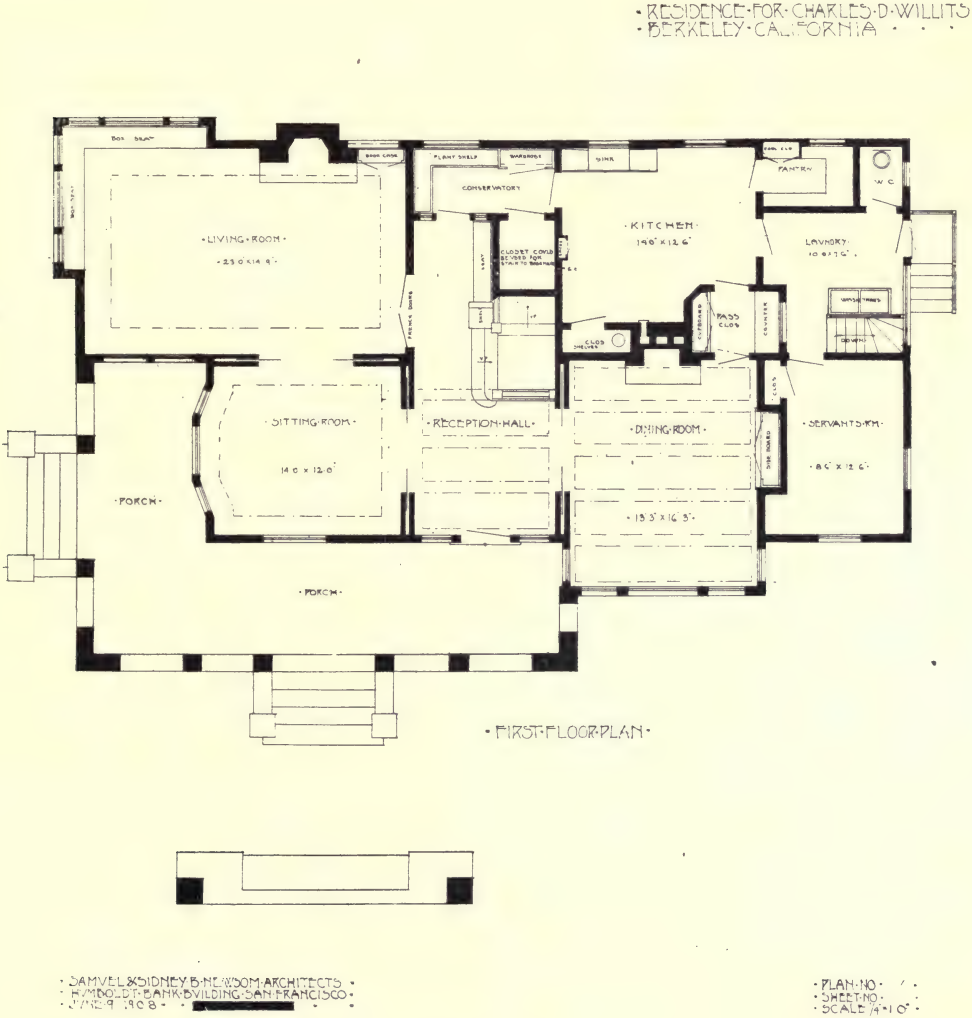
A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. II.

their hand writing would be, and the wall will look uneven.

When the wall is finished it will resist water, and if white-washed or sprayed like the old English and Spanish houses, will make a charming wall. The wood trimmings, casings, etc., can be of rough sawn

the right thing for the roofs of cement houses.

Of course, these tiles cost more money. If it is not possible to have them, the double coursed shingles and shakes make strong horizontal lines, and if dipped in olive greens of different shades before us-



A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. II.

work, and also sprayed. But if they are to be stained, they must be covered while the walls are sprayed.

There are all kinds of metal imitation tile of tin, iron, galvanized iron and copper. But they are a poor substitute for the real terra cotta tile, which always looks

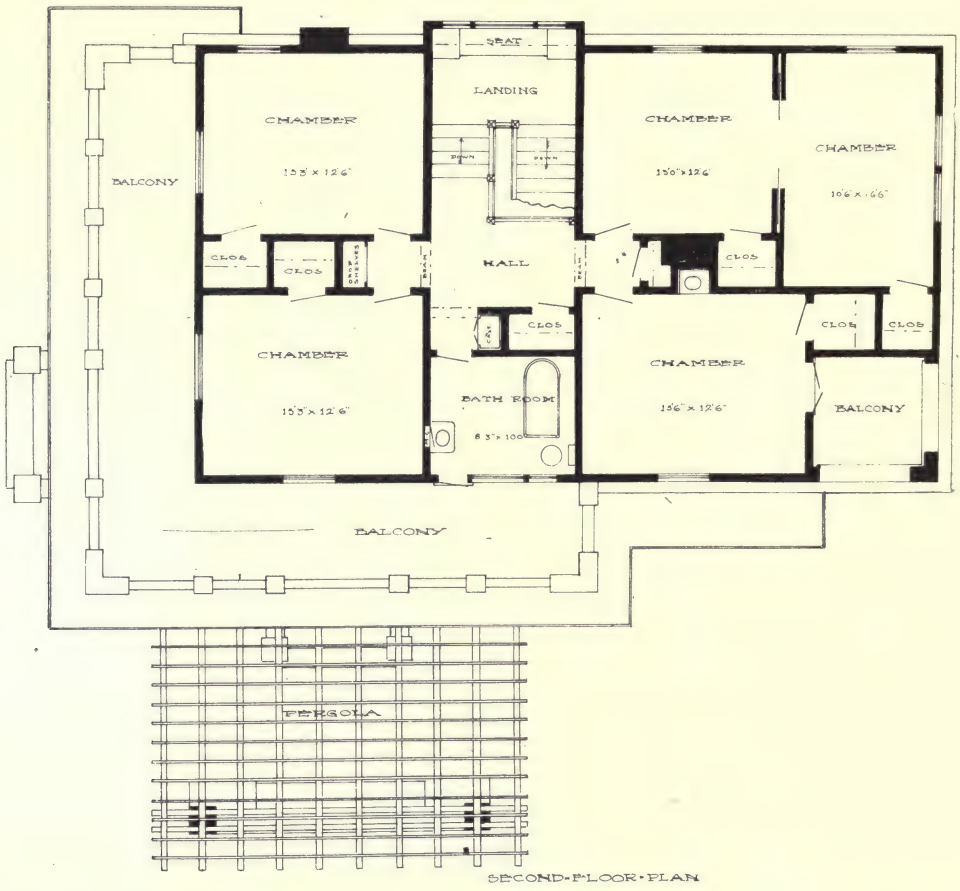
ing, and put on hit or miss fashion, the result is a very good substitute for tile.

The first course of shingles above the gutter line ought to be doubled, or, say, four courses, each course overhanging the under one one-half inch.

Sometimes eight or ten courses of shin-

gles are used. This gives a strong line, and if the hips and ridges are rolled with steamed cedar shingles, the effect is almost as good as a thatched roof.

The thatch roofs of the old English houses would be nice here, if we did not have such long, dry seasons. The danger from fire alone makes it impossible to you see some ugly wooden churches and schools that seem to be at war with all creation. A couple of coats of some dark greens, or grays or stone colors would do away with a whole lot of an appearance so undesirable. There, also, each especially bad piece of architecture, used as a dwelling house, is brought out white, with



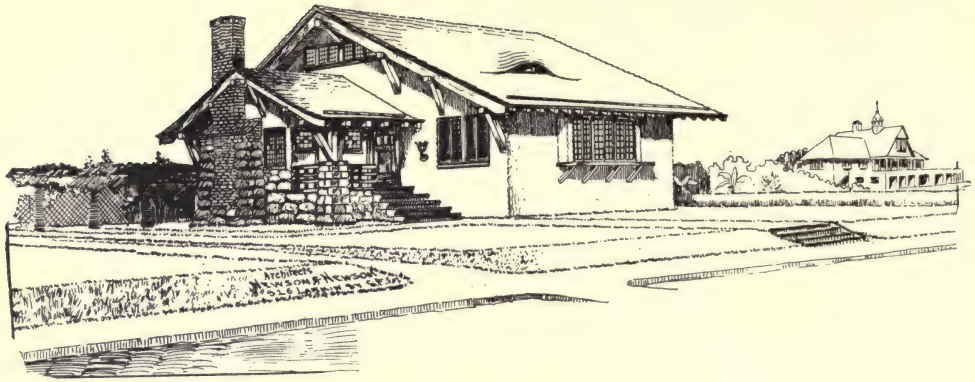
A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. II.

have them, but from an artistic point they are impossible to beat.

As one looks over the roofs of any of our suburban towns from some high point, the importance of a good, quiet color scheme can be seen. Roofs stained in the greens and browns of all shades blend in nicely with trees and sky. Looking down over the town of Mill Valley, for instance, a glaring red roof jarring the beautiful aspect of the valley and mountains. Bright roofs are to be avoided, unless of terra cotta, and even then the vitrified tile is more pleasing and harmonizing.

So much for roofs and walls. In a San Mateo County residence, the house surrounds a court or open square. This square is arbored with trellises and porches

ELEVATION AND PLANS. A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. III.



PERSPECTIVE. A CEMENT HOUSE—NO. III.

and opens free to the south. Thus, it is sheltered from the winds at all times (except the south winds), and is warm the whole year. The sketch shows the ground plan and the arrangement of the rooms. In the tower part are the servants' rooms. The walls are pebble dash work, and the roof real mission tile. The cost is about $6,000.

The Oakland House.—No. II.

This is a somewhat square house, and so it covers more floor space for the money put into it than most houses. It has been well thought out, and makes a very livable house. The outside is done in cement and boulders as shown. The porch is especially impresive. The wide span of the openings gives a broad arch effect, which is well studied. The cost is somewhere near six thousand dollars.

The Berkeley House.—No. I.

This is one of the latest designs of a well planned cottage. Every point is taken care of, as can be seen from the plans. The outside is covered with cement and silver-gray wood trimming. and cost about $3,500.

The Piedmont House.—No. III.

This cement and boulder house is mostly one story—two rooms in attic only. The side chimney and the introduction of boulders, and the well-planned windows, makes a decidedly pleasant exterior. The plan shows it as the owner wanted it, but from the same exterior many plans could be made. The cost is $3,000.

THE AVALANCHE

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

There is a sound as if a drunken stag
  Had stumbled on the cliff—the far and near
Farewell of frozen shapes—witch, gnome and hag
  That ride the clouded peak and icy mere.
And then the slip of giant feet that drag
  A moment on the brink, and then the clear
  Crash of despairing snows that disappear
Into the valley, crag on tumbling crag!
Then, thundered back unto the heartless hills,
  The curse of gnashing winters lost, the groan
    Of anguish, and the sigh of sepulture;
As some strong soul that, passing, turns and shrills
  The dread of death, slinks onward with a moan—
    And learns at last to welcome and endure!

THE LEI SELLERS IN THE LAND OF ALOHA. THE FLOWER WOMEN OF HONOLULU.

IN AND ABOUT HONOLULU

BY MILO K. TEMPLE

WHETHER OR NOT the visitor to Honolulu is of an observing turn of mind, there is one thing that cannot fail to make an impression upon him, and that is the extreme cosmopolitan character of the place. Here is a plurality of races as well as a plurality of nations, and the intermingling of Caucasians, Asiatics, Polynesians and negroes affords a variety of customs, dress and languages hardly to be encountered elsewhere. Moreover, there is no attempt on the part of this motley assemblage to alter their ways of living or dress to follow the American standards: the Chinaman vegetates along undisturbed in the midst of his pristine and unhealthful surroundings; the Japanese in his kimono lives and eats squatted on the floor of his house that is built after the fashion of those in the land of the Mikado, while the Hawaiian, with the inevitable *lei,* or garland, round his hat, lazes about the street corners selling flowers and curios.

The Japanese and Chinese, however, are mostly in evidence, and you will find them in all walks of life, the same as you would in Yokohama or Shanghai. Streets after streets are lined with their stores displaying endless varieties of Oriental goods and wares, with prices marked in Japanese or Chinese, and for blocks there isn't as much as a street sign in the English language. Little almond-eyed Celestials with long queues of glossy black hair and clad in

multi-colored garments of distinctive Oriental cut and pattern, are running about in bare feet, while here and there a smaller bambino is being carried—not in his mother's arms, but strapped on her back.

This latter is the prevailing custom among the Japanese and Chinese, and has the advantage of enabling the mother to go about her work with her arms unhampered by the carrying of the child. It is practiced especially among the Japanese women of the working classes, and even out in the plantations and rice fields you will see them thus carrying their children while helping the male members of the family in the work of cultivation.

And how these women do work! They strikingly illustrate the traditional superior endurance of the sex, for they labor side by side with the men, fully as hard and as long as they, at the divers onerous tasks that are attendant upon plantation work in a tropical country; then, toward evening, when the rapidly falling gloom characteristic of these latitudes has enveloped the picturesque valley and bid the toilers cease, they will hurry to their household duties, while the men, crouched upon the *lanais* or verandahs, are resting from their labors—a luxury that will be denied the women until far into the night.

The Japanese are in the majority in these islands, and though these people are mostly laborers on the plantations, right in the American part of the town, with characteristic adaptability they are forging to the front in the up-to-date business world. Here is a little incident that gives an insight into the spirit of the Japanese of to-day. It was told by the manager of one of the large hotels here, and is the personal experience he had with a servant of that nationality.

"The fellow had been flagrantly insolent," he said, "and I was obliged to discharge him. This did not improve his humor, and I had some trouble in getting him to leave the place. He finally obeyed, but in walking away, he turned around and stopped long enough to remark vin-

TWO TYPICAL HAWAIIAN LANDSCAPES.

COCOANUT TREES. NEAR EWA.

THE ROYAL PALM AVENUE, HONOLULU.

dictively: "All 'ight, all 'ight; I go; all same, by'n bye Honolulu all Japanese.'"

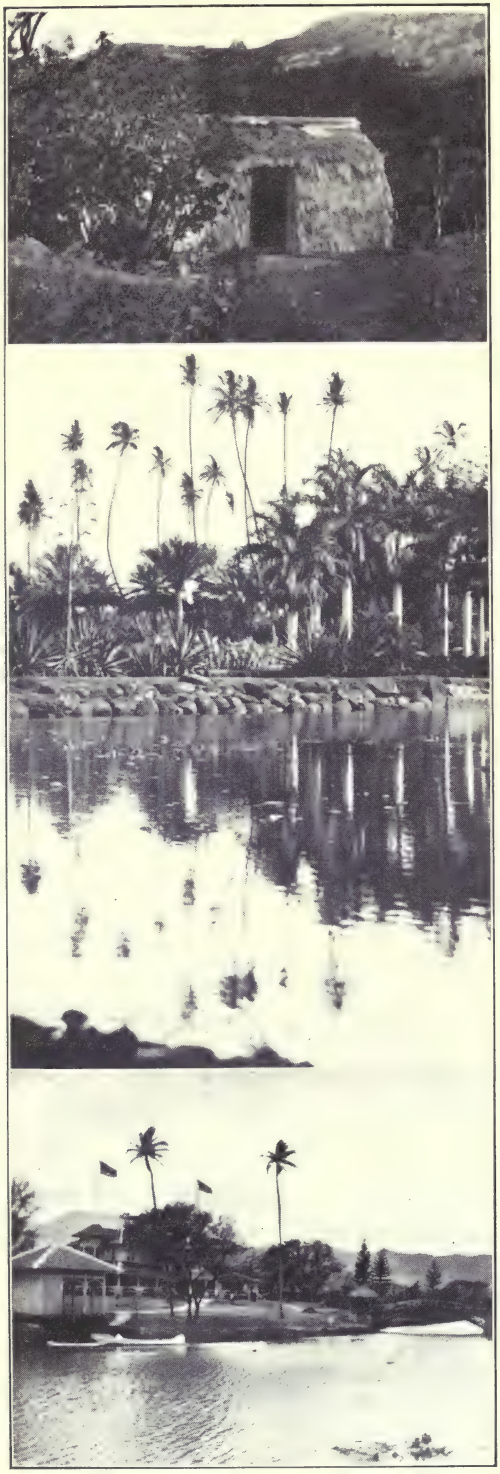
It is not the purpose of this article to comment upon the truth or hollowness of this prophecy, but to show as it does the thought of advancement coupled with far-reaching patriotism that is instilled in even the commonest Japanese, and which may be said to account in a great measure for their national progress.

The outlook for the Hawaiians is not so hopeful, and a pity it is. But when the future casts such strong shadows before, it does not require great prophetic power to realize that ere many years the history of the American Indian will be repeated on these islands, and that the Hawaiian race will be absorbed in the on-rush of Western civilization, as also by the eastward exodus of the Asiatic overflow. There seems to be no power of resistance in the native blood, and statistics show the Hawaiian population to have decreased by more than half within the last fifty years. And so while Kanaka blood will continue to flow in the veins of the people here for a long time to come, on account of isolation, the aborigines will disappear, and the world will be minus a race than which more honest, more kind and more hospitable never existed.

There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when such a thing as locking up the doors of houses was unknown here, but with the advent of other races with different standards of integrity this practice as a general thing had to be abandoned, although even to-day there is still that much openness and absence of distrust of one's neighbor among all classes as to make a distinct impression upon the visitor from the mainland.

While the Hawaiian is honest, the tendency of his nature is to be lazy, and unless needs compels him otherwise, he takes life easy, and does as little work as possible. Yet his disinclination to things strenuous would seem to be more kin to the care-free indolence of the Spaniard than to the crass laziness of the negro; and in the same measure that it would be hard to find a Spaniard prefering work to spending his time serenading the pretty, dark-eyed senoritas to the tune of his mandolin or guitar, so would you have a long way to go to find the Hawaiian preferring dollar begetting toil to joining his fellows in the singing of sentimental ditties to the accompaniment of the tuneful *ukuleles*.

The climate is mainly responsible for this lack of ambition and energy. Indeed,



GRASS HUT NEAR HONOLULU—IN A PRIVATE PARK—A SUBURBAN HOTEL.

in a country like this, where Nature is so lavish of her gifts, a man need exert himself but very little, if his wants be few and simple, in order to be provided with the necessaries of life. Hence, it came to pass that the original Hawaiian, having a good deal more time on his hands than he actually needed, followed the lines of least resistance, and spent the greater part of his days in idleness, handing down the heritage to the succeeding generations.

The Hawaiians have a natural bent and talent for music, and let pass no opportunity to indulge in this favorite pastime. Their language, too, is particularly well suited for singing, vowels being largely predominant in the majority of words. And when of a moonlight night a band of them stroll through the streets, some of them with *ukuleles,* some of them with guitars or mandolins, and all of them singing, it is a pleasing and harmonious scene. There is the wonderful tropical brilliancy of the moon, the weird outlines of the royal palm and cocoanut tree silhouetted against the sky and casting their sharp shadows on the broad avenue that looks white enough to be covered with snow, while the soft Hawaiian melody comes floating over the still night air.

As may be expected in a country where the temperature of the ocean is in the neighborhood of 70 degrees the year round, the people here are great lovers of the water, and are past masters in the art of swimming. Like at the Mediterranean ports, upon the arrival or departure of a steamer, the small boys swarm about the sides of the ship, and vie with each other in diving after the coins that are thrown in the water for them by the passengers. Great amusement is always afforded by this sport, and it is a delight to the eye to watch the ease and swiftness that the little fellows display in swimming and diving. They are perfectly at home in the water, and their skill would make Northern boys who think they can swim stare at them in wonder.

The Hawaiians are also expert fishermen, and whether casting their nets from the shore or going out past the breakers in their peculiar outrigger canoes, show by their adeptness that they are the true descendants of a line of ancestors whose

chief mainstay of life was fish. This, by the way, was eaten raw oftener than otherwise, a practice to a certain extent still in vogue to-day.

A characteristic Hawaiian sight, but one that is doomed to disappearance before very long, along with other picturesque landmarks, is afforded by the native grass houses that fleck the hills and valleys here and there. They are mostly to be found in the country districts, though there are some right in Honolulu, and as you drive along the Territorial road, these hay-colored habitations stand out in charming contrast against the luxuriant green foliage around them. They are built compactly over a strong wooden frame, and sticky gray mush made out of *taro,* into which they all dip their fingers as the means of conveyance from the dish to the mouth.

Let us take a glance at modern Honolulu. We will find ourselves transported from among the most primitive civilization to that of the twentieth century. A few minutes' ride on a speedy trolley car will take us from the grass hut region to well kept broad thoroughfares lined with the palatial homes of multi-millionaire planters, merchants or financiers. This district of Honolulu is a succession of handsome residences of diversified architecture, surrounded by large grounds laid out like parks and planted with a profu-

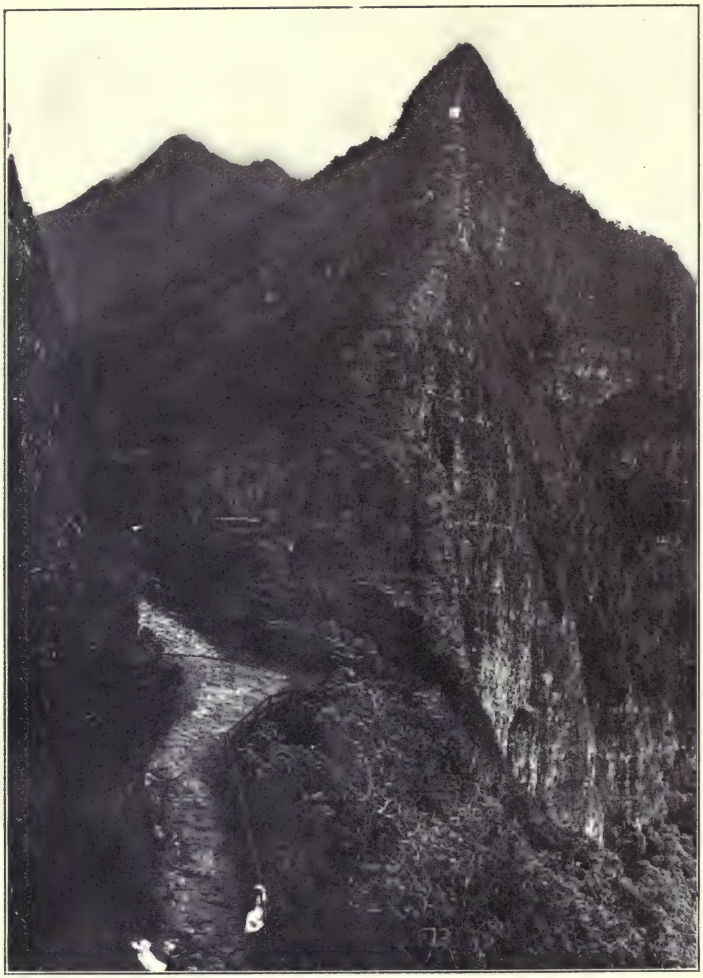
SURF RIDING AT WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU.

afford a dry and substantial shelter. As a rule, these houses are occupied only during the night, the natives in the daytime generally keeping under a sort of shed close by, which is cooler and more airy. This latter is also where, squatted on the ground, the women do their ironing after having washed their clothes in the stream by way of pounding them on the rocks. It is likewise the place where the family eat, and where they entertain their friends —the main feature of the entertaining being the drinking of cheap wine and the passing round of the bowl of poi, the native dish par excellence, consisting of a sion of tropical trees and shrubs. Other fine residences skirt the beach at Waikiki overlooking to the southward the wide expanse of deep blue sea fringed near the shore by the white surf breaking over the coral reef, while still others, built on the slopes of the hills that rise in back of the city, command panoramic vistas of mountain ranges, valleys and ocean.

A ride of ten minutes brings one from the center of the town to Waikiki Beach, Honolulu's seaside resort, where the bathing season is perennial. People romp about in the water at all times of the day, and though late in the afternoon seems to be

the favorite time, for about a week each month moonlight bathing parties are most popular of all.

Great sport is also afforded here by surf boating and surf-board riding. In surf-boating, the participants in bathing suits get into a narrow outrigger canoe and paddle out several hundred yards from the shore; they then turn round and ride back over the breakers. The knack of the sport is to have a wave catch the canoe in such a way that it will carry the boat along with it toward the shore. Surf-board riding is on the same principle, except that instead of a boat, there is used a flat board about five or six feet long and perhaps two feet wide, which the bather carries while wading in till the water reaches, say, up to his chest, then catching an incoming breaker at the right moment and lying down on his board, as he would on a toboggan, he rides in on top of the wave as it breaks over the beach. It is an exhilarating and exciting amusement, and a certain degree of skill has to be acquired before one is able to handle these boards to good advantage; but in this, as in other things, practice makes proficient, and the initiated ones go out quite a distance and ride in standing up on their boards.



MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR HONOLULU.

Going back to town and reaching the business section of Honolulu, you are greeted with the sight of modern "fireproof" office buildings, the lasting monuments to the American invasion. You go into one of them, and find nothing about your surroundings to suggest that you are in the Hawaiian Islands, rather than in New York or San Francisco. Here are the American roll top desks, the revolving and reclining chairs, the hand telephones, the typewriter and the trim typewriter girl. You translate your business in the English language with keen-eyed men of affairs, and as you go out of the building—O familiar sensation!—the elevator takes you down with a vengeance, and lands you on the ground floor with Yankee despatch..

You pass a store, and through the open doorway come the strains of the latest "ragtime" played on the phonograph, while in the window are offered on sale the most recent editions of sheet music.

You go by another shop, and there, in large type, is the list of the six best selling books in New York, with samples of each on display.

The next may be a candy store, with a big "Ice Cream Soda" sign. Judging from the number of feminine patrons congregating in and about the place you might think that a matinee had been let out somewhere; but, alas, there are no matinee girls in Honolulu. To be sure, there is an "Opera House" and an "Orpheum," but the traveling companies coming this way are few and far between.

Then you will probably come to an Hawaiian curio store, where the bric-a-brac and Polynesian oddities on exhibition again carry your thoughts from things American to those of the South Seas and remind you that you are in delightful Honolulu.

It is a long cry from the Sandwich Islands of Captain Cook's time to the Hawaiian Islands of to-day, a territory of the United States of America. It has been an era of wonderful industrial development. For instance, it has transformed barren tracts into cane lands, producing the highest yield of sugar per acre that has ever been known. But it has been the white man's gain as well as the white man's burden. The original sons of the soil are not the ones that have benefited most by the change. They are now a fast-disappearing race, for along with the white man's civilization have come the white man's vices—and the weaker race has given way. It does seem like an injustice, but it cannot be helped; it is the Nemesis of human progress.

AT THE ZOO

BY IVY KELLERMAN

O how delightful at the Zoo
The divers beasts to see,
To recognize the Bugaboo,
And agile Jamboree!
To see the Links serenely clench,
Observe the Dove-tail meet,
And note the merry Monkey-wrench
The Beaver new and neat;
To see the Taper's lightsome eye,
The gay Caraffe as well,
The Cat-o'-ninetails standing by
The shiny Tortuous' shell;
To see the Seal secure our mail,
The Jag-you-are, whose name
Deer knows had Otter make him Quail,
And Bear abundant shame.

Poetic License

By Barnett Franklin

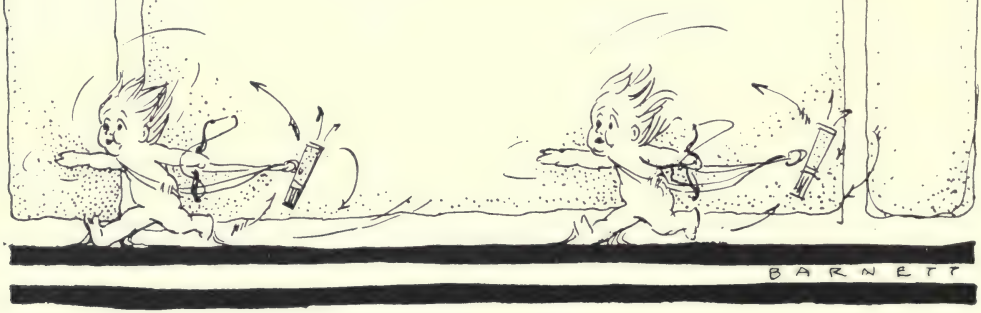
Most ev'ry bardling dotes to dwell
  In sugar-coated verses
On some divinity whose spell
Inspired such adulation—well,
  You know what he rehearses.

And tho' I've written with the rest
  Of passion unrequited,
O guardian Muse of mine, thou'rt blessed
For what I never have expressed
  And never have indited.

I've never said her pose is "smart"—
  So "queenly" and "compelling;"
I've never said her "tender heart,"
Pierced by a knowing Cupid's dart,
  Is "Love's celestial dwelling."

I've never said her "ruby lips"
  Were only "made for kisses"
That, to the "lucky one" who sips,
Hold "rapture unalloyed" which tips
  The sum of "earthly blisses."

I've never vaunted that my love
  Is "boundless as the sea" is;
I've never even called her "dove,"
Or doubted if those folk above
  Are "angels" such as she is.



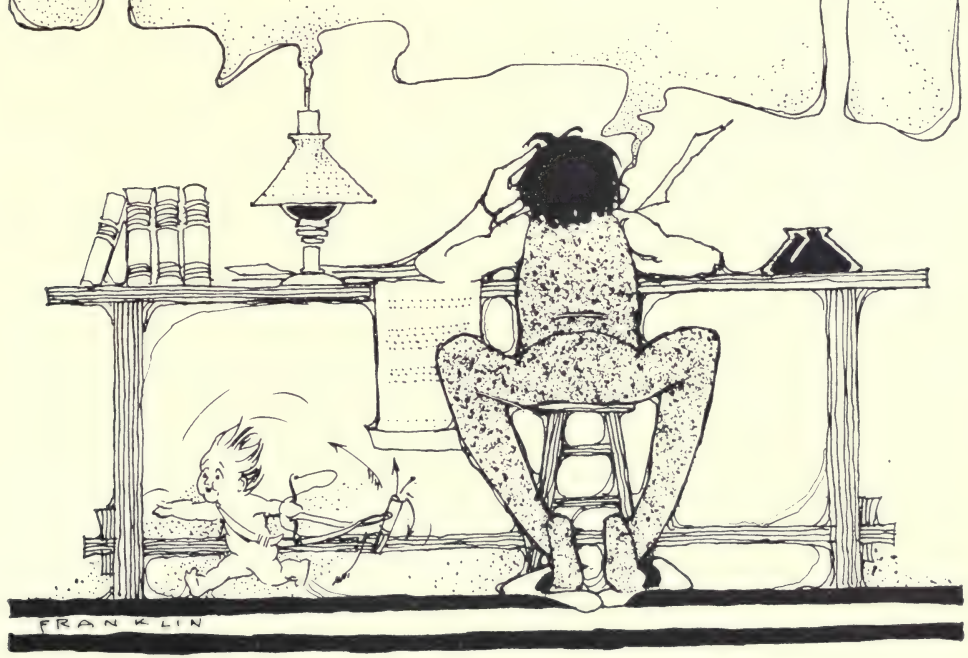
I've never mentioned that her "air"
With "grace" is overflowing,
Or raved—I solemnly declare!—
About her "classic face so fair"
In adjectives most glowing.

I've never even such as vowed
I could not "live without her!"
And, tho' 'tis no achievement proud,
It must be certainly allowed
I tell the *truth* about her.

* * * *

Alas, if *She* should by some chance
Gaze on this monthly issue,
I pray she will not look askance,
And hope she knows, quite in advance,
These lines are merest tissue.

For recollection of her brings
Once more the old-time yearning—
(Alack, that memory has wings!)
But, when I write these *other* things,
A poet's fee I'm earning!



Decorative design by the Author

THE BULB OF THE TWILIGHT LILY. SHOWING THE PROCESS OF THREAD FORMATION.

THE TWILIGHT LILY

BY M. H. COATES

AMONG THE LILIES of the West (and the Pacific Slope is rich in liliaceous plants), one of the most interesting—combining odd traits of growth with a quaintly beautiful blossom—is the "Twilight Lily"—scientifically known as Chlorogalum pomeridianum, Benth—or, by its domestic title, the "Soap Root."

To obtain a full knowledge of its peculiarities and attraction, one should begin the quest in autumn after the first rains—if one's wildwood demesne lies in Central or Western California; or, in earliest spring if nearer the snow-line; and commence the study by making an investigation of the base of the plant. The finding sign will be a few inches of new leafage, green blades as cherily fresh as the first daffodils!

Follow the blades down through the moist mould three to ten inches to the "root." It is a bulb made up of the blanched base-cluster of the foliage, and, like the white meat of an onion, is protected by wrappers; but instead of smooth, shining coats, it is sheathed in layers of threads, many filiaments as strong and brown as cocoanut beards. This thready covering remains so long as the plant lives. The soap root is a plant miser, and clings to its hand-me-down old clothes—each layer of threads is a raggedy suit, as ragged as a garment could be and still stay together.

This thready condition of the bulb's wrappers is brought about by a natural but curious process; to discover the manner of it, examine a green-growing blade,

then follow the blade down to the base. The blade is about three inches wide by six to fifteen long, glossily green like corn-stalk foliage, but delicately waved or fluted along the edges. The new blade is richly sappy with emolient properties, and brittle, excepting for a number of lengthwise white strands. The strands are like the sinews in a chicken's leg. They have remarkable elasticity, and at a certain stage of young growth can be pulled several inches apart before they break.

The green blades—the above-ground portion—ripen under summer's sun, and, withering, curl up and usually disappear before the next season's growth starts; but the underground part makes a different change. Each year's base-growth fattens the bulb, then becomes a "next best," and in time its fleshy part disintegrates; but the white threads harden and in the process are tanned a rich, dark brown—another shabby overcoat to the bulb!

In early American-California days, when wild plants were multi-numerous everywhere, the fibre of the soap root furnished "excelsior and curled hair filling" for the miner's pillow, and even for his mattress.

The white meat has antidotal, demulcent and saponaceous properties. A saying current among old-timers was that "Wherever you found the poison-oak, there, too, you find the soap root"—a roundabout testimonial to the virtues of the bulb, both as a vulnerary preventive and a remedy for oak poisoning. A clean, brisk foam may be obtained by agitating the shredded bulb. A few years ago an investigating pharmacist of Texas obtained a quantity of these bulbs, and experimented on a small scale with satisfactory results, utilizing their frothy property to put the fizz on an original brand of soda water.

The saponaceous property is present to a marked degree in the soap plant; and without other preparation than the removing of the brown husk, can be satisfactorily used as soap. This fact was known to the by-gone Indians. They, as well as the early Spanish, utilized it in that way. It is still so used to a less extent. The Indian employed it to advantage in food economics, by creating a great suds in fishing ponds after the spring freshets, he utterly befuddled the wits of the fish therein.

The redman also made a tonsorial sea-foam of the bulb, for glossing his long locks; and modern "pale-face" beauty doctors have used it in the preparation of pomades, bleaching creams and vegetable soaps.

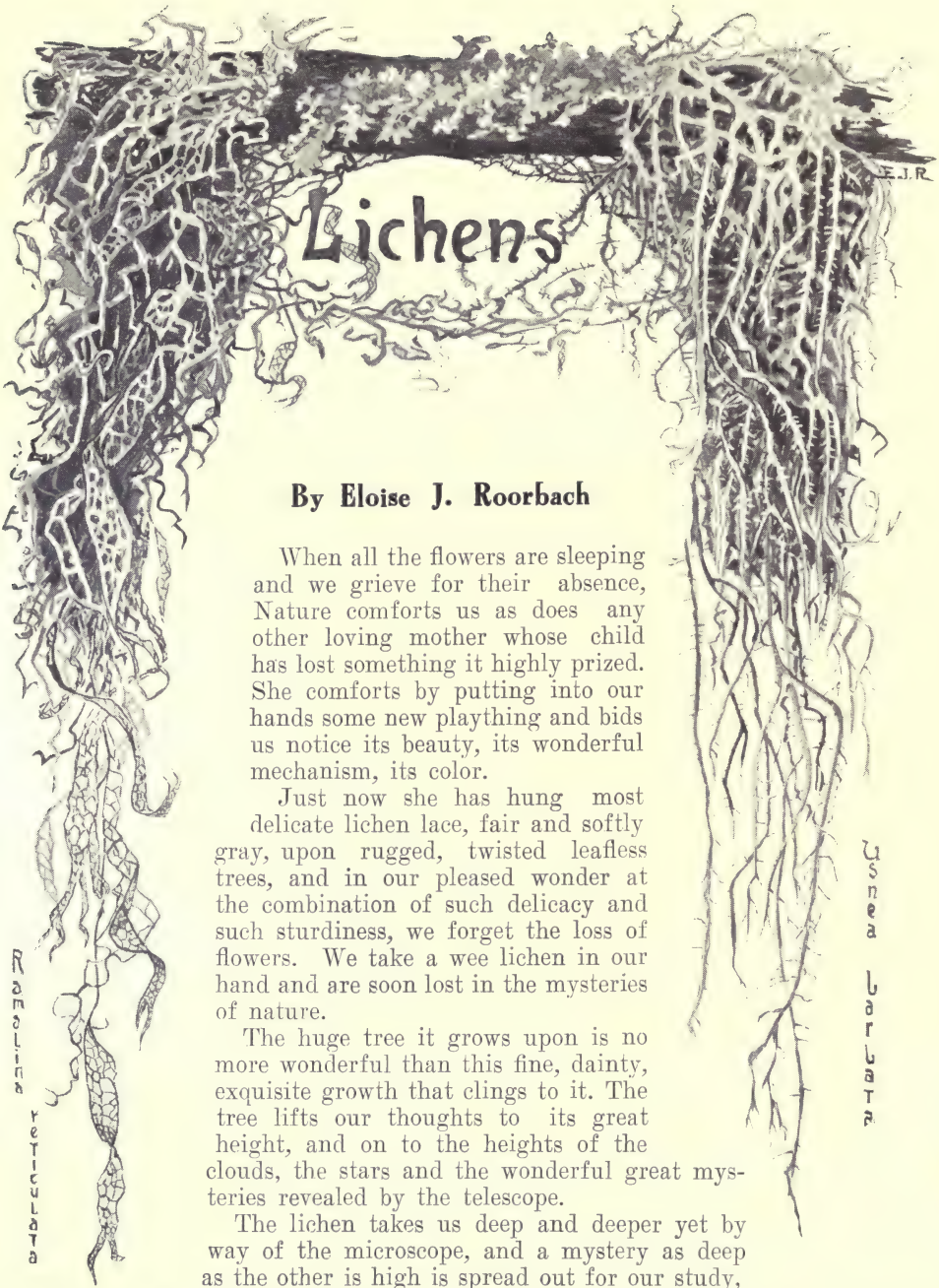
To the bulb itself, these two features—the thread covering and the soapy character of the meat, are of vital value, holding the same relation as the spines and obnoxious odor hold to the plants of the desert—they form themselves into an armor of defense.

The foliage of the chlorogalum spreads over the ground, a wheel-like pedestal for the flower stalk. The stalk begins to show in early April; the first five or six inches resemble a new sprout of garden asparagus; quickly it shoots upward—slender, leafless, with many cord-like branches soon trimmed thickly with bead-buds. Any one not acquainted with the hour-for-blooming peculiarity of this plant might tramp the wilds many a day and not find an open blossom, for the buds are tantalizingly slow about unclosing.

The whole structure—stalk, branches and buds—wear the one inconspicuous purplish-green tone; comes four o'clock of an afternoon in mid-May or June, in an instant the mature buds burst, the segments swing apart and recurve, the stamens separate, and those wiry, leafless branches are starred with tiny white lilies of exquisite grace and airy beauty!

The fragrant, honey-sweet blossoms keep tryst with the night; sunrise finds unevenly closed buds where the open flowers were, and they never unclose again. Lovely as the Twilight Lily is, it does not make a pretty souvenir for the herbarium; as it vanishes, leaving only a faint shadow and an X-ray outline to hint at the one-time snowy beauty.

The plant takes kindly to cultivation, however, and is an odd attraction in a garden. The plant from which these photos were made grew leaf-length of forty-three inches, a flower-stalk seven feet three inches high, with twenty flowering branches, and bore, by actual count, 870 buds. The buds of the Twilight Lily open, a dozen or two at a time; the flowering season lasts a long time.



By Eloise J. Roorbach

When all the flowers are sleeping and we grieve for their absence, Nature comforts us as does any other loving mother whose child has lost something it highly prized. She comforts by putting into our hands some new plaything and bids us notice its beauty, its wonderful mechanism, its color.

Just now she has hung most delicate lichen lace, fair and softly gray, upon rugged, twisted leafless trees, and in our pleased wonder at the combination of such delicacy and such sturdiness, we forget the loss of flowers. We take a wee lichen in our hand and are soon lost in the mysteries of nature.

The huge tree it grows upon is no more wonderful than this fine, dainty, exquisite growth that clings to it. The tree lifts our thoughts to its great height, and on to the heights of the clouds, the stars and the wonderful great mysteries revealed by the telescope.

The lichen takes us deep and deeper yet by way of the microscope, and a mystery as deep as the other is high is spread out for our study, our pleasure. These tiny symbionts are worthy of much study—they have played such an important part in the grand economy of nature. They have done such splendid service in forming the soil that the big things are now thriving upon.

When the world was yet young, they covered the rocks and gave off acids that caused the surface to crumble slowly away. The crumbling surface and dying lichen made conditions favorable for a higher growth of lichen, which in turn

made richer soil for still higher forms. And so the slow, marvelous march of vegetation began.

They are pioneers, and opened up a new world, enduring the most intense cold as well as fierce heat, fighting for existence. They formed new colonies, climbed the mountain side, braving the snows—the scrubs and trees then dared to follow their lead.

They took up carbon dioxide and gave off oxygen, thus helping to prepare the air for the respiration of animal life.

They are brimful of vitality, and have wonderful powers of endurance.

When the sun becomes too hot they curl up, but a little rain will cause them to fill out and go on with their work again. They are excellent models for artists. If one has gathered during a forest walk so many kinds, that time to classify or sketch is lacking, they can be laid away and allowed to dry. When needed, immerse in water for a few minutes, the color returns, they uncurl and are as good as ever.

They exhibit one of the strangest of traits shown in all the vegetable world, for they are a union of two plants—an algae and a fungi.

This symbiosis is for mutual gain, neither being in any sense a parasite.

One gives protection, prevents evaporation, supplies tissue. The other by means of its chlorophyll bearing qualities prepares the food from inorganic substances.

This biological relationship seems to be one reason for the infinite varieties of lichens in the world—the combinations apparently being endless.

The books tell us there are about five thousand species classified, and that is said to be but a part of them.

They are most difficult to classify, and authors differ greatly concerning them.

The history of lichenology is a most interesting one, for the scientists have been much puzzled as to how they grow and reproduce.

Strange theories have been advanced only to be overthrown by the next investigation.

It is easy to mistake mosses or liverworts or the lower form of fungi for lichens. I remember the first time I saw the beautiful Usnea barbata.

Some men were pulling the long festoons of it from the trees with long-handled rakes and feeding it to their cattle. They said it was excellent food, and that the cattle were very fond of the "moss."

And "moss" it was to me for some time.

I gathered the soft, greenish-gray lichen and took delight in its beauty. It hangs in long festoons. The lobes are cylindrical, and numerous branches come from a slightly thicker main branch.

This is a perfect type of a Fruticose lichen, and is the best known of this type, being familiar to many people as "gray beard moss."

Great pendulous masses hang from a slender little twig. The wind drags these hanging masses from branch to branch of the old oaks, softening their gnarled elbows, festooning gracefully their otherwise empty arms. Mother Nature drapes with soft lace her austere old oaks and the hearts of her adoring children rejoice at the beautiful result.

Similar in habit is another Fruticose variety called Ramalina reticulata.

In this genus, the lobes are flattened, some being finely reticulated, and so making the effect of a network of fine lace even more apparent than in Usnea barbata.

The patterns and texture of this lichen lace are so exquisite that we would not change our yards of Nature's lace for any that Art can fashion through the deft fingers of the convent workers.

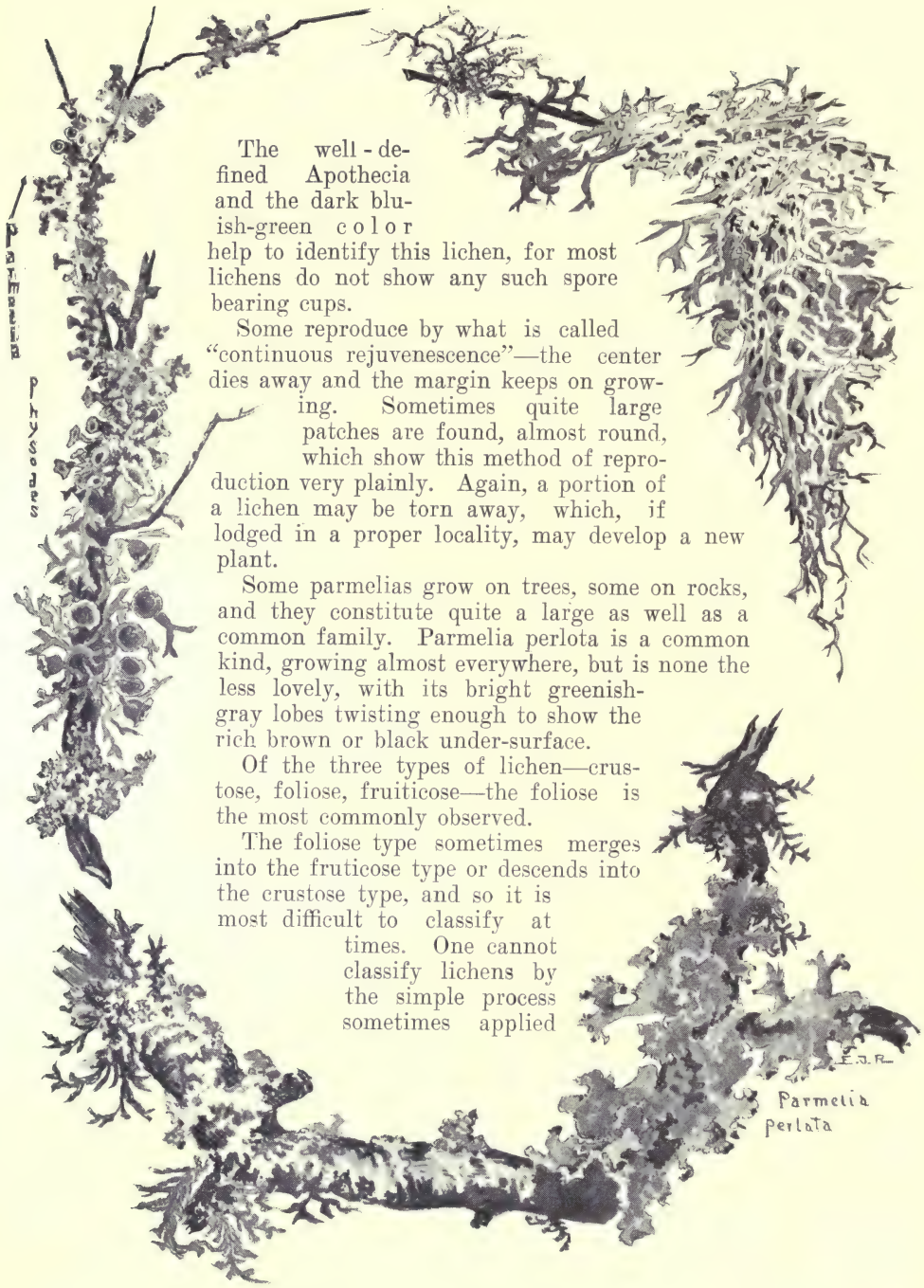
Nature can set up an altar of stones, cover it with an altar cloth of fine lace, light her star candles and swing her incense censors of balsam boughs. Can any of her children fashion another so fine?

Another interesting lichen is Parmelia physodes, a foliose type.

This lichen is bluish green, sometimes rather a dark bluish green, and the brown or black underside curls up and mingles with the upper side, giving a rich varied quality to it.

It is not pendulous like the two just mentioned, and the spores are borne in the cutest of little cups. These spore bearing parts or apothecia are lighter yellowish gray, generally, but are sometimes dark brown.

All sizes of these cups grow close together, and a little thin stick will be fairly bristling with them.



The well-defined Apothecia and the dark bluish-green color help to identify this lichen, for most lichens do not show any such spore bearing cups.

Some reproduce by what is called "continuous rejuvenescence"—the center dies away and the margin keeps on growing. Sometimes quite large patches are found, almost round, which show this method of reproduction very plainly. Again, a portion of a lichen may be torn away, which, if lodged in a proper locality, may develop a new plant.

Some parmelias grow on trees, some on rocks, and they constitute quite a large as well as a common family. Parmelia perlota is a common kind, growing almost everywhere, but is none the less lovely, with its bright greenish-gray lobes twisting enough to show the rich brown or black under-surface.

Of the three types of lichen—crustose, foliose, fruiticose—the foliose is the most commonly observed.

The foliose type sometimes merges into the fruticose type or descends into the crustose type, and so it is most difficult to classify at times. One cannot classify lichens by the simple process sometimes applied

to flowers—by arranging under the head of colors. It requires close study to find their names and family, but those who do not care to "dig" for the name can get much pleasure from simply looking at them.

An old log, such as we see in these woods (Santa Cruz Mountains, California)—say an old spruce log—can furnish joy to the eye with its marvelous variety of graceful forms of lichen, moss or fungi, or its varied colors from all shades of gray or green to brilliant flecks of scarlet or yellow. One can look at it and find peace and rest or inspiration, just by contemplation of the tiny wonder things growing upon it.

Or it can drive a poor student to *swears* or *tears*, according to the sex, for its ability to hold on to its secrets.

I often wish for an "oracle" to carry in my pocket, so to speak, that I might constantly consult it and get instantaneous answers to my queries as to name or habit.

But no such easy access to knowledge is for me—but a slow search through books is my path.

And after all, it is a pleasant path, and success tastes sweet.

Things are as lovely without names as with. Beauty is universal—it cannot be hidden. It shines through any number of veils.

But wisdom must be searched for—it eludes me—I pursue it—and when, after a long chase I catch a tiny glimpse of it—lo! it is the same One who. is called Beauty.

The Artist in his search for Beauty, the Scientist in his search for Knowledge, will reach the self-same heart of Nature.

SUNSET IN THE GOLDEN GATE

BY HERBERT ARTHUR STOUT

The dream-gold lies,
The tired day dies
On wild headland, reef and sunken bar,
In the flaming West one timid star,
And ships like dim ghosts drift afar;
Over the sea
Winds breathe to me,
When night leaves her beaten gates ajar.

With tired arms the weary day
Unbinds her golden hair,
Throws off her scarlet, trailing robes,
Glows in her uncovered beauty there,
And sinks into the dim far-away.

The night-fire glows,
The star-chain grows,
At last the glowing waves fall back in sleep;
The gold fades over the rim of the deep.
In the void of night bright stars their vigils keep,
Like pallid vapours,
Like golden tapers
By the tomb of the day when life lies stilled in sleep.

AN ORIENTAL CURIOSITY SHOP

BY GEORGE A. MILLER, AUTHOR OF "INTERESTING MANILA"

How many American citizens, boasting an intelligence that is the equal, at least in a practical sense, of any civilization of any age, know anything at all about the Philippines? The layman or woman may be excused for the display of ignorance of a subject that has been only superficially exploited by the publicists of this country, but there is absolutely no excuse for the writer of books or the editorial heads of our newspapers. The editor of the Overland Monthly is ready to say, over his own signature, that he has nowhere met, on any subject, such lamentable ignorance as in the editorial sanctums of the United States as that exhibited on the question of the Asian dependencies. Mr. Miller, in the article that follows, adds not a little knowledge to the literature of the day to overcome in a measure the crass ignorance of the average editorial writer.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

WE HAVE had ten years of the Philippines, industrial, political, commercial and social. They have been written up—and down—by the explorer, the exploiter and the expounder of every shade of opinion. They have been called a burden, an opportunity, a proposition and a discovery.

About the only thing that has been missed is that which we find first in other countries, the places and objects of intense interest to the traveler. Manila is a tourist town of the first rank, but she is in a class by herself. Her treasures are not exhibited in show windows—there are no show windows. The brusque programme style of the American tourist is of no value for finding things in Intramuros. Some of the richest historical ground in the world here is to be explored, but each traveler must do his own exploring. There is not a single guide, the native on the street knows nothing, and will tell something else if he does; the police and the padres are the only sources of information.

The average American does not find much in Manila to interest him. He has always believed that the universe was founded on the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon, and he is a saturated solution of self-confidence. But here is a land where men are not measured by results, where something besides balance sheets and bedrock chances are the final end, if, indeed, there be any end. And the old East is rich in that one commodity in which the new West is hopelessly bankrupt. We of the orient are millionaires in *time*. We are not long on houses and lands, and each day does not bring us the chance of a life-time to get in on the ground floor, but we have time and to spare, and with all their progress and power the kings of commerce are miserable paupers, pitiably begging for a morsel of time in which to stop and live.

Behind this dull, Oriental exterior are these treasures, and they are worth hunting for. There is nothing more trying after all than to be led about by a sing-song guide, looking like a sucker and feeling like a fool, while listening to a stale formula unwound by the human phonograph, while he points out the made-to-order sights with one hand and reaches for a tip with the other.

The common street scenes are full of interest. There are quaint corners in Chinese streets, picturesque banqueros paddling their Philippine gondolas laden with humanity and zacate, narrow streets and overhanging houses, caretelas loaded with four generations of humanity, and the little pony trying to reach the ground; two-wheeled carabao drays moving one mile per hour, playing children dressed in smiles and close-fitting brown satin, straight shouldered, bare-footed women with market produce on their heads, estero laundrys, nipa shacks, corner tiendas, and everywhere contented, slow-moving natives, waiting to be run over by progress or independence.

The walls of the city are the oldest construction under the flag. The oldest books, churches, organs, convents, city gates, bells, relics and institutional life to be found within that part of the earth ruled by the American people are all in the less than a square mile of land within the walls of Old Manila.

Every stone in the wall, every foot of soil in the town, every crooked street and gloomy old arch-way is rich with historical associations that will well repay any time taken to cultivate a speaking acquaintance with the city or its guardians. If there is any worth in broad bays and graceful palms, and gorgeous sunsets and fair vistas of silhouetted harbor masts against the sky, in walls and temples and ruins and dungeon vaults and pages printed in 1545, then Intramuros is rich, and every life that learns to know her has laid up treasure in that soul house where thieves can never break through and steal. Strange native customs and unique manufactures and peculiar manners and absurd superstitions and quaint folk stories and a child life both beautiful and affectionate are all mixed with the deposit of Spanish civilization, resulting from three centuries of rule and misrule.

The story of the walls is romantic enough for a Haggard or a Poe. Two hundred and eighty-two years of more or less continuous building left them still incomplete in 1872, when the work stopped forever. A score of engineers made plans, and each builder followed a different system of defense. The walls vary from ten to forty feet in thickness, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. The moat on the outside of the walls was from ten to twenty feet deep, adding that much to the practical elevation of the walls. Useless in a modern siege, these walls have nevertheless served their purpose well. During three centuries of savagery and strife, they have made secure the citadel of Old Spain in the Orient, and Spanish government was better than none at all. If the Philippines are better off to-day than Borneo, the physical basis of the fact may be in the walls of Manila.

Seven gates in the old days admitted the tao and the arzobispo to the city. Gorgeous pageants attended the inauguration of the Governor's General, and mighty processions passed the old portals that up till fifty years ago were closed every night while watchmen guarded the sleeping city. The old gear for closing the gates is still seen lying about, but will never be used again.

There is much esthetic interest and real beauty about these grass-grown, moss-covered walls, and the uses of peace may be as valuable as those of war. Certain it is that the original uses of the chambers and hidden magazines below ground will never be revived. Most of these cells were closed forever when the mud from the bay was pumped into the unsanitary moat and the lower passageways obliterated.

Fort Santiago stands at the point of the triangle between the bay, the Pasig river and the southern wall of the city. In the old days its lower cells were below tide water in the river, and upon occasion could be flooded. When the fine office building now standing on the parapet was erected by the military Government as headquarters for the Division of the Philippines, U. S. A., the only entrance to this old chamber of horrors was closed forever. A careful exploration of the inner recesses of the old fort, failed to find any doorway leading down to the lower depths.

There are all sorts of rumors about Manila concerning secret passage-ways leading about the Walled City, and connecting with the fort, but it is hard to find the man who knows where to find the door to the mysterious tunnel. There is a native who knows, but he has lost his mind and can't tell. There is an American who knows, but so terrible were his ex-

periences, that he will talk about them only when drunk, and he had been virtuously sober for these many months. There is also a Spanish mestizo who has a friend that knows, but they are not now on speaking terms.

When cleared and parked, the tops of these walls should make the most popular evening resorts in Manila. The sunsets from the Western wall are gorgeous beyond description, the cool evening breezes and the music from the Luneta are wafted up to the exile, resting above the heat and toil of the city at his feet, and once experienced, this atmosphere of tropic rest and balmy air of perfect comfort may never be forgotten. It is this that constitutes the call of the East for the pilgrim who has returned to the strenuous life of the West again.

Manila is a city of churches, and her skyline, seen from the bay, is broken by towers and domes of Christian temples. There are in Intramuros more objects of high ecclesiastical interest than in all the missions of California put together. China has her walls, India her temples, Japan her pagodas, but Manila alone of all the cities of the East excels in churches. Young in years beside the hoary monuments of London or Rome, the three centuries of San Augustine and the Recoletos are venerable in their vaulted aisles compared with the hundred year old missions of California.

Just how many churches there are in the walled city it is hard to tell, but there are six great cathedrals, each teeming in things of interest to the antiquarian. Beautiful they are in their moss and vines. Who can sit silent without hearing from these stained and mellow walls whispered prayers of priests who have long since vanished, and shadow chants of acolytes who have joined the choir invisible.

Of all the sanctuaries of this old city, four churches possess supreme interest. The cathedral proper is the largest, the best known and the least interesting of them all. It is of Byzantine architecture, with vaulted aisles, lofty dome and graceful columns. The massive facade is a good example of Roman form, and the decorations are consistent. It has nine entrances, three large chapels, a score of smaller chapels, and the choir and organ are placed in the middle of the center aisle. Seven years were occupied in its building, and the cost was $288,000.

The bijou of Intramuros is the Jesuit

A PULPIT IN THE JESUIT CHURCH.

FORT SANTIAGO AS IT STANDS TO-DAY. TRANSFORMED BY THE AMERICANS INTO A MODERN BUILDING.

church of St. Ignatius. The exterior is without merit, but the interior leaves nothing to be asked in ravishing beauty of decoration, and marvelous symmetry of design. The scheme is wrought in carved molave, and the detail and finish are of high artistic merit. The columns supporting the Roman arches are woven about with tracery of leaf and scroll, and the ceiling is of carved panneling. The life-size figures of saints and cherubs are well executed, and the bas-reliefs of gospel subjects are wrought with remarkable fidelity to nature. The pulpit alone cost $12,000, and the altar is worth going a long way to see. The gallery is high and well-lighted, and the effect of the whole church is such as to cause the beholder to come again and again and never tire of its marvelous beauty.

The Church of St. Augustine was built by Antonio Herrera, the son of the famous Spanish architect of the Escurial, in 1599. So well were its massive walls put together that they have withstood the earthquakes and other vicissitudes of three centuries, and may remain for a thousand years yet. Its vault of hewn stone, sixteen chapels, the tombs of Legaspi and Urdeneta, and great inner buttresses, possess unusual architectural interest.

One of the most impressive and interesting of all the churches of Manila, or the Philippines for that matter, is Old Santo Domingo. The embattled towers and climbing buttresses of the exterior are massive and stately. The Gothic windows and circular apse have a peculiar flavor of true cathedral architecture, and if there were nothing of Santa Domingo but its carved doors, it would still be worth going to see. Outside and within, it is pure Gothic, the only example in the city. With its marble altar steps and bases of the great columns, its choir and altar railings of worked brass, its colored windows and carved pulpit, it weaves a veritable spell of magic over the beholder. Its sacristy contains many objects of beauty and interest, and the mellow tinge of time lends a halo to the whole pile.

High mass at Santo Domingo at the

early hour is an experience not to be forgotten. Sixteen hundred candles shine in the gloom of the old sanctuary, while a thousand worshipers kneel on the polished floor. Among the high arches gathers the smoke of the fragrant incense, and up in the dome breaks through the glass of blue and red, the first beams of the morning sun. The chanting of the priests reverberates through the aisles like the noise of a cataract, and the answer of the prostrate people is like the murmur of many waters upon the strand. Then the great organ, with its thundering reeds, makes the old pile ring and shout, and in the silence that follows, the people wait, and there comes down from the walls and everywhere the chanting of a boy's chorus without accompaniment, wild and beautiful. At last it is over, the multitude files out slowly past the marble basons, and there remain only the flickering candles, the glittering altar, and the slanting sunbeams of purple and gold. What a place for reverie, a spot for romance? With all its painted pillars and glaring colors, the old church has a fascination about its rich tone and Gothic lines that weaves over the visitor the spell of the Gothic motive, that insistent pointing upward that lifts men's hearts to the sky.

Manila possesses the most curious collection of pipe organs that may be found anywhere in the Orient, or perhaps in the world. Certainly the tourist has less than ten miles to go to find the most unique organ ever built, the bamboo organ of Fr. Diego Cera —built at Las Pinas in 1798. Some of the old organs are still in use, but some are bent and broken, and hang high on the old church walls. silent, while the people wait for the sound of the voice that is gone.

The choir galleries are full of relics that cause the visitor to strain the tenth commandment to the breaking point. Carved lecturns of ebony, beautiful old chairs of nara and molave, cantorals printed by hand on rawhide with notes an inch square, railings and relics and images and doors carved and barred, all possess that peculiar flavor of antiquity that stirs the heart of any one who has a soul large enough to live in any other time than his own.

The bells of the walled city are legion, and vary from the little blat of impertinence to the nine foot bell of Santo Domingo, so big that it cannot be swung, but must be tolled with a hammer. Cowper sang of the sweet bells at evening, but he had never been in Manila at 6 p. m., or he would have changed the subject. When a half dozen bells on each church tower all ring at once from every quarter of the city, the noise is but a deadly crash and confusion of sound. These bells are rung by boys, who climb the towers to the belfry, and then turn the bells over and over in a circle as fast as physical strength will permit.

Nothing in the old walled city possesses more real interest than the convents. Here are stored the treasures, and here live the guardians of the prizes that await the explorer. Bare and uninteresting exteriors conceal a world of beauty within. To spend some time within these walls is to step back to the fifteenth century and live again in the age of the reformation and the renaissance. Here are found the

OLDEST ORGAN IN THE PHILIPPINES. RECOLLETOS CHURCH

A CHURCH INTERIOR.

books, the paintings, the bells and furniture, the dress and the habits of thought and life that were in full swing when Columbus discovered America. These inmates wear impurturbable faces, and appear to live much like their buildings—on the inside.

The inner cloisters are much alike. Some are wider and some are higher, and some are dirtier, but all have the Roman arch, the fine perspective of retreating colonnades, and the old and terrible paintings on the walls and the inner gardens and trees.

Some of the stairways are well worth seeing. Broad stone steps gently rise under lofty domes to the floor above, which is a duplicate of the arcade below. The recreation halls furnish striking views above the city, and fitting subjects for the brush of some great artist who will yet immortalize himself and his subjects by putting on canvas the rotund figures of the aged friars bent over their chess boards, and oblivious of all the world.

Perhaps the libraries are the centers of greatest interest, and perhaps they are not, but to find unappreciated and almost unknown books printed by hand on imperishable paper made three hundred and seventy years ago, is enough to make the visitor catch his breath and involuntarily ask the price. But there is no price; this is not a show town, and the tourist will have to remember that he is in Manila. If only now—but what's the use? If they were for sale they would not be here, and if they were not here, they would not be discovered by the tourist, and they would be very high-priced, and if they were not very high-priced, they would be manufactured to order with any date that the fancy of the maker or the cupidity of the buyer might suggest. If we are to become original discoverers we must pay the price of finding things at their sources and looking with guarded eyes upon relics, any one of which would be a prized treasure in an American library. Most of the bindings are the imperishable "pergamino" or rawhide, and few of the books give evidence of having been much used.

There is nothing of more interest about Manila than her ruins, most of which are, however, without the Walled City, and also beyond the limits of this paper. Guada-

lupe, Navotas, Coloocan and Malabon furnish interesting old piles of broken arches and roofless walls concerning which there are stories that would delight any author with imagination.

Where is the life of a people more revealed than in the streets of a city? Down in Malate there is a little winding street lined with nipa houses on both sides, running off into a banana grove at the end, trimmed with women bare of neck and ankle, and children bare of about everything. The baby grunts beneath the casas, the roosters fight in the shade of the thatch awnings, the senoritas engage in entomological researches and tropical dirt and peace reign supreme. It is complete in itself, a perfect likeness of the typical provincial barrio.

The "interiors" of the big "strong material" houses are a study by themselves. Inhabited by a score or two of natives, their smoky arches and gloomy recesses are full of oriental color and contrast, and suggest medieval conditions of life.

There are streets in Binondo half a rod wide, lined with Chino restaurants, and affording all the advantages of a trip to Canton, with the valuable difference of being able to get out into the fresh air again within sixty seconds, if necessary. And one could hold his breath for a minute under extreme need.

The life of the water dwellers of Manila is a class by itself, and needs a volume for its description. Fifteen thousand people live on the water. In bancas and lorchas and cascos and launches and sailing craft and steamers they ply their trade back and forth and never go ashore except in the course of their labors as cargaderos. Thousands of children are born, grow up, live and die on these floating cargo carriers, and never know any other life than that which is towed and poled from place to place. Just why they do not fall overboard and drown is not apparent, except on the theory that Providence has a special detail on guard over those who utterly fail to care for themselves. A fire pot, a slat

INTERIOR OF JESUIT CHURCH.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

LIBRARY, SANTO DOMINGO, MANILA.

platform, a rice kettle and two fighting cocks comprise the entire furnishing of these private yachts of the river aristocracy.

Filipino industries furnish material for study of primitive methods of manufacture and unique adaptation of means to ends. There are no large factories except the big tobacco plants, but in the homes of the people are made a host of things useful and ornamental. For three hundred years, there has been little change in the way the people have made the things that they needed in every-day life, Spain having taught them very little other than the wearing of semi-European clothing.

Boats of all kinds and sizes, spinning wheels and looms, rope walks, fish nets, plows, cotton cloth, gold chains, tortoise shell boxes, furniture, calicos, hats, mats, lace veils, and many other things make up the list, all of which are made in substantially the same clumsy way that was in vogue in the fifteenth century. Sometimes these old looms and wheels will bring good prices as curios as do the bolos and cimeters of Mindanao.

Filipino home life, while not furnishing an example for adoption in the West, has a certain charm all its own. The babies rarely cry, for everybody is good-natured, and when the mothers learn to care for their children, the population of the islands will increase rapidly, for these are not a weak nor degenerate race of people. Those who have taken the trouble to become familiar with the habits of the people, have found a lot of most interesting folk lore and family "custombre."

Filipino cemeteries are interesting, as cemeteries go, and some of the old customs connected therewith are also interesting as examples of ecclesiastical greed and avarice. In the swampy parts of the country, great stone walls are built with niches for the reception of the dead, and before these sealed resting places are kept burning incense and candles by the sorrowing friends of the departed.

From the tiny nipa hut to the big cathedral, Manila has a world of interesting things all its own, and the time is soon to come when the world traveler will no more omit Manila from his itinerary than he would go by Rome without stopping to see the Vatican and St. Peters.

SOME VITAL SCHOOL QUESTIONS

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT AND WOMAN'S POSITION IN THE SCHOOL SYSTEM

BY KATE AMES

In every profession and in every line of business, in the manual trades that are open to women, in every sphere in which woman enters as a working factor, there is a growing friction, and woman feels that she is being discriminated against. With the emancipation of woman and with the increase of woman in the trades and professions and in numbers, she has taken the stand that in all things she is the equal of man. It is a well-known fact that when nations are emancipated, there is always a marked tendency to make liberty spell license, and the man who has been utterly freed most easily becomes a tyrant over others who have had restraint put upon them by man or the man-made law.

Woman, freed of the thrall of centuries, seeks to control, and in the seeking, comes in competition with man, several centuries behind him in the knowledge of self-control. To him she lays all blame for her failures and shortcomings, and she forgets that most of her denials have been forged into fetters by the competing sisterhood. Woman is "cheap labor," and it is the competition of women that has made it so, not the competition of the male. Some of these questions are vital, and a few of them have been ably set forth by Miss Kate Ames in the following article.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE YEAR 1907 was made memorable in school affairs by the opening of a definite campaign to increase men's salaries and strengthen their hold upon the more important positions in the school system to which large salaries are attached. This campaign was carried on largely by the less seeing school men. Their desire for the enlargement of these special privileges is human. They have long sipped of this nectar, and who can blame them if they wish to hold and extend these privileges. No open claim has been made to superiority. None could justly be made. In the weak and incomplete report that was printed and distributed among school officers, there was reflection inferred, at times definitely expressed, in regard to the work of women. In none of the articles that have appeared from time to time, or public addresses that have been made, has any plea been put forth but sex, with the occasional suggestion of voting privilege.

The women teachers recognize the public appreciation of their educational status. They, also, know that the public is coming more and more to appreciate the quality of their work. In silent disapproval, they allowed the campaign to continue through the year. At the meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Santa Cruz during the holidays, the women teachers held a mass meeting and decided that they, as well as the men teachers, should assume responsibility in the affairs of the association; that they should take their share of work in the Council of Education; that they should take a responsible part in the annual programme.

This action was dignified, conservative, decided. It was without doubt the direct result of the campaign for salaries and position, opened by the men. While not a word was said in regard to the cam-

paign, it was a silent rebuke to the weak and undignified plea and the methods used in forwarding the claim.

To-day the training of women in the schools is equal to that of men. Insight, industry and skill are individual rather than sex characteristics. These qualities vary among the women; they vary, also, among the men. Not all women have the qualities that make the good administrator; neither are all men thus endowed. Yet practically every man in the schools to-day is holding an administrative position. Practically every woman is holding a teaching position. When we know that eighty-eight per cent of the teachers are women, we must, if we stop to consider, realize that the sex fallacy is not placing in many cases the best administrators at the head of the schools.

The plea is one-sided and selfish. It indicates human limitation and error. It stands in deadly enmity to general welfare. No one can in justice claim higher rewards for service unless that service is distinctly higher. If higher rewards are paid, it must be because the worker distinctly outranks his fellows. Recognition must arise in the character and quality of service rather than in the sentiment that certain persons need peculiar consideration because of some quality which they assume to be peculiar to themselves. Salary is the laborer's share in the product, and wants cannot be satisfied in justice without an equivalent in work. The wishing cut may rest upon the head, but the hand must take a trowel and wield it to the satisfaction of the employer.

We do not need to theorize in regard to the probable results of this plea. We have had the condition in fact for years. The questions to decide are: Has this discrimination paid? Has it brought the desired results? Has it tempted the strong, virile man to enter the teaching profession? Has it produced greater insight, industry and skill among those who have entered? Have the men been more capable administrators because of these special privileges? This plea for the extension of privileges comes at a time when these questions are in many minds and have been for several years. These questions, which the people have asked as to the returns that have been made by the beneficiaries of these special privileges are frequently answered in the negative. There are multitudes that look upon the condition as utterly unjust, and unjust not alone to the woman educator, but to the children, to the community which must receive and absorb the product.

The inequality of rewards is in itself bad and dangerous. The schools have been the loser through the system. It has been wasteful not only through those who receive less, but more wasteful through those who are protected in the larger salary and better position on some other ground than fitness, than industry, than skill. The public is the final court of appeal. It is restless; it is uneasy; it is questioning. This plea for the extension of these privileges has added to the doubt of motive, the lack of faith in the judgment and wisdom of administrators. There is nothing in it to stimulate interest, nothing to make for betterment. It is a poor interpretation of the duties that arise in present day conditions. It has its origin in misunderstanding and personal advantage rather than in the general welfare of schools.

Sex should be omitted as a test for any school position. It seems more reasonable to consider that teachers belong to one kind—mankind—that they are all one species—the varieties are good and less good. Training, industry, insight and skill are the qualities that fit persons for certain positions rather than the accident of birth. Sex is no basis whatever upon which to determine suitability, industry, educational efficiency. The sex fallacy belongs to a time when men were the best teachers because the higher institutions of learning were open to them and to them alone. This plea is a survival and takes into account, not the conditions, but the result, of past educational opportunities. The schools have paid heavily for this fallacy in the past, and to-day it hampers and weakens the system. It has been made a basis of choice until the inefficient men in responsible positions have become a large factor in the cause of adverse criticism of men teachers, and a large element in the causes why strong, virile men refuse to consider teaching as field for their life work.

We have pretty generally gone over to

the opinion that training, fitness, capacity to perform, are indispensible in all school positions. No man is good in administration unless he can produce adequate results. The condition which we now have exists because the community has wanted to know too little—has taken for granted that school work would be well done because every teacher would want to do good work. It has valued school health too cheaply. It has not applied the efficiency test to results.

The situation is intricate and complex. The woman teacher has filled the subordinate position successfully. Her work gives evidence of intelligence of a high order that is more and more appreciated by the community, and by those whose interest is more personal because their children are educated under them. A few have held higher positions with notable results. The public has noted this. It stands in the capacity of judge; it is a keen critic of conditions. Far from women exercising little or no influence, far from women failing in control over the school in which she is a subordinate, she is in many cases the actual head, exercising enormous influence, enormous control to which limits cannot be assigned. Great as that influence now is, the recognition, in fact, would be of still greater advantage to the school system.

We may look upon the action taken by the women teachers at Santa Cruz as indication that they realize their power, that the step was based on results already attained, and that they feel the claim of larger duties and responsibilities; that there is a preparation for wider influence and responsibility. Of what use is all her preparation and experience unless there is a field for application? The wider preparation of this generation and the wider experience in life has increased woman's sense of social obligations. From the women teachers at Santa Cruz came the conscious or unconscious demand for larger fields of influence; on a responsibility in the administration of an institution in which she represents 88 per cent of the workers. Her opinions are based on contact with the schools as they are. She has learned that contact with others is the surest corrective of judgment; that school interests are not attained by holding aloof from the places where school affairs are discussed and policies formulated. That these are the times and places to meet opinion with opinion.

Woman's training has developed her individuality and freed her powers for independent action, for initiative in large and responsible affairs. Her college training has educated her to see the evils arising from the sex fallacy. She sees the need that demands an extension of her powers. She sees herself, no longer as an isolated person, but a part of a social organization in which her responsibilities have increased.

This new mental attitude is a demand for sturdy action that will relate her to the basic conditions of school life. She is conscious of greater powers than those that are required in the fulfillment of subordinate positions. She is conscious of the ability to aid effectively in the direction of forces. The complacency of the old-time school keeper is gone forever. There is no sense of "arrival," but an inward demand for larger responsibility and growth. Women teachers to-day represent initiative, equal education with men, and administrative value.

There come periods of reconstruction, of enlargement of function, of uplifting, of carrying forward of ideals long established. Tendencies and aspirations are enlarged; new claims are put forth. The highest institutions which the race has developed for its protection next to the family are the school and the State. Like every other element of human life, they are susceptible of progress.

The clashes and jars which we feel most keenly in the schools are due to the two standards—the one larger claim of which we have just spoken, the other untouched by the modern social conditions. The teaching force in its entirety must be carried out into the larger modern life—must recognize and acknowledge the new obligations. The school interests cannot be forwarded by mere self-interest on the one side or breaking away from restraint on the other. The truest type of progress in the schools as elsewhere is growth, like the new growth in the plant swelling against the sheath which at the same time imprisons and protects it.

A little clear thinking and adaptation to

modern conditions is greatly needed. For a generation education has recognized the mental ability of women and her ideals have changed under the pressure of the new insights.

The necessary adjustment will come only in response to the claims of the social movements about us. It will come in response to the felt need of a system of administration that shall be broad-minded, capable, skillful, to the felt need of a system that shall gather the units into an effective whole; to the felt need of a system that shall demand leadership that is industrious, capable of getting and giving insights that will uplift the school. This can only be secured when the school woman takes her responsibilities beside the school man; when the possibility of a campaign for special privileges based on the ground of sex and voting privilege shall have been removed.

THE BELLS

BY H. FELIX CROSS

Alone I stand, in Sunset Land,
On a mountain robed in evening glory.
The church bells down i' the distant town
Are pealing their harmonious story.
Toll bells!
Toll out thy harmony!
Toll till the hills toll back to thee!
Toll thou across yon distant sea!
Toll bells!

The music thrills among the hills,
The vibrant crags the sound prolong,
The echoes leap from steep to steep,
Ten thousand peaks burst into song.
Toll bells!
Toll out thy cadence sweet!
Toll to the headlands 'neath my feet
Like rolling ocean's measured beat!
Toll bells!

The shadows crawl up the canyon wall,
The red flame dims i' the western sky,
The church bells peel, the echoes steal,
And in the purple chasms die.
Toll bells!
Toll thro' the glowing sky!
Toll till the echoes toll reply!
Toll in the hearts of men for aye!
Toll bells!

HOWARD HOLMES, SYMPHONIC LEADER.

NOTED CALIFORNIANS SERIES.—Miss F. Soule Campbell has given us a study head this month of one of the men who has given the world the impression that San Francisco is a musical city. Mr. Holmes is dead, but his memory is kept green in the love that is borne his name by thousands of Californians who remember him as the greatest leader of symphony orchestras San Francisco has ever known. Howard Holmes should have a monument, some shrine where his admirers may occasionally meet and tell of this beautiful character, this builder of the beautiful in mind and heart.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

"LOOBY LOO," ONE OF THE GAMES AT THE NORMAL MAY FETE.

A CALIFORNIA MAY FETE

A STATE NORMAL SCHOOL FUNCTION

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

THE ANNUAL May fete at the San Jose State Normal School, on May 20th, has grown into an institution of Coast interest. This year five thousand people crowded the bleachers to see the festivity carried on by students and training-school children. The pageant was two hours long and consisted of a revival of the spirit of flowers and spring the race has felt in the month of May ever since the world was young. Children from the kindergarten to the eighth grade took part in the recreations and sylph-like exercises to which they had been trained.

From the time when the May Queen was crowned, to the final thousand-voiced chorus, "The Year's at the Spring," there was a profusion of flowers, rosy faces, white dresses, marching and dancing, all intended to body forth the joys of innocent childhood in the abandonment of harmless, beautiful play.

The programme consisted of greetings to the May Queen by various training-

school departments, each greeting being a flower-token and graceful calisthenic exercise. The wonderful flower-colors of Santa Clara gardens were used to advantage in the greetings. Historic dances of various countries, a revival of ancient folk-games and songs such as the "Jolly Miller" and "Looby Loo," with chariot races by the little ones, followed. All, however, were distinctly harmonized to modern surroundings.

It is true that the six-year-olds did not always reach the ideals of grace one might look for, but the sweet little imperfections of the tots only made the ideal beauties for which the teachers strove the more clear and beautiful.

The "Artistic Dance" by Normal School students was the culminating feature of the games and drills. The formal raising of the May-pole, which was carried out in old-time style, followed by May-pole dances, gave opportunity for complete display of graceful movement. This is without doubt the most attractive feature of all the exercises. The artistic effect all through the day was greatly heightened by the orchestra music, and by the singing to which it was accompanied.

Miss Isabel Mackensie, director of the fete, says her aim is to give spontaneous expression to the natural buoyancy of child-life. This she does by selecting those recreations which belong to the various stages of evolution to which the groups of children belong.

THE FLOWER DANCE, NORMAL SCHOOL FETE DAY, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

THE ROYAL YACHT ALEXANDRA.

The Royal Yacht "Alexandra" has been twenty years in the building. It has had many changes in plans, and possesses all of the features of the best and fleetest pleasure vessels of the day. Its lines are beautiful, and its cost has exceeded three million dollars. Its speed is twenty-two and one-half knots.

TAFT'S RECORD IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY ROBERT B. WESTCOTT

READING OVER THE MESSAGE TO BE DELIVERED TO THE PHILIPPINES ASSEMBLY

WHILE IT is yet too early in the national political game to assert the fact, indications are that the Philippine question will enter largely into the Presidential campaign this fall. Secretary William H. Taft, the ponderous standard-bearer of the Republican party, will necessarily defend what is popularly known as the "McKinley policy" towards our Oriental charges, and Mr. William Jennings Bryan, his Democratic opponent, the great Nebraskan will endeavor to convince the voters of the country that, while in a broad sense our work of *benevolent assimilation* out in the Far East, as it has been conducted under the dictation of Mr. Taft, has been more or less deficient in results, and on the whole a detriment rather than a benefit to the Filipinos. But there is very little difference between the two great political parties over the government and future of the Philippine Islands. They both agree that the Filipinos should be given every opportunity and modern advantage to elevate themselves socially, commercially, industrially and politically; they both agree that our little brown wards should be trained in the art of government, so that they will eventually be able to govern themselves, and they both seem to favor President McKinley's original idea of building up in the Philippine Islands the only independent republic in the whole Oriental world. The only difference thus far has been over *when* the Filipinos should be permitted to strike out for themselves in the management of their own affairs, and as to the extravagances of the Insular Government, as it is conducted to-day by the Washington Government. Secretary Taft is perfectly competent to debate these questions with assurance and effect because he has the advantage of a most thorough knowledge of Philippine affairs on account of his constant association with them and the intimate relations he has always borne to the islands and the people who inhabit them. He was their first American Civil Governor. He constructed the present Government and presided over its affairs continuously and directly until called back home to become President Roosevelt's Secretary of War. Since then he has made two important visits to the Oriental dependencies, and has also continued in close touch with the Government at Manila, through the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington, which is a division

THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY LISTENING TO MR. TAFT'S MESSAGE.

of the War Department and under the absolute control of the Secretary of War. Personally, I am unalterably opposed to many features of Secretary Taft's general policy in the Philippines, the most offensive to me being what I regard as Mr. Taft's disregard for the interests of the Americans who have exiled themselves in that country, and are helping the Federal Government in the great task of *assimilation*, and the extravagances practiced in the administration of Philippine affairs. But it is not my intention to discuss the political affairs of the Islands in this article. We all know where Taft stands respecting the future of the Filipinos. We know he has promised them independence when they are sufficiently educated in the art of Government to go it alone, which is indefinite to say the least, and we know that Mr. Bryan would set some date, and that in the near future, for turning the islands over to the Filipinos. There are very few of us, however, who do know how dearly Secretary Taft is revered by the Filipinos, why this is so, and how deeply he has ingratiated himself with the natives. He calls the Filipinos his "little brown brothers," and the little brown brothers speak of the big man as "Santo" Taft. In their eyes he is indeed a saint. They have canonized him by popular consent, and there is little doubt but that Taft's name will go down through the Filipino generations to come alongside those of their numerous religious saints. They have named towns, roads and other public thoroughfares after him; theatres, schools, babies and animals, too, even going so far as to dignify their favorite fighting cocks in a like manner. While Taft was the active chief executive of the islands, the natives showered all sorts of presents upon his family, some of them very valuable, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for some provincial to appear at his office door in the Government building or at his official residence, Malacanan Palace, with a donation of a fine, tender chicken or two or a dozen or two of nice, fresh eggs. If you think this is an exaggeration of the facts, just ask the Secretary of War himself. He will tell you all about it with that inimitable smile that has done so much to win for the Secretary the high

place he holds at the present time in the Government at Washington and the councils of his party.

Do you want to know how Taft won and still holds so completely the adoration and confidence of the Filipinos? Well, I will tell you, because I know. I was in close touch with him all the time he lived in Manila, and for this and many other reasons I believe I am competent to speak.

When Taft first appeared among the Filipinos, they were appalled by his enormous physique, and on account of his immense size they immediately jumped at the conclusion that he not only possessed a wonderful brain, but a tyrannical temperament as well.

A Filipino always measures a man's intellect by his physical size, and until Taft began to assert his democracy and smile their fears away, the natives believed their new Governor would rule them with an iron hand. That is the way the Spanish Governors-General had done for nearly four centuries, and they could not figure out how an American would be any different. For this reason, Taft found himself confronted by a barrier that for a while, at the beginning of his executive career, annoyed him greatly.

But like he does everything else he undertakes, he made determined and successful efforts to draw the natives to him. One of his initial steps in this direction was to take up the study of Spanish, which is the official language of the Philippines, and which most of the natives speak more or less fluently, in addition to their tribal dialects. It was not long before he had mastered the lingo sufficiently well to make himself understood by the natives, very few of whom had any knowledge whatever of English, and this was of great assistance to him in winning the favor of the people he governed. Then Mr. Taft and his estimable wife plunged into the social features of the Filipinos' life, which have an important bearing on all phases of society. They mingled as much with the people as was consistent with the exalted station of first gentleman and lady of the land, and their receptions and other social functions at Malacanan were brilliant and numerous. They soon attracted the natives, and so cordially were the latter received and treated that it was not long before they became a dominant factor at all of these events. It was through these functions that Taft first got at the hearts of his little brown people. Besides, the Civil Governor appeared at all the big Filipino functions. He made frequent trips into the provinces from one end of the islands to the other, and everywhere he went his strong personality and continual good humor were felt. It is said of Taft that he never turned a Filipino visitor away from his office without seeing him personally and learning his wants, no matter how humble his station in life, and he never let an opportunity slip by, in public or private, to reassure the people that he was their friend, that the people of the United States were their friends, and that we all demanded that their interests should be paramount at all times and under all conditions. He handled them like they were so many children, in an affectionate earnestness of manner that simply compelled them to look up to him. This is the way he won the natives and caused himself to be universally loved by the people. His now famous motto, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," made a great impression on the people when he announced it, and how faithfully he has adhered to it is well known by every American and other Occidental in the Philippine Islands.

Taft's personality has been a powerful element in all Philippine affairs. While Civil Governor, he gave every detail of the Insular Government his personal attention, and there was no issue so insignificant as to escape his scrutiny. The Congressional bill organizing the Philippine Government and McKinley's instructions to Taft when he first left Washington for the Islands, are credited to the authorship of Elihu Root, who was Secretary of War under McKinley at the time, and while these two documents were very complete and exhaustive, they naturally left many matters to be adjusted as occasion demanded. Taft set about the organization of the Government with a zeal that was remarkable. He is an indefatigable worker, and those first days of reconstruction repeatedly found him hard at work, either in his office at the Government building, or at his residence, far into the night.

"Why do you work so hard?" a Filipino Commissioner asked him on one occasion.

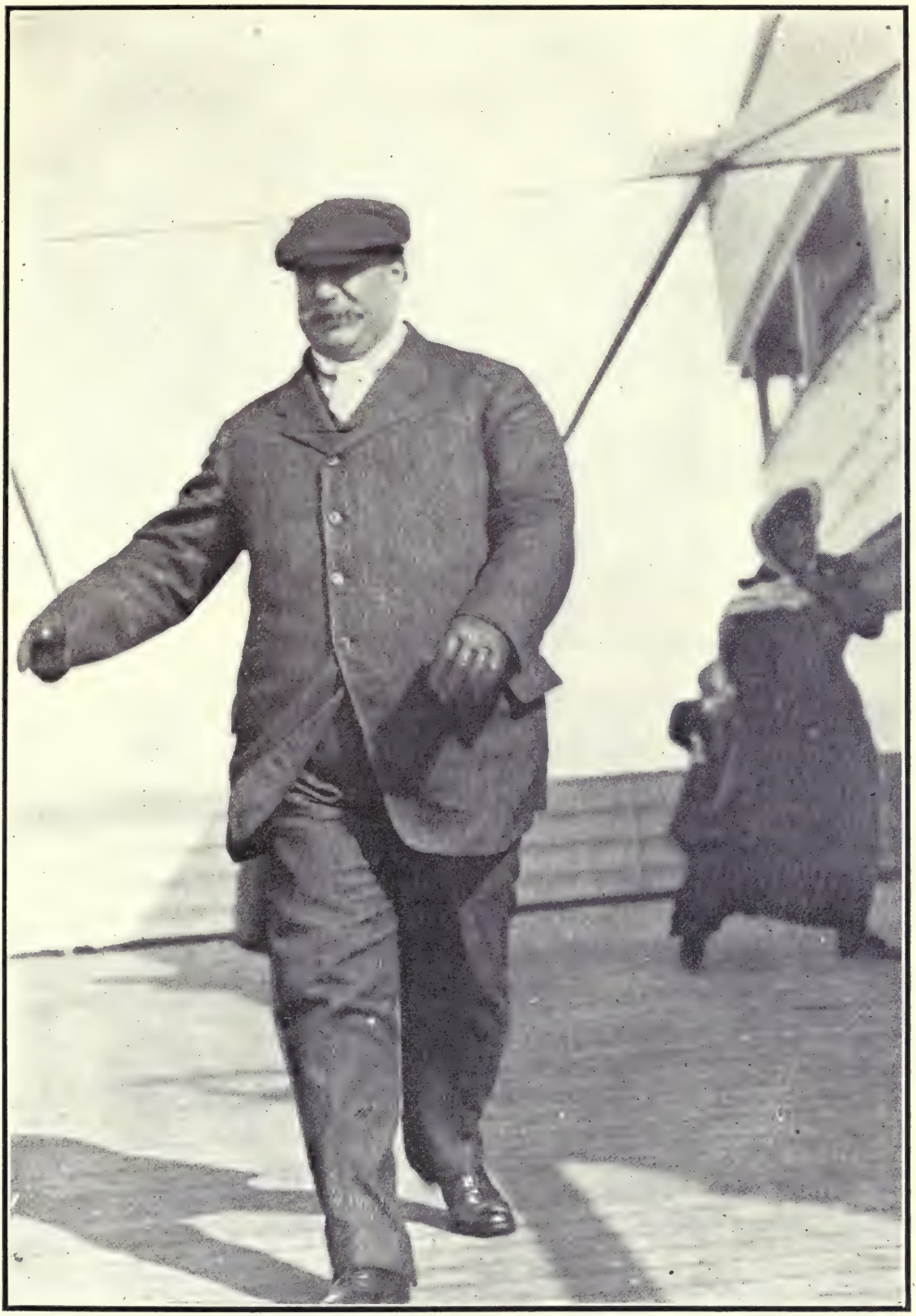
"Because the task is a pleasant one and I enjoy it," was his quick reply. "Your people must get all there is in this Government at the earliest possible moment, or my people back home will not like it."

And so Taft trudged along, each day developing new complications to be unraveled, each appearing to be more difficult than the one before. But Taft is a resourceful man, and under his guiding hand and ready initiative he mastered everything to his own satisfaction at least. That was always sufficient for Taft. If he liked a thing, it made no difference whether his colleagues on the Philippine Commission liked it or not—it went as he wanted it. In fact, Taft was the whole Commission. He dominated all legislation and laws were enacted as he wanted them. The judiciary was one of his hobbies. He was an eminent lawyer, and had been a prominent United States Judge, with certain well defined notions about what it required to construct and maintain a judiciary on a high plane, and these ideas he inculcated in the legislation reorganizing the courts of the land. In a nutshell, if Taft overlooked anything pertaining to the Government it was not his fault.

It cannot be denied that *benevolent assimilation*, as Taft administered it, made rapid strides during his incumbency of the Civil Governorship. Schools were established with remarkable rapidity throughout the islands, and the natives accepted them with agility and an enthusiasm that assured their popularity. The children flocked through their portals, and instances were not rare where native men and women, some of them of very advanced age, took advantage of the opportunities offered by the Government to learn the English language. The Filipinos seem to possess a natural passion for education in all its branches. The higher arts, such as music, drawing and painting, engraving and sculpture, appeal to them strongly, and they become wonderfully expert in all these branches, particularly in music. They are fine musicians, and it is safe to say that there is hardly a single home among the civilized Filipinos that does not possess a musical instrument of some kind. It is a fact worthy of note that of all the Oriental peoples who inhabit the Far East, the Filipinos are the only ones who have a musical nature.

But to return to the school system in the Philippines. Taft insisted that there should always be a liberal distribution of the public funds for the advancement of education, which, he has always contended, is the foundation upon which the natives must base their hopes for ultimate self government. Wherever the people indicated a desire to have a school and promised to support it, they were given what they asked for. Thus was the school system extended, and it is still reaching out at the present day. There are now something like four thousand public schools in the islands, and about the only legislation of importance the first native Assembly enacted was the appropriation of $500,000 from the general fund for the establishment of barrio or village schools.

While Taft was the active head of the Philippine Government, many important public works, such as provincial road building, harbor improvements and constructions of all kinds were inaugurated. The currency system was changed from a silver to a gold standard, the millions of acres of friarlands were purchased, experimental agricultural stations established everywhere, and numerous industrial schools opened. Taft also started the fight in Congress for the removal of the duty on Philippine products imported into the United States. He established a summer capital in the mountains of the Province of Benguet, which lies some distance north of Manila on the Islands of Luzon, and the climate of which is salubrious and invigorating. It was during his term as Governor that the natives were given a large voice in the administration of their local Governments, provincial and municipal, and in fact, most of the really substantial improvements and social and political advancement were inaugurated in this period. During his tenure of office at Washington, Taft has had a hand in the negotiations which have brought to the city of Manila a magnificent modern electric railway, light and power system, and to the Islands, steam railways in the great sugar-producing



WILLIAM H. TAFT EXERCISING ON SHIPBOARD. MR. TAFT COVERED OVER SIXTY ODD LAPS A DAY IN ALL SORTS OF WEATHER, BEING MORE THAN SIX MILES.

MR. AND MRS. TAFT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "MINNESOTA." CAPTAIN AUSTIN TO THE RIGHT AND MINISTER TO JAPAN O'BRIEN TO THE LEFT.

islands of Panay, Cebu and Negros, and on the Island of Luzon. Many other similar improvements are contemplated, all of which are attributable to Taft's activity and initiative.

The Philippine Assembly has become a reality since Taft's transfer to Washington. The Secretary went all the way from Washington to Manila to be present at the inauguration of this legislative body, which is composed entirely of natives. The Assembly was promised to the Filipinos by McKinley, and its realization has been a most important factor in the betterment of the general political conditions of the country. Another great influence over the natives has been McKinley's promise that in all public affairs the Filipinos should be favored, and that as they grew more familiar with Government they would be considered first in the distribution of official patronage. Taft has always had this promise uppermost in his mind, and it has always been his policy to supplant Americans in the Civil Service by Filipinos whenever the latter proved their efficiency. As a result, the native influence over governmental affairs is constantly growing, and the American forces dwindling correspondingly. It is safe to predict that the time is not far distant when the Civil Service roll will be made up almost entirely of Filipinos. The native judges are in the majority now and Filipino educators are rapidly superceding Americans. The Provincial and Municipal Governments are almost entirely Filipino, every Provincial Governor with three exceptions being natives.

As legislators, the Filipinos are proving themselves dignified and conservative. It was predicted by some of the enemies of the McKinley policy as interpreted and carried out by Taft that the Philippine Assembly would prove a boomerang to the United States' unique experiment in this scheme of Colonial Government, some of them going so far as to assert that the body would develop into a second Russian Douma. At the general elections, the native element known as the "Radicals" won by a large majority over the pro-Government party and their platform was immediate independence. It was then generally predicted that there would be trouble after the inauguration of the

Assembly so soon as the legislators got down to work. There was considerable uneasiness over the outlook in high Government circles, but never for a moment did Secretary Taft indicate the slightest doubt but that he could master the situation. When he arrived in Manila a few days before the inauguration, he called some of the influential Radical leaders into conference, at which Taft did most of the talking. He laid the law down to them with that directness and forcefulness for which he is well known, telling them in language that they could not misunderstand nor misconstrue that if they permitted any inflammatory oratory or enacted any legislation that had for its object the destruction of any part of the Government as it was then constituted, the Assembly would promptly be abolished. And in the course of his inaugural address, he told the entire native population of the islands the same thing, only in language a trifle more diplomatic. This is what he said:

"Will this Assembly and its successors manifest such an interest in the welfare of the people, and such a clear-headed comprehension of their duty, as to call for a greater expansion of political power to this body, and to the people who represent it? or shall it by neglect, obstruction and absence of useful service, make it necessary to take away its existing powers on the ground that they have been prematurely granted? Upon you falls this heavy responsibility."

But Taft did not resort to threats altogether to establish an *intente cordiale* between the Philippine Commission and the Philippine Assembly. He played upon his popularity with the natives to win the radical element over to conservatism. At a great banquet given by the members of the new-born Assembly, during a remarkable address in which he showed great emotion and eloquently reiterated his strong personal affection for the natives, and spoke of the deep interest the world was displaying in the Assembly experiment in view of the failure of a recent Russian Douma, Taft startled the whites present and tickled the vanity of the natives by officially declaring that the Speaker of the Assembly should be counted as the second person in the Philippines, and that he should receive all of the official and social recognition that this dignity entitled him to. Thus another bridge that threatened to endanger American influence over the political affairs of the Philippines was tactfully and safely crossed, and at no time since the opening of the Assembly has the question of "immediate independence" been officially discussed or even remotely considered.

There are many Americans in the Philippines who really believe that Secretary Taft would be the best President for the interests of the insular possession, although they are opposed to his pro-Filipino policy to the extreme that he carries it out. There are others over there who are for anybody for President rather than Taft, and there are still others who don't know where they stand on the question. While the Filipinos themselves are genuine and sincere admirers of the Secretary, and would be greatly pleased to see him elevated to the Presidency, the politicians want Bryan. In him they think they see the reflection of their fondest hope—immediate independence for the islands. They believe that if Bryan should become President, about the first official act he would perform would be to declare the Philippines free and independent and leave the natives to work out their own salvation. When Bryan visited the islands several years ago, he made the acquaintance of a great many prominent natives, and made considerable inquiry into the political situation, but I do not think he gave the natives any intimation of his sentiments regarding the final disposition of the islands, other than to reiterate what he has said in public on many occasions.

But no matter who is the next President the Taft influence over the islands will always have an important bearing on the future of the interesting Filipino people and their beautiful country. His fame will illuminate the islands' history, and his name go down through the generations of the little brown people to come along with that of their own patriot and martyr, Rizal.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

Ths Overland Monthly presents its readers with Mr. Kidder's installment on "Christian Science." As we have said of his paper on "Anarchy" and on "Socialism," there are many who will differ from him in his ideas, but he has such a command of language and he puts his questions and facts so well before the people that those who differ from him cannot help admiring his quaint and unanswerable logic. The series has attracted attention and numerous letter writers have favored Mr. Kidder with opinions as to his articles, while not a few have chosen to utterly ignore the meat that came from the cocoanut, but have attacked the cocoanut hammer and tongs. His mail has brought him many complimentary and not a few uncomplimentary messages. Some men have chosen to apply all kinds of villification to the philosopher and his philosophies, while others have chosen to say that he ranks among the highest of America's writers on the questions of the day.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

HERE IS just so much pow-wow in man, just so much glorified nonsense too absurd to explain, too sacred to doubt, too venerable to laugh at. Worshiping what he doesn't know, accounts for his numberless creeds, kow-towing to what he doesn't understand explains his infinite faith. His reason is as prone to expand into fancy as his fancy to explode into rhapsody, known in the sinner as "insanity," in the pious as "zeal." We all feel more than we can utter, hope for more than we can expect. Nobody is satisfied with his possibilities; it is the ambition to be more than we can be that makes us what we are. But our fault is repudiating solid ideals for shadows cast by dreams, shutting our eyes, stimulating our faith and contenting ourselves with "the evidence of things unseen." The people must be driven or coaxed, and the ruler who lacks the power to coerce must possess the faculty to cajole. No one appeals to popular reason who can appeal to popular superstition—life is too short. Try to manage woman without the aid of some consecrated balderdash, and see where you come out. Did you ever see a free-thought wife "subject herself in all humility to her husband?" Verily, he who tries to run a harem without the grace of God, has my profound sympathy.

Mrs. Eddy knows all of this, knows that the only way to make her flock take the medicine of common sense is to season it with nonsense. Naked truth would shock the intellectual modesty of her congregation. Christian Science has done an immense amount of good, but the Christian Scientist's blunder is not choking off his credulity, when it has monopolized the rational, calling a halt on his pretentions this side of the impossible. But what fanatic is satisfied with the compliment of fact when paid to that upon which he has lavished the fulsome flattery of faith? To begin with, the name of this sect is self-contradictory. Christianity has no more to do with science than an old maid has with race suicide. Christianity is faith in the unprovable; science, proof of the provable. The war cry of one is: "Believe or be damned!" The slogan of the other: "Belief be damned!" Mrs. Eddy has simply married old uncertainty to young certainty, and officiated as midwife and sponsor to a euphonious mongrel. Nor could she have succeeded otherwise, for where one reason stands alone, ten thousand must be shared up with faith. Some of her followers have told me that they deny the virgin birth of Christ as "impossible," yet claim to be Christians. I call that stealing scientific thunder with

one hand and pilfering Christian prestige with the other. So you see, this sect is divorced from Christianity without being wedded to science; filling the place in theology reserved for the mule in zoology, the bull-frog in icthyology, the bat in ornithology and the humbug in entomology.

The Christian Scientist runs the whole of creation through the laboratory of his imagination and calls it "mind," weighs the universe in the scales of his fancy and dubs it "nothing." My mind tells me there is considerable besides it. Now, if my only something is deceiving me, it is worthless. I have no choice between several nothings and one no 'count something. Again, how did Mrs. Eddy discover that everything is nothing instead of nothing being everything? Personally, I should as lieve have it one way as the other. Once more, a mule kicks me—the impact irresistibly suggests mules and kicks. Yet there is nothing but the suggestion; but that suggestion must suggest something. What then? Why, the mule and his kick, but they are nothing. So the suggestion suggests nothing? Fine suggestion that!

A mythical mule favoring vacuity with a fabulous kick! Not a very complimentary mule, to say the least! Perhaps the vaporized quadruped kicked my mind. But what a strange place to kick a man! Is it possible that my health depends on my believing this? Is it essential to my longevity that I subscribe to such? Suppose the mule had kicked me senseless—where would my mind have been? And what would have been left—nothing, eh? Mind, of course, is one of the essentials, but there are a few other details, brain, for instance, and any impairing of that wondrous thing means death to mind. We cannot escape the jurisdiction of natural law; there is no extradition between here and nowhere. What we would find must be hunted for in the neighborhood; what we would know must be suggested by imagination found by search and sworn to by evidence. Wonder opens the eyes and ears, only proof fills them.

To the extent that mind masters matter Christian Science is true; as far as "you are able because you believe you are able," this thing is fact. So are prayer, hypnotism and Lourdes water. But when Mrs. Eddy claims that the Trinity have formed a heavenly wholesale drug syndicate for the cure of everything from a conscience to a corn, from a bunion to a belly-ache, I must dissent. I am not questioning the skill of the Infinite as a general practitioner, fixing no limits to Omnipotence, allopathically or homeopathically, but miracles don't fit this age. I know of a case in which cold water was substituted successfully for cocaine. Was God in the conspiracy? Did Omniscience condescend to bamboozle the patient? Suppose the sufferer had doubted the physician's word! Would the trick have worked? Two Irishmen were hunting, and the one with the gun, seeing a rabbit, took careful aim. "Hold on," said the other, "the gun's not loaded." "Go 'way wid yez," replied his companion, "the rabbit don't know it!" Fear affects the kidneys to a marked extent; thinking of loathsome things destroys the appetite. This is due to mental association. In seasickness, in hysteria and in the solemn hour of death, mental visions present all the appearances of realities. "As a man thinketh so he is." *Cogito ergo sum!* The mind affects some bodies more than others, is more autocratic, sometimes, than others. There was a priest, noted for his pious zeal, who declared that he saw the sacred wafer move.

He was a man of strong character, and on everything else there was co-ordination among his faculties. But here faith was so over-developed by use that it was stronger than his optic nerve. There is this peculiarity about faith: Like other gifts, it must be developed by use, but unlike other gifts, it can't be destroyed by over use. After just so long trying to believe anything, you will believe it, arriving at last at that happy state in which you want to find something harder to believe to prove your faith by believing it. The Virgin is said to have cured hundreds at Lourdes. At least, people go there sick and leave well. What has Mrs. Eddy to say to that? I should believe a Catholic who took his oath to the performance of a miracle as quickly as I should a Protestant who swore to the perpetration of an impossibility. A man in her society told me that his child had been troubled with worms until he and his family "came into

the Truth." Think of God as a tape-worm specialist!

And yet all the Christian Scientists I know are always grumbling over some pain or ache. Something like this: "Morning, Smith! I want to ask you if Christian Science is good for small-pox?" "Why, of course it is. I had a friend sick with it, and the doctors had given him up, but Christian Science healed him. Christian Science will cure *anything.*" "Well, Smith, you are looking well!" "Only tolerable! My liver has been troubling me of late, and Mrs. Smith is very poorly," etc.

If a hundred people leave orthodoxy because of what they call its "absurdity," seventy-five will embrace something that makes absurdity look sublime. Christian Science is over-run with renegade Catholics, Protestants and Jews going around telling folks they were never happy before; there is no such thing as disease; how Jones was cured by the "Truth," of asthma, Brown of love, and Robinson of mumps.

Then you say: "If disease is nothing, Christian Science cured nothing," and they call you a "scoffer." These apostates contend that physicians are useless, surgeons a menace and vaccination a curse. Now, why do these people take up another superstition after dropping their first? The cause is obvious. Nothing is easier than to give a trend to a child's mind, which, like an automobile under way, can be guided in any direction. Early training often prevails over the most emphasized heredity. In childhood our minds have been shunted orthodoxward; faith grew on what it fed. Then came the wish that our creed was false, the wish begat thought, and thought, doubt. Some have retained their faith pure and undefiled; some with modifications; others abandoned it in toto. But many who had forsaken orthodoxy and become atheists discovered a void left that reason can't fill. As they can't return to what is too much of a good thing, and their faith must have something to gnaw on, they feed it on some emasculated creed having a pious head and a free thought tail. Like old dogs, desirous but unable to learn new tricks, they compromise on a mixture. I can tell one of these theological hybrids as soon as he opens his mouth. He calls Christ an "ideal," says "we are all sons of God," and the rest of the farrago peculiar to his tribe.

The majority of Christian Scientists were formerly smoked out of their orthodox holes with the suggestive fumes of sulphur and brimstone. And as agnosticism lay cold on their intellectual stomachs, as their former faith could be neither quenched with logic or deflected toward pure reason, they swallowed Christian Science. Most people want something to "lean on;" having been the "lean kind" in their youth, they lack the strength to stand alone. Every organ, physical and mental is strengthened by use; after extraneous support for years, it can rarely fall back on self support, deprived of its crutch, it compromises on a cane.

Faith in one absurdity is no evidence of a general mental break-down. The great Dr. Johnson believed in the Cock Lane Ghost, but not in the Lisbon Earthquake; "blew in" faith on fable till he was rationally bankrupt on fact; swore to the impossible because he saw it, scouted the probable because somebody else saw it. Did you ever hear anybody call old man Johnson a fool? ever think of the case of intellectual dyspepsia that would ensue if you should try to digest what old man Sam forgot? Some of the wisest are congenitally pious, some constitutional "fools say in their hearts, there is no God." Piety may be no more monopolized by folly than free-thought by wisdom. My father owned a stupid stuttering simian, named Sinclair, whose deficiency in tail proclaimed him a paradox. Being densely stupid and a nigger, he should by right have been devout. But he was as much the antithesis of Dr. Johnson religiously as intellectually. Every Sunday Sinclair ate a big dinner at the quarters, duplicated it aboard one of father's blockade runners, then came up to our kitchen and "did it again." Well, one Sunday one of the family said to him, "Sinclair, didn't I tell you Mrs. Grier (our pastor's wife) has Sunday school every Sunday afternoon?" "Y-yas sum!" "Well, if you don't go this afternoon, you shall have no dinner next Sunday." "Yas sum, I g-gwine up dere!" Accordingly, next Sunday, when Sinclair appeared for

dinner, he was asked: "Sinclair, did you go to Sunday school last Sunday?" "Y-Yas sum, I s-sut'nly did." "Well, what did you learn?" "W-well, de fac' is, Ol' Mis', I w-w-went up dere j-jes lak yer tol' me a-a-an' M-Mis' Grier a-ax me who mek me a-an' all dat fool talk, an' I lef'." Sinclair's skepticism had a congenital trend; he was greedy rather than creedy.

It sounds blasphemous to invest the Deity with the prerogatives of an M. D., but blasphemy, like treason, is regulated by the fate of him who utters it. What was "sacrilege" from the lips of a poor, obscure woman fighting for recognition is "inspiration" in the encyclical of the popess of several million people and several more million dollars. The growth of this sect is phenomenal in more ways than one. Its members are not the "common people who heard him gladly," but the intelligent and wealthy. "Health and wealth!" is their motto. It is the only religion on record that didn't have its inception among the ignorant poor, the only doctrine whose foundation wasn't on dirt. Catholicism took centuries to usurp the power of the classic mythology, ages to enlist the support of the best people. But this thing, started by a woman and lampooned by the public, is one of the world's religions, with its founder still vigorous. It has grown because it has a head, because of its discipline, and because of the good it has done. Even the Catholic Church no more than equals it in the harmony of its mechanism. Its converts are drawn from all the old creeds, and within a century it will be a power politically, as well as religiously. Everybody is welcome, but I fancy the insiders are somewhat like old Dr. Blank, of my town, who stood high in the Episcopal church and lisped. One day Mr. Blink, whose bank roll was as short as his visiting list, spoke to the doctor of joining his church. "Well, thir," replied the doctor, "to tell you the truth, we are pretty d——n crowded jutht at prethent." He was the same who, when some one asked him about the social standing of a certain family, replied: "Oh, very good people, thir, very worthy people, er —er—Baptith!"

As to whether St. John included Mrs. Eddy in his apocalyptic programme, I must leave to some modern Lardner or budding Creeden. It's a far cry from Patmos, A. D. 60, to Boston, A. D. 1908. The woman crowned with stars and standing on the moon, I understand, was Mrs Eddy. Does my personal hygiene depend on my faith in those astronomical gymnastics? Must I either voice my belief or stifle my mutterings of doubt? I know of no advertisement too sacred to answer, no promise I can't question till its fulfillment, no absurdity I shouldn't ridicule. Of course, God may be curing these people; I am as certain that I don't know he isn't as I am that I don't believe he is. If two people are cured of the same disease, apparently in the same way, by two other people who call each other frauds, which must I believe? If Smith cures Jones of colic and says hypnotism did it, while Brown heals Robinson of stomach-ache and says God did it, what am I to do. But how can the cured man know God cured him any more than the uncured man know the devil made him sick?

What would Mrs. Eddy's fine mind be without her healthy brain? an irresponsible memory. What would she be? The driveling echo of a woman who has done more good and talked more nonsense than any other ten women of modern times. She has fooled myriads into health, inveigled thousands into "condition," and her modesty in giving God the credit cannot be too highly commended. As to her standard work, "Science and Health," I should prescribe that for insomnia, which I am satisfied it would cure without God's help. Of the man who claims to be the originator of Christian Science, I know nothing. But did anybody ever do anything worth doing without infringing somebody's copyright? It is said that the user of an apt quotation is more ingenious than its creator. Then what shall we say of him who doesn't invent, but applies a patent or adapts a theory to practical good? The cook may not provide the food she prepares, nor the physician manufacture his medicine. It is one thing to discover something good, quite another to convince the public of its goodness. Robert G. Ingersoll said nothing new, but he said the old in language everybody listened to with eagerness and understood without difficulty. If Mrs. Eddy did not originate,

her thorough application of what another did originate atones for her lack of originality. America was discovered before Columbus. "There were brave men before Agamemnon." She is said to be autocratic, she abuses her power, it is self-created, if she is exacting it is invited by the abject submission of her devotees. Like any great leader, she is of marvelous ability, wonderful memory for details, and an executive of the first rank. Her grafting theology upon her specialty is imperative if she would be a ruler rather than an equal. There can be no absolutism without superstition! no unqualified obedience without faith in something that twenty-five per cent of us don't believe and seventy-five per cent of us believe and know nothing about! To purge her truth of its dross would be to introduce anarchy among her adherents. To put it in a few words, Mrs. Eddy *knows human nature!* Who will succeed her? Whoever does will, like all successors of the great, try to improve upon her work to advertise his own individuality. And he will be emulated by his successors till Christian Science no more resembles the original Boston brand than the Holy Jumpers resembled the twelve apostles. As the years strengthen this sect numerically, as wealth and social position confer prestige, corruption and love of power will, to a great extent, exclude its primitive usefulness. He that hopes for a creed devoid of arrogance and vassalage, must hope for a Utopia in which love of power will die out among the wise and adoration of the mythical cease to gild the dreams of the foolish.

I have often wondered if Christian Science can cure a sick man if he were asleep? Can it cure a two months' old baby of "wind?" Perhaps Mr. Gale can answer that question among the others he is troubled with. Can it cure a man of hydrophobia? Finally, can it cure an editor? or does God take veterinary cases? Christian Scientists are so saturated with the essense of "nothing" that I am inclined to think that with some it is the sole food for thought. I asked one of the sisters, Mrs. Eddy's age. Almost weeping, she said, "Mrs. Eddy has no age." I wondered what the old lady had been doing the last eighty odd years, but I didn't say so. Does Mrs. Eddy consider her wealth, like her age, nothing but mind? Is she prompted to hold on to it through partiality for the intellectual? By the way, if everything is mind, mind can think of nothing but mind. How monotonous some folks' meditations must be! What I know of my subject I have gleaned from its laity and text books. The last, by the way, lack the clearness essential to quench the intellectual thirst of the unsophisticated, mysticism in mystical language! But, *omne ignotum pro magnifico!*

IN THE SEASON OF POPPIES

BY HARLEY R. WILEY

From the shoulders of Dawn the night shadow slipped
  As the shy, saintly Moon evaded her tryst
With the roystering Sun, who eagerly sipped
  From the valley's green cup the golden-white mist.

Day flashed like a smile from Dawn's rosy mouth,
  With a passion of birds and fragrant appeals,
And the warm winds up from the sleepy South
  Sluiced the red, scented gold of our poppy fields.

BARN--BARNACLE--BUNGALOW

BY CARLIN EASTWOOD

Marin County, near San Francisco, is noted for its beauty. It is a mountainous and heavily timbered country, and it is traversed by many streams, while its shores on two sides are washed by the ocean. It has numerous bays. Sometimes the timber becomes sparse, and the country assumes a park-like appearance, with gigantic oaks dotting the landscape. In the more timbered sections, the redwood is the largest timber, while the beautiful madrone attains a size that is not seen anywhere else in the world. There is an immense wealth of flowers growing everywhere at almost every season of the year. The little streams that sparkle in the canyon beds in the summer season are swollen to raging turbulent torrents in the winter, and at all seasons Marin County is one of the most picturesque of the world. Scenically, it may not be surpassed. It is, therefore, no subject of wonder that it has attracted a vast number of people who are lovers of nature, and who have settled down in ideal surroundings. Mr. Carlin Eastwood tells a true tale of the transformation of a barn and a sailboat into a comfortable dwelling place in the hills of Marin. Mr. Eastwood's experience has been duplicated by others who have a love for the strenuous out-door life.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

FOR MANY summers a beautiful little canyon an hour's travel by ferry and rail from San Francisco, exchanged its solitude for the happy noisiness of a camp. Within easy walk of habitation and village, nothing of civilization could be seen from the tents save the roof of a little glass-front cottage that stood just across the fence, but far below on an abandoned railroad embankment that had been dug out of the hillside high above the county road.

And one winter when marriage and Europe and Eastern colleges had claimed most of the little party that had so long camped together, so that only the Nucleus was left, the news came that the little glass-front cottage had burned to the ground, the family had taken shelter in new fields, and the property had changed hands.

So the Nucleuses, whose baby was only a few months old, went over to see, and they found the barn which belonged to the little glass-front cottage still standing. It was on the other boundary, five or six hundred feet along the railroad fill, and beyond reach of the flames. And it immediately occurred to the Nucleuses that here was a possible shelter for the baby's head.

Through the spring the planning went apace. A new town house had drained the Nucleus's funds, but Mr. Nucleus had gray matter in his finger-ends, and had always done creditable amateur tinkering. Mrs. Nucleus didn't dread the protracted settling, and the baby was always agreeable to anything.

And yet even the courage of youth and good spirits—not inexperience, for the Nucleuses had always managed the camp—quailed a little on a near inspection of the barn. It was an unpainted structure, built across a little ravine—a water-way in winter—fronting the railroad fill. There was a lower story, where the horses had been stabled, the main floor even with the fill, and the usual loft. On the main floor a little room had been partitioned off for the "man." Otherwise it was a big, empty, dirty place, the floor-boards half off, a ladder to go from lower floor to loft, and no opening except the great sliding barn doors.

The inspection was silent until Mr. Nu-

cleus discovered some stair-risers propped against the wall in a dark corner.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, dragging them into the light. "Where's the tape line?" And with that the measuring and planning began in earnest.

The main floor was 30x32, and the Nucleuses took time to bless the original owners for building a barn so much beyond the needs of their always modest equipment.

When the campaign was laid out, the next move was to have the tent-floors brought down from the old camp site, for making the barn habitable was to cost nothing at all, in order to be consistent with the means on hand. These floors were of unplaned foot-wide boards, and ripping them up was no light task. With the help of the dairyman, who lived close by and had always done the hauling, and the odd jobs for the camp, the lumber was at last untidily piled near the barn.

By this time it was April, and two Saturdays and Sundays were spent to make a start. But the yacht club "bridge day" and the opening jinks and cruise used up the last two April Saturdays and Sundays, so that it was the middle of May before it was possible to move over, and it was not then very practicable.

However, the stairway was built, two bedrooms and a hall partitioned off upstairs, and the kitchen and bathroom taken off from the main room downstairs. There was one window finished for each floor. Half of the big main doors had been closed up, and the other half cut into and hinged, Dutch-door fashion, and a similar door cut into the kitchen. The partitions upstairs were merely frame-work with burlap stretched across, but downstairs they were solidly built of the old camp floors.

Trusting the baby to his grandmother, to be sent for at the earliest possible minute, the Nucleuses, early one Saturday morning, moved out of peace and order into active confusion. Besides their belongings sent by freight from town, all the camp outfit was deposited in and in front of the barn, and to the two coming along the country road a hundred feet below, it looked as though a forcible evacuation had been accomplished. But the May morning was glorious, the birds sang, and—a country seat was worth working for.

Mr. Nucleus devoted the day to plumbing, and Mrs. Nucleus, in a fever of trying to get unpacked with nowhere to put anything, endeavored not to ask why the joinings always leaked, and why the measurements had been obstinately disregarded at the plumbing shop. Late in the evening the stove was at length connected, supper warmed up, and finally a little one side or the other of midnight, the couple sank to dreamless sleep on mismatched beds and mattresses, but under ample bedding.

The next morning the early waking agreed upon was not difficult to accomplish, and why? Mrs. Nucleus opened her eyes with an uneasy sense of trouble, put her hand up to her neck, and drew away something. What? Not a California flea,

TWO VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BUNGALOW.

not any bug that she knew, but WHAT? There were several in the bed, more on the outer cover, others on the ceiling, and Mr. Nucleus knew no more than she, though for both an awful supposition loomed.

All day the work went half-heartedly. Of what use to try to rid such an open, poorly constructed building of—bedbugs? And what could these else be? With daylight they had disappeared, and although the Nucleuses did not spend the second night under the roof, they stayed long enough to see the pest creep out again.

Monday the baby was to have come, but the order had to be countermanded. Mr. Nucleus buttonholed every man with any knowledge whatsoever of bugs, and came back at night armed only with sulphur and dissatisfaction.

But Tuesday morning he crossed the bay with a carefully preserved specimen, and took it to the man he ought first to have sought, the State Entomologist, and that night, when Mrs. Nucleus met her husband at the station her spirits rose just to see his face. Greetings were omitted.

"They aren't?" she cried.

"Well, yes and no," answered the man, and her spirits drooped. "But," he went on hopefully, and she immediately rebounded.

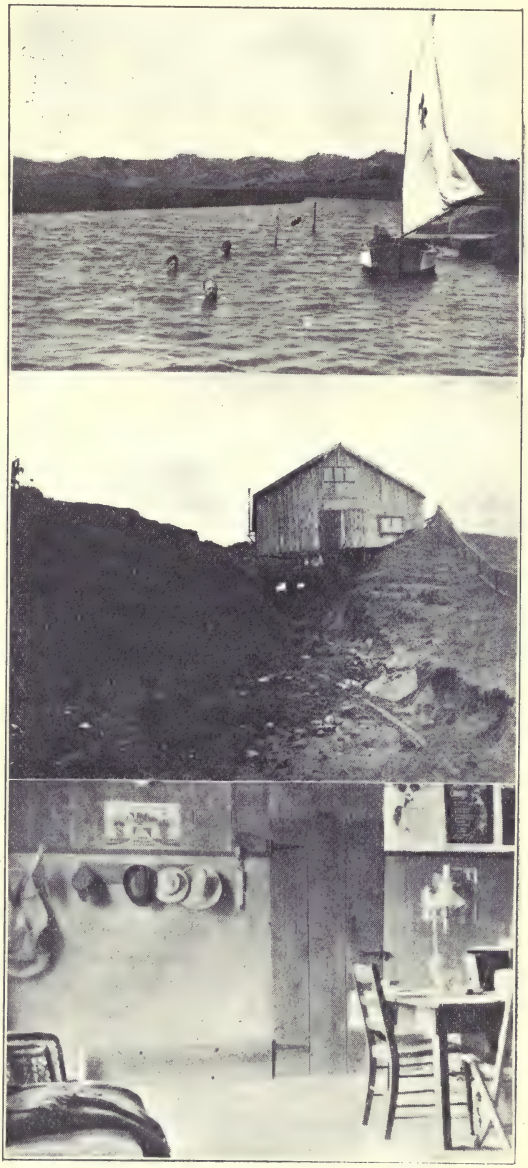
"And shan't we have to move out? And is all our work going to count after all? And can we stay to-night? And may the baby come to-morrow? Why don't you tell me?"

"Nothing would suit me better—when I have a chance. I took the little beast to the Entomologist. He was out to lunch, but——"

"Oh," groaned Mrs. Nucleus, "do just say yes or no!"

And in the end she heard the great fact. They were swallow-bugs, second cousins to bedbugs, and two generations nearer being gentlemen. For instance, they thrive only where swallows are, and quickly die out when separated from the birds; they are sluggish, and there is little danger of carrying them about in clothing. Acting upon advice of the Entomologist, Mr. Nucleus had brought acids with him to form a deadly gas, and very happily the two walked to the barn to stuff cracks and knot-holes, and then to mix the acids.

And the gentleman who ought to have known did know. An early morning inspection showed a satisfyingly large death rate, and incidentally spiders and flies were exterminated. The swallow-bugs did not all immediately disappear. For several weeks a few were to be found each



THE BARNACLE SWIMMING POOL.
THE BARN.
THE BARN—INTERIOR.

night, at first as many as eighteen and twenty, and gradually less and less. Before going to bed, the Nucleuses, candles in hand, searched and destroyed as they found. And a strange rule of the game was that no more came during the night, Mrs. Nucleus having tested it again and again at odd hours.

So with faith in the Entomologist, work was resumed, the baby and the incomparable "girl," who patiently followed the family from pillar to post, arrived, and the settling went forward with a zest. Very soon the barn had forever left its plain barn days behind to become "The Barnacle," the name by which it is yet known.

The cost of fitting up is hardly a criterion for the uninitiated. Mr. Nucleus has a variety of practical knowledge, and when it came to buying, he was often on the "inside track," but since the whole outlay was less than twenty-five dollars, to double this sum would not be unreasonable if put over against the rent of a cottage for three or four months, and this is counting for but one summer.

The bath tub was a home-made, zinc-lined box, wide and long and deep. The zinc was cut and partly soldered at the shop in the city, so that fitting it into the box was not difficult. The basin-slab, out of date, the last of a lot, and slightly cracked, was a bargain, but with a big new bowl it looked very "swell" for a barn-bathroom. Blue and white oilcloth made a pleasing wainscoting, and packing case dresser, and the window was curtained in blue denim.

For the kitchen, Mr. Nucleus was fortunate to pick up an enamel sink that by mistake had been painted black at the factory. It was a good buy, for in one summer almost all the black wore off, and there remained a clean white sink for a fifth of the usual cost. Brown oilcloth was stretched behind the sink, and some of the rough pine boards planed and covered with oilcloth made excellent drain-boards. Where these met the sink, a band of zink three or four inches wide was closely tacked with small brass nails, curving under the iron rim; and the back was treated in the same way to prevent the boards from getting wet and foul. At right angles from the sink, shelves were put up for the dishes, so that it is possible to dry them, and place them with one handling.

At the other end of the room, table and stores were arranged handy to each other, and the stove is midway between sink and table.

The big living-room, left till last, was of course the most interesting part of the settling. One strip of sixty-inch burlap was used as a wainscot. With a foot-wide base-board, this made a six-foot finish, and above it the rough old unpainted redwood boards were soft-toned and attractive. On the long, unwindowed side of the room a well-designed rug, too worn for city use, was hung, reaching from floor to ceiling. To securely fasten burlap and rugs, laths were used, and these and the rough base-board and the doors, also made of rough pine, were all painted a live, deep green. Three spring cots, belonging to the camp outfit, and placed in a corner, served well as a couch. This was covered with red-toned art-burlap, and the two windows were curtained in the same material. The floor-covering was matting, bought from a wholesale house at a low figure because the edges were rat-eaten. A little twisting and turning brought all the damaged selveges underneath the larger pieces of furniture. But one roll was not sufficient; so it was eked out with out-of-date six-foot samples of matting, costing a mere song. These also served admirably for the stairs, and eighteen-inch samples, applied with many tacks and much patience, made the upstairs floors clean and tidy if parti-colored. One of the long camp-tables was cut in two to make dining and library tables, and stained black. And dark green or black stain was used freely for rough chests and for furniture past the prime.

Against the light tan of the burlap, a judicious arrangement of posters was very effective, and a few with reds and greens prevailing, toned in well with the dark boards above. Red Chinese lanterns were hung from the rafters, and when these were lighted, the modern note was lost, and the queer old place harked back to some medieval setting for a romance.

Near at hand, two tents were pitched, and at length the Nucleuses rested from their labors, summoned their friends, and enjoyed the fruits. At the end of the sea-

son they snapped the locks, unused until now, and went townward again, and often during the winter ran over for a jolly Saturday night. With another summer, new contrivances and conveniences were added, but with another winter the face of things was changed.

This was a wet, wet winter, and floods spread consternation wherever rivers ran, and the Barnacle, on the tiniest waterway, was not exempt. It is supposed that the culvert through the railroad fill became clogged, but whatever the cause, the embankment that had withstood the storms of twenty years went out with a rush, and the Barnacle, minus part of its basement, was standing on three legs. A water-course was gouged out clear down to the county road, the fences on both sides were broken down, and four-foot firewood, spring cots, a stove and boxes and cans from the Barnacle basement were swept across the road to the marsh on the other side.

This occurred on Monday; Tuesday the Nucleuses got word, and Wednesday night, coming home late from a wedding, they found a telegram: "Come Barnacle at once things being stolen."

The next day there was a lull in the storm. It was a lark for Mr. Nucleus to be off mid-week—in spite of the cause. For weeks the open-air lovers had been storm-bound, and the walk from the station was delightful, mud and all, until the poor old three-legged Barnacle was in sight, with the yawning chasm under it.

The thieving amounted to little. Curiosity had attracted the lawless few of the neighborhood, and when climbing around under the building, it had been an easy matter to pry up the old hatch, held down by matting only, and to enter. But the timely approach of the dairyman frightened away the marauders before much had been stolen. They were inexperienced thieves and not vicious, so that securely fastening down the hatch was a reasonable precaution against further invasion, and the Nucleuses, their scare over, planned all the way home about the moving of the Barnacle.

But a wet spring followed a wet winter, and when at last the ground was suitably dry, the only mover of the community was a vanishing quantity, so that the Nucleuses were anxious to begin the summer at the Barnacle before the building was

THE BARNACLE-BUNGALOW.

transplanted. At length the mover promised to be ready for them on a certain date, and on schedule time the family, boy and dogs, bag and baggage, arrived only to find the Barnacle still hanging, and the men just taking the preliminary steps.

But the Nucleuses were not to be turned back. For several days, the front window was used for a door, and if some inconvenience was attached to house-keeping with the plumbing disconnected, the hills were green and flower-starred, each day was a sunny, still repetition of its fore-runner, and it was well to have escaped the windy, dusty city.

When finally the Barnacle was really on the wing, even the front window was inaccessible, and boards had to be knocked off and a long plank set up to allow entrance.

Since the moving had to be, advantages followed. The building was trued-up, and a good new foundation made, so that it was now worth while to finish off the basement, add a big fine front porch, and a little kitchen porch and entrance, put in some new windows, and plant a garden. In fact, the Barnacle, by very easy stages, was turned into a bungalow, and the Nucleuses plan to spend a winter under the hospitable and comfortable shelter of its roof.

THE BLIND MAN

BY ALICE CALHOUN HAINES

Consider the blind man, how he sits at feast,
  Sipping his wine, supping his viands rare,
While little empty hands snatch unappeased,
  And unseen, hungry faces crowd more near.

Consider the blind man, how he sports and leaps,
  The happy, hearty blind man at his play,
While cheated childhood from its covert peeps,
  The weary worker turns the night to day.

Consider the blind man, how he lolls at ease,
  His cushioned carriage spattering as they curse,
The burdened laborer, bitter to appease,
  The hardened mother with her empty purse.

Consider the blind man—how he counts his pelf,
  The glittering gold that, ringing, drowns the sigh
Of the poor girl who sells her worthless self
  For wage of sorrow, the sick infant's cry.

Consider the blind man, how he sleeps and dreams,
  Drugging his senses for sweet comfort's sake,
Content in self-made darkness. Yet it seems
  . . . Soon must the blind man wake!

PANAMA MOSQUITOES

POPULAR SCIENCE SERIES

The study of the mosquitoes of Panama, of which this article is a brief account, is of great economic benefit in furnishing original information on the kinds and habits of the mosquitoes with which the Sanitary Commission of the Isthmus has to cope in its struggle against yellow fever, malaria and similar diseases of Central America. Mr. Busck was sent to Panama to take as complete a survey as possible of these insects, and his report shows the presence of ninety different species, or more than has ever been recorded from any one locality. They breed in all sorts of places from tin cans, and puddles in the old brush-covered French dredging machines to holes in trunks of trees. Some are harmful and some are not. In any case, a study of them is vital to the welfare not only of the people in the Canal zone, but to all who live in tropical climates.

IN ORDER to determine the species and habits of the mosquitoes of Panama, and thereby to assist in the sanitary war against them as disease carriers, Mr. August Busck, of the Department of Agriculture, was recently sent on a collecting and investigating trip to the Canal Zone. The material brought back by him has been studied and identified, and a full report, showing ninety separate species known on the isthmus is just published by the Smithsonian Institution in its series of "Miscellaneous Collections."

Inasmuch as each species of mosquito, besides being physically different in some respects from every other, has habits of its own, the necessity of knowing accurately and completely just what sorts of mosquitoes have to be coped with, is apparent. Some kinds breed exclusively in artificial receptacles of water such as tin cans and open vessels; others only in hollow places in trees, some in high vines that overgrow the trees, some limit their breeding to notches of bamboo stalks, and a number of varieties are satisfied only with crab holes in the ground. One of the species carries yellow fever, some spread malaria, and others are instrumental in carrying other diseases. On the other hand, a large number of species are entirely harmless, and several do not bite human beings at all.

Thus, aside from the pure contributions to knowledge resulting from the trip, this exploration has rendered possible more economic and efficient methods for exterminating the disease carriers.

Mr. Busck spent three months on the Isthmus during the breeding time, covering the end of the dry season and the early part of the rainy season, and secured larvae of eighty-three species, of which thirty species were new to science. With seven additional species already known, this constitutes the largest number recorded from any one locality on earth. Most of the material gathered has been deposited in the United States National Museum.

Mosquitoes do not fly very far from the place where they are born. They keep close to their food supply. Those that affect the inhabitants of a town or camp normally do not come from a distance greater than two hundred yards. It is this fact that renders the sanitary work of the Canal Commission possible.

Sanitary Methods.

The land about every settlement is cleared by the removal of all brush, undergrowth and grass; only shade and fruit

trees are left, and these are thinned out to admit sunlight and free ventilation. When practicable, swamps and low lands are filled in with some of the immense supply of material taken from the great Culebra cut. Then the whole area is drained, so that the surface water will run off. Ditches and slow-flowing streams are kept clear of mosquitoes by drippings of oil or of copper sulphate. Swamps and pools are oiled at least once a week. Water barrels, buckets and pails must be screened or oiled, and all tin cans must be buried. Even the old, cast-off machines, brush-covered relics of French occupation, are drained of their puddles of water. If many insects infest a camp or town, it is fumigated. By carrying out these methods of general extermination exceptionally thorough results have already been obtained.

Still greater efficiency may be secured, Mr. Busck believes, by turning to use additional scientific knowledge of the habits of special varieties of mosquitoes found on the Isthmus. The opportunities opened about the Canal for further enhancing man's knowledge of disease-preventing methods are peculiarly favorable, and a grasping of them makes for sanitary welfare not only in Panama, but in all the tropical countries of the earth.

Yellow Fever and Malaria Mosquitoes.

One important feat has already been accomplished. The yellow-fever mosquito, the only kind in America spreading this infection, scientifically called Stegomyia, is very scarce. It is possible to live for weeks on the canal without seeing a single specimen. This mosquito is a strictly domestic animal, never found away from man. It breeds only in artificial receptacles, such as barrels, water-coolers, bottles, tin cans, etc., in and around human habitations. Knowing this, it is well within the power of the authorities to eliminate absolutely this dangerous insect and render a yellow fever epidemic impossible on account of the total absence of the only agent which spreads it.

The malaria carrying varieties, included under the general name of Anopheles, are also subject to strenuous attack. Usually the species of this group deposit larvae along the edges of slow-flowing streams and stagnant pools, but specimens were also secured from the bottom of an old boat, from an abandoned dump car, from holes in trees, and in similar out-of-the way spots. It has not yet been determined whether all of these are instrumental in carrying malaria, and therefore they may furnish a fertile field for investigation.

Certain genera, technically called Megarhinus, Psorophora and Lutzia, were found, which, instead of spreading any disease hostile to man, wage war on their weaker cousins and at times even on their brothers and sisters. They are cannibals of their sort. Rather than exterminate mosquitoes of these habits, it might be well to cultivate them and to enlist them as allies of the sanitary authorities, were it not for the fact that some of them are exceptionally annoying biters of mankind.

Dr. Busck's search was not limited strictly to the canal zone. He made several trips to adjoining places in order to cover the territory as thoroughly as possible. The results of examination of the material brought back constitute the first contributions to knowledge of the mosquitoes of Panama in any sense complete.

OLD JIG IN A BIG STOPE IN THE MINES. AN OLD WORKING IN THE MINE.

A LITTLE KNOWN CORNER OF CALIFORNIA

BY JOHN A. REID

California is to the writer as a mine, an inexhaustible store house from which is culled the wonders of the age, the history of other eras. Its mineral wealth is so great, the variety of its offering is so variable and various that its occasional turning over is a constant development of the miraculous. Mines that were given up as worthless in the old days are now producing. Man has invented new ways of making Mother Earth pay tribute to his genius, and it is in the desert that man is writing the story of his dominance. Mr. Reid has told us an entrancing tale, and it is well worth reading.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

CALIFORNIA is a land of wonders. And even those of widest information fail to appreciate it all. The extremes of climate have caused a great diversity in the lives of people who inhabit the mountains and valleys, the rich, productive areas and the deserts, so that there is a never failing source of intense human interest in seaching out the many small corners of the State. Though one of the younger communities, California is rich in history and romance. The indelible print of the early Spanish explorers and settlers is almost everywhere, lending a charm that time at once softens and strengthens. From the redolent pines and cypresses of Monterey, languorous with the atmosphere of the poetic race that has forever gone, to the barren desert wastes in the south, the traces of the Spaniard and Mexican are fixed in our names of towns and cities, lakes and rivers, mountains and valleys. Every place name, of whatever origin, has its meaning and story, and each should be understood that we may realize the character of the social foundation upon which we live. Much of the early history we know; much is still to be learned. The obscure places that have played a part in the State's growth are found mainly in the south. And of these, Inyo County, with its awful expanse

of sunburnt mountains and sand-filled valleys, its history of lawlessness and hardship woven throughout with a thread of romance, is yet a region almost unknown to the outside world. Familiar to all are the highest and lowest spots of land within the United States. Mt. Whitney and Death Valley, which occur inside the geographical boundaries of the county, but the lives of the people, the stories of Indian outbreaks and the accounts of the struggles of the first miners, are alike well hidden away in this corner of the earth. It was in Owens lake that the last troubles with the red men in the far West were forever settled by rounding up the marauding savages and driving them into the alkaline water, there to perish miserably. In the sixties and seventies, lead-silver mining supported a considerable population, and many smelters were busy producing the white metals from the raw ores. At this time, Inyo flourished as a leading mining territory, a position in time to be regained. Of all the camps of by-gone days, the town of Cerro Gordo is perhaps the most interesting to us now.

OLD MEXICAN ADOBE FURNACES. PHOTO JOHN A. REID.

Like so much of California history, the story of Cerro Gordo is indissolubly connected with the Mexicans. A party of these early travelers started on a journey from Reese River, in southeastern Nevada, to San Jose, then a small village. In the Death Valley region they lost their way, and endured the tortures of hunger and thirst on the insatiate desert. Their wanderings brought them eventually up the east slope of the high Inyo Range, whose crest was gained near the future site of Cerro Gordo. From this coign of vantage their questioning gaze was rewarded by a sight that caused their sufferings momentarily to be forgotten. The brown hills before them dropped steeply down to the west into the waters of Owens' Lake, the long-sought "agua fria." From the farther shore rose in a sheer wall of colossal grandeur the Sierra Nevada, whose pinnacled crest met the blue heavens in a line of dazzling white. This first glorious view, with its vital significance to the wanderers, is commemorated for all time in the name given to the nearby peak—Buena Vista. The party hurried down

VIEW WESTWARD FROM CERRO GORDO, OVER OWENS LAKE. MT. WHITNEY AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.

the west slope, almost maddened by the abundance of precious water just without their grasp. Yet in spite of the haste, some rich lead-silver ore was found lying on the surface high up in the Inyo mountains. San Jose was reached without further trouble. The following year a party was organized to return to locate the mining ground. The rich ore was easily rediscovered, but the hostile Indians drove out the newcomers. A second expedition obtained a firmer foothold, and mining began. The hill bearing the ore was named Cerro Gordo, literally "big hill," Gordo meaning big in the sense of rich or fat. More valuable deposits were found a short distance to the north, where, with the advent of numbers of hardy miners, at the foot of Buena Vista peak, the town of Cerro Gordo was founded. At the height of its prosperity there were living here over three thousand frontier men and women, who for the most part were well housed in comfortable wooden buildings. Many of the old cabins stand to-day, in mute testimony of times that, like the pioneers, have faded away into the silence of yesterday. The history of the mining work is still found written legibly in the nearly deserted town. The early Mexicans, in their crude way, built small adobe furnaces, laying the flues on the hillsides in order that the rich flue dust could easily be saved. Only the very richest ore was mined, and this was extracted in the typical manner by excavating small gopher-like passages wherever the minerals were deposited. In time, the Anglo-Saxon arrived, with the usual result. Large, substantial furnaces of steel and stone were erected, and new life given to the community. Bullion to the value of several million dollars was shipped to the outside world. At that period of mining development there were a number of thriving settlements nearby, whose existence was dependent upon the winning of mineral wealth. Swansea, three miles to the north, and Darwin, twenty-five miles to the south, were the largest, each with a population of several thousand. Indian troubles were not uncommon, adding but

VIEW EASTWARD TOWARD DEATH VALLEY, FROM BUENA VISTA PEAK.
PHOTO JOHN A. REID.

zest to an already exciting life. The desert was forgotten in the wild scramble for the means to live later in "God's country." Individualism was as rampant then as to-day, though its habits were the more primitive ones of knife and gun. In the old neglected cemetery at Cerro Gordo the graves were filled with men who, it is asserted with grim humor, came to their death from "lead poisoning." Life was played hard and fast in those days. The smelters at Cerro Gordo, at work night and day, poured out alternate streams of fiery metal and red-hot slag. Two large furnaces were in operation, and the spirit of the times was responsible for many a race between the rival crews for size of output. This practice resulted in much loss, for at times whole charges were thrown away when in a resistant condition, as time would have been lost in working them properly. This loss was the gain of the future, however, for the old dumps held their treasure for the next generation.

But all this came to an end. The rich ore bodies became worked out. The science of metallurgy was still unable to cope with the difficulties presented, and mining languished. An intermediate period of scavenger work followed. The sorting over old dumps, picking out the few rich spots of ore remaining in the mines, the search for bullion in the old slag piles, the erection of hand power jigs for concentrating the precious minerals both on the surface and in the mines—all these ways and more of saving any materials of possible value were consistently followed. It must have been a man of genius, a second Mahomet, who decided that since he could not make wages by bringing his low-grade ore to the surface and jigging it, he could obtain some value by taking his jigs underground to the ore. An old wooden jig yet remains in one of the big stopes, a silent mourner for the busy past. During this period the town of Keeler, famed for heat, dust and alkali, was built upon the east shore of Owens Lake, and the soda industry there established. Swansea came to an inglorious end in the Inyo earthquake of 1872, and now is nothing more than a name. But once more there came a change. The streets of Cerro Gordo, deserted by all save a few decrepit "left overs," resounded with the steps and voices of men of the present era of new knowledge and power. The waste of the past has become the treasure of to-day, and the wealth of old Mother Earth has begun to pour forth anew. There is a flash of the old, free days of the pioneer West in the excitement of new-found mines in Nevada, but intrinsically the mining of to-day is a scientific business quite different from the irresponsible rush of the days of '49 and '70. At Cerro Gordo and Keeler new metallurgical works are in process of erection, soon to work ores from all the surrounding region. Darwin wears an air of regeneration, and a wee small hum of new life can be heard on all sides. The tireless prospectors give an additional hitch to their trousers, and even their faithful friends, the burros, seem to have acquired a greater energy. One enterprising citizen stored up, in view of every one, a large number of new stakes, for mining claims, in expectation of the sum-

CERRO GORDO AND BUENA VISTA PEAK.

NEW SMELTER AT KEELER.

mer rush. New lumber for building is a thing to be talked of only in whispers, so that several ingenious inhabitants have improvised homes by excavating chambers in the steep banks of desert wash near town. The sight of volumes of smoke rising from the ground without sign of fire is rather disturbing to one's sense of the fitness of things until search reveals the fire and a comfortable heat-proof dwelling below ground. Perhaps the cliff dwellers were wiser than we.

In other camps the new life is in full sway, and a new leaf of history is being written. And when the energy of the invaders of the desert's terrors shall have borne fruit, Inyo will come to her own again.

WHEN WESTMINSTER ABBEY IS FORGOT!

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

(*The Dean of Westminster has refused to admit a tablet to Herbert Spencer on the ground that he is an atheist.*)

When all the mortar and the stone of England's Abbey shall be blown
As dust into some distant sea, whose boundaries are yet to be;
When e'en the Abbey is forgot, and all it held remembered not;
When England's very name is heard in vague traditions—but a word—
Like mythic eponyms that stand as symbols for some fabled land;
The name of Spencer shall be known in every continent and zone,
As one who sought for God and Cause—deeming the stars but wind-blown straws—
To show from whence the life-breath came to fan the soul of man to flame.
And call him then materialist? Or, harsher still, an atheist?
And to him bar the Abbey gate? As well might Greeks investigate
If Plato sacrificed to Zeus, or prayed to Pan, of like excuse
Before they let him rank among the great who from their soil have sprung.
Can they his axioms refute who called his God the Absolute?
And proved as clear as reason can, nor was, nor is, nor can be span
From mind finite to infinite. Who took the world and all in it
Reducing first to terms concrete, and then made abstract law complete
Which reunited in one whole the mind, the matter, and the soul.
Religion means a binding back of man to God, and did he lack
Religion who has sought to find laws that Creator and His creatures bind.

THE VISIT TO THE DEAD

AN INDIAN LEGEND

The legendary lore of the Indian is always attractive to the reader, and the story of Hichta and Zutla is no exception. It is told in the narrative style that is the Indian's alone, and which in itself has charm. The Indian is dying out except where he has known enough to adapt himself to the white man's ways, discarding the bad and keeping the good. The achievements of the civilized Indian is an untouched mine for the writer of magazine literature, and the Overland Monthly would like to hear from writers who have something to say about the works of such men as Doctor Eastman or other Indians who have risen beyond their teachers. The legends will live despite the advance of the Indian, and they will always be a fund of pleasure, but it is with the living Indian that the future of the Indian lies.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

N OLD brave had been married according to Indian custom to a beautiful girl, to whom he was faithful and who was good to him. He called to the spirits to spare her to him for eternity, saying: "She is too good and beautiful to die." He declared that of all the women he possessed she was his favorite. This caused dissension and jealousy among the rest of his "Indian Harem." The spirits appeased the women's wrath, and punished Hichta by causing the death of the beautiful wife, Zutla. When Hichta returned one night from the hunt, he found his wife dead.

His sorrow was keen, but he bore himself life a "brave." He had her buried, and next to the grave he dug a hole, where he stayed, watching, fasting and filling the air with incantations. After two days and nights of self-denial he was rewarded, for Zutla rose, brushed herself clean of the earth, and started on her journey to the Island of the Dead. Hichta, in his excitement tried to seize her, but she whisked past him, and hurried southeastwardly. He followed her, but was unable to overtake her. Occasionally he was able to lay his fingers on her flowing skirts, but was not able to hold her—yet he delayed her journey, and at daybreak she rested. He stopped with her, but to his eye the phantom was invisible in the sunlight.

At nightfall she started off again, he pursuing unceasingly with the same vain endeavor to embrace her and whisper into her ear his desire for her. This continued three nights. At the close of the third night she took a trail that led to the west, and Hichta, observing closely, saw the footprints of his relatives who had died and traveled the path to reach the Island of the Dead. On the fourth night, Zutla was slow of movement, and so the devoted husband overtook her, grasped her, folded his arms around her—to find himself embracing space. Aroused, she hurried on, but, turning around, much to her satisfaction saw on him the marks that privation and sacrifice bring.

Relenting, she spoke to him: "What are you going to do? Why do you follow me? Do you not know the living may never enter the same places as the dead? My body lies where you have buried it. I am the spirit, the soul, with which you talk unceasingly, and which you follow since five days. Do you think you can do more than others and bring me back?" He said: "Your questions are wise, and your judgment cool. I know you are going to a different place from any visited by the

living. But I shall try and come with you, for my living soul is bound to yours, and this may influence the Great Chief."

They continued to talk until daybreak after the sixth night. Then Zutla disappeared again, and Hichta rested in the place where he had seen her vanish. On the seventh evening of their journey they turned northward. Not a word was spoken, for they were approaching the Island of the Dead. It was reached by going down a steep ridge, then through a declivity under ground until the river was gained. At this place the current was swift, and no boats of the living could pass in safety. High trees grew along the bank. On them birds of innumerable variety were perched, who took fright at the curious pair, lost foothold, and fell into the river, where they turned to fish and swam to the island, announcing to the Great Chief: "Some one has come." Their excitement aroused the curiosity of the chief, who asked: "What does this flutter and noise mean? Is it not a daily occurrence, the arrival of the dead?" They answered: "Yes, but there are two waiting to be ferried across, and one of them smells of the living." They were told to question the live soul, and soon returned, saying that the living one was the devoted husband of the dead Zutla, and insisting on accompanying her wheresoever she went. The chief commanded that only the woman be conducted into his presence, so that he might ascertain the truth.

In pomp and splendor was she brought to him. He asked her many pointed questions in regard to her companion, and was finally satisfied that he was her lawful husband. She then pleaded that Hichta be permitted to cross, and so allay his worry, and return to the land of the living, rejoicing with his other wives at the dance. So it came to pass that the living Hichta stood in the presence of the great Chief, who told him: "This is a bad country. Why did you come? We have only the soul of your beautiful Zutla —her bones are with her body, and I cannot give her back to you."

Hichta's mute expressions pleaded his cause, and he was allowed to stay three days, and see the dances and pastimes of the dead. On the third day he was asked: "Do you want to speak with and embrace your wife once more? If so, you will be compelled to leave the island, and upon your return to your living wives, follow out instructions, which will be given you when you leave." Hichta, overwhelmed at the prospect of being with his beloved Zutla, was willing to leave after a night with his favorite woman. So after the dance, Zutla and he went on the island prairie, and talked and talked, holding one another very close. As the hours waned, Hichta was overcome by sleep. Zutla kissed him on his forehead and vanished. When he awoke, he found he was lying next to a fallen oak. The chief was standing beside him, and noting his bewilderment, said: "Get up. It is late. You see we cannot make your wife as she was. She is worthless to you. Hasten back to your good country, and come back whenever you like. But go now, and do as I bid you. When you arrive, hide yourself for six days. Then emerge and make a dance."

Hichta hurried back, arriving in the dead of night, made a small house and hid therein. But losing track of time, he stayed only five days instead of six, and his relatives and friends knew he had come back.

In the evening he started to make the dance. He danced all night, telling what he had seen. In the morning, when he stopped dancing, he went to the river to bathe. But the Great Chief knew he had disobeyed by isolating himself only five days instead of six. So he sent a rattlesnake to bite Hichta, and then he died.

And so he went back to the island, never to come back to the living. Through him the village inhabitants know how it is on the "Island of the Dead," how it becomes full every two days, and how the chief causes a shock to frighten the souls so that some turn to fish and some to ducks, and only a few come out of the water again as people. In this manner the island, although small, is always large enough through the clever devices of the chief to permit new-comers. All stand in awe of the Great Chief, for he rules with just and tender sway over his people, who call him Kandjiji.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

BY MYRTLE E. AKIN

This speech is reported by one who heard it at the banquet recently given in honor of the Poet of the Sierras by the Pacific Short Story Club, of San Jose. To the fact that Mr. Miller was the guest of "official headquarters," as it were, we may ascribe his having condescended to make an after-dinner speech of any sort. The report here given has been pronounced an excellent portrayal of the incident, remarkable for having caught the unique personality of the poet, who is one of our literary landmarks.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

EARSAY warned us to expect no more than a bowing "thank-you" in response to our after-dinner tributes. Even so. His mere presence at our board was honor enough. To be accepted as his host for an evening would be stronger meat for our upward trail than would hours of advice from a lesser author.

He came—tall, lithe, picturesque. Santa Claus leaped into mind at once. There was the round, red cap and the round, ruddy face; the long yellow-white hair and the long yellow-white beard, and the iron gray streaks to tell that the snow of the years had not quite hidden the strength of the man. A long-tailed coat and riding boots furthered the illusion that the Patron Saint of young hopefuls had come among us. Perhaps he would prove kind to us after dinner, for we were indeed young hopefuls in the literary world, and our blue stockings —likewise our blue socks—wishfully, emptily waited.

At last he, the guest of honor, stood to say his laconic say. He disappointed us most delightfully. Having uttered a few formalities, he started to tell of his first success as a poet. It was in a mining camp. He was cooking for himself and partners at the time. A swinging ringle-jingle was needed for a "blow-out." Opportunity had knocked at the door of the young cook, who "Knew Shakespeare and the Bible." With much labor, the future poet ground out several yards of this pattern:

"Samson he was a mighty man,
Oh, a mighty man was he-e,
But he lost his head and he lost his hair.
Likewise his liber-te-e.

Refrain.

For a woman she can
Do more with a man
Than a king and his whole ar-me-ee!"

This thrilling anthem must have cheered the miners, for it certainly appealed to us who are no longer minors. In fact, by singing several stanzas of the sort, the great poet even worked himself up to a dramatic pause. He looked keenly into the expectant faces about the tables. Solemnity slowly over-spread his own ruddy features.

"To be serious," began the famous one. "I suppose you wonder if I, too, follow rules in my authorship. I do. I, too, look to poets who have gone before me, and from their lines I learn how to make mine live."

Again a pause. What gem of literature

was quivering behind that curled mustache? He was about to speak. We leaned forward, the better to hear. And we heard:

"Mary had a little lamb—
It's fleece was white as snow."

But in the next breath came this:

"Notice the simple words. Just enough. The world does not ask for *words*. Why, China has some five hundred thousand of them, but no literature. Ideas count. Get an idea. Put it in simple words, like those I have just quoted. There are many lessons in these simple lines."

He finished the nursery rhyme in a manner worthy the loftiest poem. He finished. He scanned our features like a school-master. Impatiently, he brushed a hand across his own eyes as if to tear the scales from ours. Suddenly, he shot a lean arm forth at his stupid class.

"'What made the lamb love Mary so?'" demanded the poet. "Why, 'Mary loved the lamb, you know.' That is the secret—Love. Love brings love. Love Nature; she will sing her sweetest symphonies for you to write. Love life; her secrets will be revealed to you. Love! Love until you see that everything is good—or is trying to be. Love, until you forget the ugliness of the crawling caterpillar in dreaming of the wings to come."

Another pause. The poet straightened his cap, and looked far away. Then, dreamily, he said:

"I owe much of my success to Tom Reed's teaching, years ago, in a little cabin. Why, that man used to talk genuine philosophy to us youngsters. I can hear him now, like this"——

Joaquin Miller's voice took on a high falsetto, as he repeated:

"A little old man comes riding by.
Fie, old man, your horse will die!
Says he, if he dies, I'll tan his skin,
And, if he lives, I'll ride him again!"

"That expresses to a dot the best attitude any one can have toward life, especially a writer's life. I have been living that bit of philosophy myself for many years. Some of my best work came from dead hopes. I tanned their skins! Many of my manuscripts came back, only to be sold at last for much more than they would have brought at the first shop. Learn that little memory gem. Live it. The best advice I have to give is just to keep on living—and loving—and writing—and, ahem!—and *re*-writing."

Just then, this unusual man assumed a confidential pose. Said he:

"Say, sometimes I re-write about—hm! about"—with a comprehensive wave—"oh, time and time again. Many say it spoils a poem or a story. Cannot see it so. The charm does lie in simple words, but those words must be thoughtfully chosen and skillfully grouped."

The poet looked about as if to be seated. The toastmaster whispered to him.

"What? That poem an example?" exclaimed Mr. Miller, in real or feigned wonderment. "I call that just a chorus. Oh, well," bowing graciously to the call, "I will say it."

The grand lines of "Columbus" rolled forth with that in them which is easier felt than named. The dramatic quality of Joaquin Miller swept us into its spell. The poem lived. It knew us. It knew our plaints and fears and moans as we faced our trackless future. It saw us about to withdraw from the quest for that mystic isle, "Success." Sharp and clear rang out the command:

"Sail on!
Sail on—and on—and on!"

TO PREVENT NATIONAL WASTEFULNESS

BY RAOUL DE MONTREALE

The startling facts recently detailed at the White House conference with the Governors of the States concerning the tremendous waste in the use of the natural resources of the country and the dire predictions of their early exhaustion have not only been realized for a number of years by the Government experts, but a systematic effort has been going on to stop these drains on the future prosperity of the country.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY

THE UNITED STATES Geological Survey has been an important factor in this movement for many years, and, while its work has been to a certain extent altruistic in that the immense benefits will come to the generations of the future, it has already saved millions of dollars worth of resources for the people of to-day. The Survey's geologic and topographic work have resulted in an inventory of the natural resources, a stock-taking such as a prudent manufacturer takes once a year. This has disclosed the waste that has been going on, and lead directly to the conference of the Governors. The study and classification of the coal deposits of the United States, and especially those on the public domain have established the value of these coals and have prevented the thoughtless disposal of the 50,000,000 acres of Government coal lands. The value of the mineral deposits on Government land have been approximated to such an extent that it will now be impossible to dispose of them without getting a fair return.

While there have been many immediate benefits from the topographic work and a study of the water resources of the country, their value to the people will be many fold greater in the near future. Without an accurate topographic survey of the land and water, the contemplated improvement of the waterways, the drainage of swamps and the great irrigation projects would be impossible. The work already done along these lines will push these big improvements forward several years, and result in the saving of much money.

In its endeavors to check the great waste of the natural resources, the Survey a few years ago extended its field by taking up the subject of the utilization of the fuels of the country, and so fruitful have been these investigations that there is every promise of a saving of millions of dollars within a short period. These investigations appeal directly to the manufacturer, the business man and the consumer, for they show him how to realize immediate economies he never dreamed of before.

Authorized to test the fuels owned by or for the use of the Government itself, the Survey has made a number of discoveries of the greatest importance to the entire people. At the Government's fuel testing plant, it has been shown that the gas engine is capable of generating from two and a half to three times as much power, using a given amount of coal, as can be obtained from a steam engine. This means, it is declared that a 600 horse-power gas engine will save $5,000 a year in its coal bill over the same power steam engine, and that the saving on a 6,000 horse-power gas engine ought to amount to $72,000 a year.

The gas engine has also opened the way for the use of millions of tons of low grade fuel, much of which has heretofore been thrown away as useless. The tests have shown that coals, practically valueless under steam boilers, because of their high percentages of impurities, have generated sufficient power in the gas engine to render them of high commercial value. Coals as high in ash as 45 per cent have been used successfully in the gas engine.

In the West, where the supply of high-grade coal is inadequate, the low-grade lignites (the poorest form of coal) of

North Dakota developed as much power when converted into producer gas as did the best West Virginia bituminous coals when used under the boiler of a steam engine.

To the West, this discovery of the Government scientists is of the utmost importance. It makes possible the introduction of cheap power, and therefore the establishment of an industrial empire of immense proportions. There are many million acres of lignites in the West, an almost inexhaustible supply of fuel that so far has been practically useless, the people being compelled to send a great distance for their coal and pay big freight charges on what they did use.

In the average steam engine to-day, but five per cent of the coal energy is transformed into work. In the gas engine, this percentage of efficiency is twelve and a half per cent. The coal used in generating power in the United States last year amounted to about 300,000,000 tons. With the universal use of the gas engine, it is estimated that at least 100,000,000 tons of this coal could be saved.

In testing the efficiency of coals under the boiler of a steam engine, the Survey engineers suggest still another way to save the fuel. Recent experiments indicate that boilers ought to perform two or three times the work they do now. In New York City, a certain large corporation has almost doubled the capacity of its power plant by placing furnaces in the rear of its boilers as well as the front. This was done at a saving of several hundred thousand dollars, as it would have been necessary to purchase additional land held at a high figure to carry on the work.

The tests of different coals under the steam boiler at the Government plant have also showed the possibility of increasing the general efficiency of hand-fired boilers 10 to 15 per cent over ordinary commercial results.

The survey is also engaged in a general analysis of the coals of the country. These analyses have resulted in the Government purchasing coal on definite specifications based upon its heating value. Under this system a better grade of coal and coal better adapted to the types of furnaces in the Government buildings has been obtained without any increase in cost, which in itself is a saving to the Government. These investigations, by suggesting changes in equipment and methods are also indicating the practicability of the Government's purchasing cheaper fuels such as bituminous coal and the smaller sizes of anthracite, instead of the more expensive sizes. With new boilers in the heating plant of the State, War and Navy building in Washington, $15,000 is now being saved each year in the coal bill for this building alone. Many power plants are now buying fuel on specifications, and have obtained increased efficiency as a result of the Government's investigations. These tests of the coal will aid manufacturers, wherever situated, to save money in the purchase of coal, for they will enable them to learn where they can buy coal that is best suited to their purpose.

The Government has found still another way of conserving the fuel resources in the briquetting of coal. The investigations show that in the near future the great quantities of waste coal seen about every mine and the low grade coal that is now being left in the mines will be utilized in the generating of power and for locomotive power and domestic heating. Successful tests of briquets were recently made on two railroads. The briquets, which were made from the slack of high-grade bituminous coal showed an economy of 20 per cent over the same lump coal, not taking into consideration the cost of making the briquets.

At the Government fuel testing plant at Denver, Colo., investigations into the washing and coking of coal have been carried on for a year with much success. In the washery plant, it has been shown that coals were greatly improved by washing at the nominal cost of from three to ten cents a ton. In recent experiments, the experts have succeeded in making coke out of several coals that have been regarded as non-coking. Of thirty-seven samples tested from the Rocky Mountain region all but three produced good coke, though a number of these were considered non-coking coals. When the metallurgical interests of the West are noted, the importance of these investigations will be realized and possibly increase the extent of this industry.

THE NEW DRY DOCK AT MARE ISLAND

SOME FACTS WITH REGARD TO IT

BY BILLEE GLYNN

THE MUCH criticised new dry-dock at Mare Island, California, as being constructed, is rather a remarkable feat in engineering. Under the present contractors, the work is so far in progress that its completion is practically assured within another twelve months. The first contract for the erection of this dock was given in 1899, and abandoned by the contractor in May of 1904. The difficulties of the construction will be readily understood when it is stated that it is a submerged site with a water depth of forty feet at low tide, after the necessary dredging had been done. The tides run about eight feet here. Then the formation of soil underlying the site was of the most unstable kind, containing numerous pockets of a sandstone resembling quicksand, also sandy yellow clay, sandy blue clay, stiff yellow clay, and a conglomerate that is water-bearing and scours easily. The last contract was let in February of 1905, and the work, with its tremendous difficulties has been pursued ever since, novel expedients being used to overcome the peculiarly hazardous and seemingly impossible conditions. Everything is being done thoroughly, however, and when completed, the work will be of the most permanent kind, making it possible to dry dock the largest vessels of the navy at Mare Island. That the navy yard is well situated here, and the new dry dock not a waste of effort and money when a better site might be provided, is readily conceded by those best acquainted with the layout. Placed on the right bank of Napa Creek, a tidal estuary from San Pablo Bay, which is a part of San Francisco Bay, the navy yard is about twenty-five miles from the Golden Gate—thus affording convenience as well as safety in time of war, to say nothing of the isolation necessary for such a plant afforded by the island itself. The new dock is just down-stream from the one already existing, running at an angle of about thirty degrees to the channel, and is very well chosen as to situation. The approximate dimensions will be 790 by 130 feet, with a depth over the sill of about 37 feet. Against this, the old dock is only 400 feet long and 122 in width, by which it will be seen how impossible it would be for it to accommodate a large vessel. This first dock was constructed under more favorable conditions, having been built in an excavation on ground that rose a little above high water level. The new structure is laid on a foundation of round piles numbering about 13,000. The site was dredged deep enough so that these piles could be cut off at levels that would let their heads well into the base of the concrete. In some places, even 100 foot piles could not be driven to the point of refusal. It was principally due to this instability of bottom that the regular cofferdam, consisting of rows of piles, built by the original contractor, failed twice in his effort to unwater the site, causing him to give the project up in despair.

The present contractors have overcome this difficulty by constructing a row of vertical tight sheet piling entirely around the site, and only some nine feet outside the limits of the masonry, instead of being considerably removed as in the original attempt, and not making the circumference. The sides of this piling is braced apart by a crib of framed timbers containing about 4,000,000 feet in timber. It took twenty-one months after this cofferdam was erected until the site was finally

unwatered and the leakages stopped. During this time, 18,000 cubic yards of silt from the water about had been deposited on the heads of the piles that provided the foundation. Once to prevent damage from a 24-foot leakage, which occurred after the water had been pumped out to the top of the pile heads, the whole thing had to be flooded again. And since this danger of leakage and flooding must exist at all times during the construction, under the most favorable circumstances, the contractors are rushing the work with all possible speed. It is estimated that it will take some eighty thousand cubic yards of concrete.

When completed, this new dry dock will be a welcome though by no means sufficient addition to the facilities of the Pacific Coast in handling large vessels. As for private docks, there is at present only one, situated at Hunter's Point, San Francisco Bay, capable of admitting a first-class battleship. With the Pacific fleet—in far greater measure—a thing of the near future (for it is a first instinct to protect the most vulnerable point against which aggression could be arrayed, and a "big stick" the surest safeguard to peace so long as human nature and Governments remain what they are) it might be well, perhaps, that this lack of facilities on the Pacific Coast for taking care of a fleet of large war vessels should be looked into and remedied, instead of henpecking without reason, as in some cases has been done, work already under construction in a satisfactory manner.

THE SCHOOL DAY QUESTIONS

BY CHARLES J. WOODBURY

HE EARLY desertion of our public schools by our children, only a small fraction of whom tarry after the grammar grade has been finished, might suggest to those who are thoughtful two inquiries: Are our schools interesting? If they are not interesting, are they educating?

What is educating but leading out from the child that which is within; developing him according to the plan of his being—not another's, but his?

The way of the school with the lad shows slight knowledge of the fact that he has any individual plan. The potentialities that differentiate him, which are the especial radii along which his mind must move if it is to move self-intelligently—are these in our schooling recognized and elicited? Nothing so near and essential is attempted. Only prominent traits, such as good and bad manners, adaptiveness or stupidity, industry or indolence, promptness or procrastination are noted; and the boy (I say "boy" because the boys, not the girls, are truant) finds himself immersed in a system of urging and pulling, bandaging and dwarfing, based upon such superficial knowledge of him as that he is long or short, bright or dull, quick or dead; and so he is classified, graded and dumped with a multitude of others into the same conforming will, given stereotyped instruction, and we call it educating.

The truth is, is it not, that educating is exactly the reverse; not trying to make its subjects uniform, but nature has prescribed differences? For the teacher, no matter how earnestly she (three-fourths of our elementary teachers are, and properly are, female) desires it, there is no proximity to the heart of the pupil. The discerning and bringing out of internal personal aptness, the searching eye, the friendly hand are not experienced by our children in the schools. And it is because of this reason that as soon as possible they are abandoned. Making all allowance for the organized industries' drafts of children for cheap labor and for

the withdrawal of them for the support of the home, it is mainly because of the disappointment, unrest and disgust of the youth himself, declared in persistent truancy or importunity finally resisted no longer by parents that he terminates school-life at the earliest possible moment.

California has just dedicated at Melrose its foremost school-building. In appointment, teaching-rooms, drawing-rooms, withdrawing rooms, library, theater, etc., it is a model, not surpassed in the United States, except possibly in Rochester, New York. The only mistake is that it is a High School. Such a school-home for boys and girls at the younger, perilous time when they are quitting school would, with small classes for the teachers, permitting individual acquaintance and a friendliness approaching companionship, keep the great mass of our best school material now hopelessly lost.

Is not the word of the hour for our earlier educating Self-Realization? Can we not do better for the American boy than the processing of three or four of his faculties, leaving the rest dormant? A healthy boy resents obliviousness of his instincts. He knows there is no true development for him in it. The deepest thing in every young lad is that he may grow symmetrically. His temperament may dictate choices, perhaps for the physical over the mental, probably for either before the moral; but he looks with dismay on the consignment of any of his capacities to utter neglect and will quickly respond to their recognition. The object of learning is living. As Herbert Spencer reminds us, "To prepare for complete living is the function which education has to discharge." And it is an all-round development; physical, mental, moral in constant connection with the presence and pressure or the human element, the personal realities.

The love of a long life at school will manifest itself as soon as the mandarin method with its mechanics and monotonousness is abolished; and so soon as we inspire processes which lift from within instead of pull from without; when they take into account the entire American boy, such unconsidered traits as: his unhealthy but (happily) transitory passion for solitude; his irrepressible vitality; his rapid formation of what is so easy to get, so hard to get rid of—habit. Give him a chance, reach him with stimulative influences, and he will build into his own house-stuff much material that we have provided for him that is now mere lumber.

Have we given him a chance? Does not Shakespeare's school-boy hold us by tradition? Have we not taken it for granted that educating is necessarily an unpleasant if not painful ordeal and, as a consequence, lent effort to make it so? The fact is opposite. Nothing is more natural than drawing out of mind and body the powers latent in them which is education, of which it might as truthfully have been said, "All her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

COLOR DISHARMONY

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

Alack! tho' in the throes
  Of Sybil's eyes of blue,
A metaphor quite shows
  My prospects the same hue;
And into gloom untold
  It doth my soul immerse;
Her tresses are of gold—
  So is my rival's purse!

THE GOOD ROADS CAMPAIGN

BY P. N. BERINGER, EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY

In The August number of the Overland Monthly the Editor began the "good roads campaign" which is to be kept up until every county in California has perfect roads. It is the purpose of this magazine to so arouse sentiment that the people will insist that the money so generously subscribed in taxes be put to the use intended and not allowed to be deviated.

IT IS A subject for wonder that communities are apathetic when appealed to on the question of good roads, on a betterment of the means of intercommunication.

Why is it that all village and town authorities are so lax in the application of money to road building?

Is it a good business policy to build good roads and does it pay?

The state and county can do little for the individual who lives in our widely separated farming communities in return for his taxes except to furnish him with good roads. Does the state or the county do this? It is not so, at least in California. Does the farmer, the individual living in the agricultural sections, demand a proper return for his money? He does not. He is apparently indifferent as to whether the money is frittered away by grafting county commissioners on inadequate mud roads or stolen by contractors.

Everywhere there is the same story of experimentation and sad results. There are rare exceptions to prove the rule, but the generality of results is so bad that it is shameful. As an example of woeful incapacity and extravagance in a county in the state where the building of roads should present no great or insurmountable difficulties, let us present our readers with the language and figures of Mr. E. R. McIntosh, writing in the Fresno Democrat:

Can this good roads problem stand the test of business principles? If not let us abandon it. In the last analysis it must respond affirmatively to this question: Do good roads pay? Are there any known communities which, possessing good, permanent roads, are willing to abandon them? I have never heard of a single instance of the kind. It is the universal verdict that good roads pay in many different ways.

Let us consider a few of them. First of all, good roads shorten distances by reducing the time required to travel over country roads. Taking one trip with another, as people travel, 50 per cent in time is saved in travel, which means that, on good roads, twenty miles are covered in the time of ten miles, over dirt roads. In other words, distances are shortened one-half by stone roads over dirt roads.

We have seen that the power of draft horses has been multiplied by four, and in case of mud roads, before the macadam, it can safely be multiplied by five.

These are tremendous results, but they do not tell half the story. Who can estimate the saving in horse flesh, vehicles, harness, shoeing, when smooth, hard roads are employed instead of dirt or "mud" roads, as we now have them? The saving in these matters alone will soon pay for the better roads. But all of these things put together do not tell the story. Good roads are permanent fixtures of the soil. They increase the value of every acre of land in proximity to them in a very marked degree and thus become a permanent asset of every land owner in the community. Even the acreage most remote from them, in the

county or district, is enhanced in value.

The Cost of Mud Roads.

If our dirt roads cost nothing directly they would yet prove expensive "luxuries;" but, instead of being free to the taxpayers, they cost enormously, year after year for mere temporary maintenance, while, in the case of Fresno county, they are gradually getting worse instead of better.

What did we pay out on our roads during the last fiscal year? County Expert Hughes figures it this way, for the term of one year, beginning July 1, 1907, and ending June 30, 1908: It required $3366.02 to run the surveyor's part of looking after our highways; special road commissioners, viewers, etc., absorbed $5435; road district No. 1 gobbled up, in the year, $27,336.12; No. 2, $21,719.08; No. 3, $5459.85; No. 4 managed to use $46,447.42 of the people's hard-earned wealth, while No. 5 worried along with $31,385.13. Road oiling, sprinkling, and a few etceteras were figured out separately at $50,200.61, while the bridges, bridge supplies, etc., required $63,994.66. This foots up the neat little sum of $255,-443.41, all of which, except the bridge building fund, must be spent over and over again, because we have no permanent roads. How is that for wasteful extravagance? Who can beat it? And, so it goes, month after month, year after year, decade after decade, generation after generation. And this in one of the richest counties of the state, owing no man a dollar, and most admirably situated for the best results in good road building, with untold millions of material of the best quality within its own confines.

Cold, freezing winters, which prove so annoying to road officers, are eliminated from the equation in California.

More About Object-Lesson Roads.

We know of the preliminary arrangements for an "object-lesson" road near Fresno by an expert from the public roads office, department of agriculture, Washington.

The great diversity of the soils and subsoils in this county must be taken into careful experiment, in any comprehensive plan for stone or gravel roads. Then we must thoroughly test our supply of granite. What may appear to be good material, so far as any observations the unskilled can make, may prove altogether worthless under a scientific test.

What Director Page Says.

Director Logan W. Page of the office of public roads, in his reprint from the Yearbook of last year, says:

"Briefly stated, the purpose of object-lesson roads are, first, to introduce among local road builders correct methods of construction and maintenance; second, to demonstrate the advantages of a properly built road in order to stimulate public sentiment for road improvement and arouse a spirit of progress; third, to afford a basis of estimating cost of additional road construction, which may be subsequently carried on by the county or community; fourth, to demonstrate the availability and relative value of local materials as far as practicable, or, where no local material exists, to determine whether materials can be shipped in by rail so as to make the construction of hard roads feasible at moderate cost.

"The most important effect of the object-lesson road is the consequent improvement in methods of construction. The widespread ignorance of the elementary principles of road construction has already been mentioned. It is fortunately true, however, that these principles are not intricate nor difficult to learn, and a small amount of instruction properly directed in each community will go far toward promoting a general improvement of the public roads. This instruction can not be given theoretically with entire success, for actual experience is essential to the acquirement of a working knowledge of the subject. Practical instruction is easily understood and the knowledge is retained; furthermore, it is an unanswerable reply to incorrect theories often fixed in the minds of the ultra-conservative element of a community.

"Another advantage which frequently accrues to localities through this medium is the substitution of less costly methods of construction for those already in use. In 1905 the construction of a short section of sand-clay road, near Troy, Ala., established the wisdom of providing a system of sand-clay roads supplemented by macadam only on heavily traveled thoroughfares. At the time of the con-

struction of the sand-clay road the county was almost on the point of issuing bonds for a large amount to construct macadam roads exclusively. The result has been the saving of a large sum of money, with no material curtailment of transportation facilities.

"Nearly all innovations, whether labor-saving inventions, scientific discoveries, or economic achievements, have met at their inception with determined and bitter opposition from the majority. It is the energetic, progressive minority to whom we must look for material as well as intellectual progress, and so it is in many communities with regard to road improvement, where the narrow conservatism of the majority may stand as an obstacle to the inauguration of any well-defined and comprehensive scheme looking toward the betterment of the roads. The cooperation of the local authorities in the construction of an object-lesson road is frequently accepted as a compromise measure and serves as a sort of test case to determine whether a progressive or a passive policy shall prevail in the community. The road thus serves as the entering wedge in the establishment of a system of improved highways and the consequent development and advancement of the material prosperity of the country.

"While the cost of roads varies widely, owing to the variation of the factors entering into road construction, such as the amount of excavation, cost of material, depth and width of material, and wages of laborers, it is possible to approximate the cost of additional road building in a section of country where an object-lesson road has been built by applying the unit-cost data of the completed road to the known conditions. For instance, while it would not be safe to say that because an object-lesson road was built at a cost of $4000 per mile the average cost of additional construction should be $4000, it would be practicable to arrive at the total approximate cost by comparing each unit of cost and allowing for differences known to exist.

"In some cases satisfactory roads are being constructed at a great cost not justified by existing conditions. The object-lesson road often serves as a check upon this kind of extravagance or dishonesty.

"In some localities hard roads are being built of material brought in by rail, whereas a local material could be used to advantage at lower cost. In other cases no effort is made to build macadam roads because of the lack of a suitable material in the immediate locality. Macadam roads have been built at moderate cost of material hauled by rail distances exceeding 100 miles. In still other cases inferior materials are used when good material may be had at the same cost. The object-lesson road, in conjunction with the testing laboratory, is designed to meet these conditions.

"Until the fiscal year 1905, the office of public roads was unable to perfect a system whereby complete cost, data and record of construction could be obtained and placed in the hands of local road officials. Under the present system the file for each object-lesson road contains application, inspection report, profile and cross section, estimate, machinery report, laboratory tests, and photographs showing various stages of progress. Duplicates of these records are available for the use of the authorities having jurisdiction over the road improved."

The above is a compilation, and is referred to the reader for use in connection with articles preceding this and the issues following. The Overland Monthly is the advocate of good roads, and it is proposed to keep up the campaign until there is no village so small but that its highways are perfect in every detail.

PORTLAND IN THE LONG AGO

BY FRED LOCKLEY

HY IT should be so I do not know, yet to me there is a certain tranquil pleasure in wandering unhurriedly through the quiet city of the dead. As I walk leisurely through the tree-bordered and grass grown lanes I stop, here and there, to decipher the inscription on some weather-worn and moss-covered head stone, or to read the brief record, "Our Baby," on some tiny mound where the grief-stricken mother, her heart bowed down with sorrow and her eyes dim with unshed tears left her little one years ago. Time has healed the wound you say. Ah! yes, time may heal the wound, but what of the scar? Does the mother ever forget the little head that nestled against her breast? Does she ever forget the tiny arms that clung about her neck? Do her arms so empty since the little one is gone, ever forget the soft pressure of her baby, God's gift of love.

Perhaps it is because the absolute peace and restful calm appeal to me that I love to linger here where we must all come at last, here where our petty jealousies and vexations are forgotten. Where the pomp and pride and glory of man has sunk into the dust. Where there is no rank or caste, and the rich and the poor lie down to their last long sleep in the equality of death.

Here, lying full length on some grass-grown bank, or sitting on the ground with my back against some ivy entwined oak I like to spend the twilight hours of early summer. The busy hum of traffic is stilled here; forgotten are the market and the mart. The grass-grown streets of this silent city echo only to the muffled tread of the mourners, or to the full throated ecstasy of the meadow lark as with liquid melody he sings of life and love.

The fir trees and the cedars keep up a mysterious whispering, as though they were telling each other the secrets of those who sleep at their feet.

On a recent summer day I had been wandering among some of the older graves in Lone Fir Cemetery at Portland, Oregon, reading the records of generations that are past. I stopped at one of the graves and read, "D. H. Lownsdale, born April 8th, 1803, died May 4th, 1862," and my thoughts went back to the early days of Portland. Sitting down on a grassy mound near at hand I watched the clouds turn from crimson and gold to a nebulous and diaphanous pink, and then slowly fade to neutral tones of pearl and grey. Slowly the twilight faded and still I lingered on in the purpling dusk. By my side was a plain weather-worn headstone. The rains of fifty winters had rendered the inscription illegible. Here and there a dim letter or figure was to be seen, but all that could be made out with any certainty was the word "died" and the figures "54." Was the name Mary or William? Was this some young man full of life and vigor who had been borne to this lowly grave in the long ago? Or was it, perhaps, a wife, who had laid down her burden of care and toil and with her hands folded across her breast had laid down to her long rest? Was it some little one who had left its parents desolate, and, leaving the fields of daisies and buttercups where its little feet loved to wander, had gone to walk in the fields of asphodel on the other side of the silent river? As my mind busied itself in speculation I was dimly conscious of the presence of a figure standing by me. I had heard no step on the gravel walk, so my visitor had evidently approached my resting place over the grassy sward between the graves.

I looked up, nodded to the newcomer, and motioned him to a seat beside me. "You must have been sandled in silence,"

I said. "I didn't hear you approach." He took the seat beside me and said as he pointed to the encircling headstones, "I see you often come here. We seem to have similar tastes."

"Do you live near here?" I inquired, more for the sake of making conversation than because I was interested in where he lived.

With a whimsical look he repeated. "Do I live near here? Well, I used to live near here."

"Where do you live now?" I queried. "O, I stay here. I see you don't—yet."

For some reason his words gave me a vague and indefinable feeling of uneasiness. I felt a chill as though I had walked out of the sunlight into some subterranean vault where the air was damp and chilly.

"I don't just catch your meaning. Are you an old timer here?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders as he answered: "I lived here when Portland was only a clearing of a few acres among the maple, oak and fir trees where travelers stopped to eat dinner in going to Oregon City from Vancouver.

I peered through the gloom at him as I said incredulously, "Why, that's impossible. You don't look over thirty-five or forty." "It is true, nevertheless," he answered, and notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of his claim, he spoke so sincerely and earnestly that in spite of my better judgment I found myself believing him.

"Just before you came I was trying to decipher the inscription on this grave, but all I could make out was that whoever is buried here died in 1854. If what you say is true you must have been here before this grave was made. Perhaps you even know whose it is."

"It has been too dim to read for twenty years or more," he said, and he sighed as he added, "How soon we are forgotten." Leaning forward he pointed to the weather-worn stone and read the inscription with as much apparent ease as though it had been graven into the marble yesterday. Pointing to a few perpendicular scratches half covered by grass and moss he read: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." He smiled grimly, and shaking his head he said, "How little they know about it." I looked at him in astonishment as I asked: "How could you read the inscription on that stone? You must have seen it years ago before it grew dim." He looked at me curiously and thoughtfully for a moment, and responded: "Yes, I did, more than fifty years ago."

"Was the young man a friend of yours?" I asked.

"Sometimes I thought he was and again I thought—but let the grave keep its secrets." In my pleasure at meeting one so familiar with Portland's history I forgot my first feeling of distrust and aversion and began eagerly plying him with questions.

"Not so fast," he said. "Let me answer them one at a time. You want to know about the early days of Portland, you say. You seemed incredulous when I said I had seen Portland when it was a mere clearing in the trees, yet that is when I first saw it. By the side of the river there was a heavy growth of maple and cottonwood with oaks scattered here and there, while a little further back the fir trees formed a forest so dense that when you walked through them at midday it seemed as though you were in a subdued twilight, while their tops were so interlaced and interwoven that only here and there could you catch a glimpse of the sky. In those days I lived at Oregon City. When Joseph Gale drove a herd of Spanish cattle up from California in 1843, there came with him as herder a jovial, happy-go-lucky fellow by the name of Bill Overton. Having similar tastes Bill and I saw a good deal of each other. If there ever was a fellow who liked to be on the go, it was Overton. He had come from Tennessee, but since leaving his home in the South he had been a rolling stone. At times working as a carpenter or shingle maker, and again working with cattle, or if nothing else turned up and his money was short, which was his usual condition, he would ship before the mast. One day in the late fall of forty-three Bill asked me if I didn't want to go with him down the river a piece to see a place he had taken up. We put our guns in a canoe and paddled down the river. When we came to the clearing on the river bank Bill pointed to

it and said: 'Well, what do you think of my place. It's where people generally stop when coming and going from Vancouver to Oregon City, and some of these days it's going to make a good trading point.' We landed and Bill and I walked over the place. While we were looking around Bill jumped a dry doe which he had wounded. We followed its blood-spattered trail a mile or more before we came upon it at the foot of what they now call the heights. Bill jumped on a log to look around. The bark slipped and he took a fall that shook him up badly. So I volunteered to carry the deer down to our canoe. By the time I had wormed my way through the heavy growth of timber with that deer on my back to the bank of the river I was covered with sweat, and I wouldn't have traded my canoe for Bill's claim. He urged me to go in partnership with him, he giving me one-half of the claim if I would pay the filing fees and help put up the cabin. I told him his claim was so far away from Vancouver or Oregon City it would never amount to much. A little later he made a dicker with Amos Lovejoy of Oregon City on the same terms he offered me. Shortly after that he took a notion to go down to Texas and traded his half interest in the claim to F. W. Pettygrove for an outfit to travel with, flour, salt, coffee, sugar, blankets and other things worth altogether about forty or fifty dollars. Lovejoy was a man that everyone liked; he was well read, good-natured and sociable. Didn't know what fear was, loved adventure, and was one of the best liked men in the valley. He came out with Dr. Elijah White, the Sub-Agent to the Indians. He had hardly gotten here when he heard that Dr. Whitman was looking for some one to make the trip back to the States, so he offered to go back with him. They started in November, and went by the Santa Fe trail, traveling through all kinds of weather, mostly bad, and arrived at their destination the following February. I have often heard Lovejoy joking about the incidents of that trip, and how they were so near famished that they were mighty glad to eat dog when the Indians offered it to them. After reaching the settlements Lovejoy joined an emigrant train that spring and came back to the Willamette Valley, settling at Oregon City.

"Lovejoy and Pettygrove put up a log cabin on what is now the Southeast corner of Washington and Front Streets, and a little later they surveyed the land and laid it off into blocks and lots. During the winter Pettygrove built a log store and nailed shakes on the outside walls, which caused it to be known all over this end of the valley as the 'shingle store.'

"For the first few years the settlement about a shingle store had no name, being usually referred to as 'the little settlement down the river,' or 'the place twelve miles below Oregon City.'

"In 1848 Lovejoy and Pettygrove decided it ought to have a name. Lovejoy hailed from Massachusetts, so he wanted to call it Boston, but Pettygrove, whose home had been in Maine, thought Portland the best name for their little village.

"'We'll leave it to a toss up,' Pettygrove said. 'I'll toss my lucky penny. Heads is Portland, tails, Boston.' He flipped the penny and it lit heads up. 'Let's make it the best two out of three,' said Lovejoy. Again the penny whirled upward, but this time it lit with the head down. 'We've got one apiece,' said Lovejoy. 'Toss it up again and watch the Bay State win out; however, we'll abide by the result no matter how it falls.' The spinning penny fell to the ground on its edge, rolled merrily along leaning neither toward Portland or Boston, slowed up, balanced uncertainly and fell with Portland winner by a head.

"Shortly afterwards Pettygrove bought Lovejoy's half interest in the enterprise, but he didn't retain it long. He sold out the fall of that same year, 1848, to Daniel H. Lownsdale, who had a tannery at the edge of the town, and took his pay in leather, getting $5,000.00 worth on tanned leather for the claim. Next year Stephen Coffin and W. W. Chapman bought an interest from Lownsdale. By this time the little village had grown till nearly a hundred people lived near enough to trade there. For quite a while a school was talked of and finally a meeting was called and an association formed to build a school-house. School trustees were elected and a building was put up

on First Street. This was in 1849. It was used, not only for a school house, but as a public hall also, where court convened and secular and religious meetings were held. Portland's growth got a pretty serious set-back this same year. Word came up from California that gold had been discovered there, and every man in Portland but three, Lownsdale, Warren and King, went to the California diggings. Most of us came back that winter, though, and things brightened up again. Next year Portland attained the dignity of a seaport and we felt mightily set up about it. Captain John Couch sent a brig, the Emma Preston, to China from Portland, and ships from the Sandwich Islands began coming here. Captain Couch, who had taken up a claim adjoining Portland in 1845, added it to Portland this same year, as Couch's Addition. I remember what a laugh was raised when one of the fellows one night at the shingle store said that the day would come when Portland would have 10,000 population. We looked around at the skidways through the timber, which were our streets, and at the little group of log cabins, and it certainly seemed like a mighty wild prediction. Tom Dyer was one of the men that thought Portland had the making of a city in it, so that fall he started a paper, the Weekly Oregonian. The first issue came out on December 4th, 1850. A good many of the croakers who borrowed the paper from their more public spirited neighbors, used to shake their heads and worry about what a burden the new paper would be on the community, with two papers, the Spectator at Oregon City, and the Western Star at Milwaukee, already in Oregon Territory.

"Milwaukee and Portland were bitter rivals then, each of them realizing that they were too near together to make two good cities, and that one or the other would outstrip its rival. While Portland had some good hustlers, Milwaukee had three who were a hard team to beat, Lot Whitcomb of Illinois, and Meek and Lluelling. A few weeks after we had gotten our paper started Milwaukee launched a steamboat, the Lot Whitcomb. Her owner had bought the old bark Lausanne in San Francisco, where she was stranded by her crew going to the gold fields, and had brought her up to Oregon, and installed her machinery in his newly built boat, The Lot Whitcomb. She ran from Milwaukee to Astoria, charging fifteen dollars fare, and when she came down the river she wouldn't even stop at Portland, but merely tooted derisively as she passed. We began to think that Milwaukee was going to be the city, especially since Meeker and Lluelling were doing so well with their nursery. But in spite of Milwaukee's prosperity we held our own. Lots of good people were coming in. Good, substantial young fellows from the states. One of the young men that came that year was W. S. Ladd, who had not been here very long before starting a store. I remember passing his place to see some maples and elms which he had brought out from his old home in New England and planted in his yard. A month after the launching of the Lot Whitcomb we got even with Milwaukee by incorporating our town. That was in January 1851. We had two square miles in the city limits—two miles along the river by a mile back in the timber. That spring, in April I think it was, we held a city election. Joe Smith ran against Hugh O'Bryant, and Hugh won out and became our first mayor. That spring, too, the steamboat Columbia came to Portland and began making monthly trips to San Francisco, carrying the mails and passengers.

"In spite of hard work we used to have good times in those old days. We all worked; even Father Wilbur chopped out the trees and cleared up the land to put up a church where the Taylor Street Church now stands. I can shut my eyes and see just how the little village looked when I moved here in 1847 from Oregon City. Here I will take these little twigs and show you how the town looked then. Here, where I put this pine cone, is the old shingle store, and next to the store on this side is Pettygrove's house. Here is Whitaker's one story frame building, and this is Job McNemee's two-story house. This one is Tom Tallantyre's cabin. Here is John Waymire's double log cabin, and just south of it is Dr. Wilcox's log house. Here's where Ter-

williger's blacksmith shop was, and not far from it was Doan's cabin. I had some good friends in that little village. There was Ben Stark who came in on the ship Toulon, and for whom Stark Street was named, and George Geer, who also came in on the Toulon. Then there was Father Kelly, who used to hold services in the old cooper shop on alternate Sundays with Rev. J. S. Smith, and Dr. Wilcox who was our first school teacher, and who taught in a little frame building that Joe McNemee put up for him on the corner of Front and Taylor Streets, and J. L. Morrison, a shrewd, good-natured Scotchman, who had a little place at the foot of what is now Morrison Street, where he sold lumber and flour; there was John Waymire, who ran an express and freight business between Portland and Oregon City, with his ox teams and boats. On rainy days when work was slack I used to sit in Terwilliger's blacksmith shop and listen to Bill Johnson, an old British sea dog, describe the sea fights he had been in. He had a deep scar across his forehead where he had been slashed with a cutlass while leading a boarding party. In 1853 Meek and Lluelling at Milwaukee shipped two hundred pounds of apples to San Francisco, and got five hundred dollars for them. That looked pretty big, but next year they shipped forty bushels and received twenty-five-hundred dollars in gold for them. That was a feather in Milwaukee's cap, and they crowed a good deal about their export trade, but they didn't crow long, for that same year, 1853, we had a brick building put up. It was built by W. S. Ladd, and that brick store among the log and frame buildings looked like a diamond among a heap of pebbles. With our candy pulls and spelling matches, our dances and house warmings, our house raisings and duck hunts, we used to have jolly times in those old days, and though our girls were dressed in calico and homespun, they were just as loving, as lovable and lovely as the girls of today, who dress in silks and satins." He sighed reminiscently.

"You haven't mentioned your name. Do you mind telling me?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied, and told me.

"But that's the name of the man you said was buried in this grave, and whose inscription you read on this dim old stone. Are you his son?" I asked.

"No, I am not his son," he answered calmly. "There was only one of that name, and I am that one. You remember that when you asked me where I *lived,* I said I was staying here."

"But if you've been dead for half a century, you couldn't be here, you know," I reasoned. "Of course you're joking," I said, hopefully.

"I was buried here in this grave more than fifty years ago. Some of those who helped to bury me are here. If you doubt my word I will call them."

"Don't!" I cried in terror, as I leaped to my feet, "I believe you."

I found myself standing alone, my forehead covered with cold sweat. About me, on all sides, the sculptured marble shone dimly in the mellow moonlight. The laurels, their dark leaves aquiver, stood with their naked, flesh-colored trunks like ghosts among the graves, while the firs kept up a ceaseless murmur in mysterious monotone as they swayed and nodded before the evening sea breeze.

I looked about in astonishment. A moment before it had been light and I had been talking with a stranger. Now it was night, and I was all alone, except for these silent ones on all sides wrapped in their last long sleep. I shivered, though the air was mild and warm. "It was only a dream," I said to reassure myself. "Any other explanation is impossible and preposterous." I looked down at the low mound where the stranger had sat beside me, and breathed a sigh of relief, for the grass was not in the least crushed. I looked where he had broken the fir branch and stuck the little twigs in the ground, and started in astonishment for there was the freshly broken branch, there the pine cone which had represented the old shingle store, and there, too, stuck upright in the low mound were a dozen twigs which represented the log cabins of the little village of fifty years ago. I looked up from the representation of Portland in the long ago, and before me were the myriad twinkling lights of the city, while silhouetted against the sky line rose the irregular outlines of Portland's massive business

blocks with here and there some heaven piercing spire rising above its lesser brethren. Above the city I could see a dark blur with ragged outline where Portland heights rose to meet the lowlying clouds.

Had I really talked with one of the old pioneers, or was it but a dream?

Next day I hunted up one of the oldest pioneers, a survivor of the historic days when Oregon was a territory. I told him my story, and when I told him who my informant was, he started, looked at me incredulously, and inquired minutely as to his appearance. I described him, and mentioned several little peculiarities of his speech and carriage. He nodded and said: "Yes, that's him to the life. I knew him well. What he has told you is true. I came to Oregon in 1844, and though I used to live at Salem a good deal of the time, I knew most of the persons you have mentioned." "You knew him?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, I knew the man you say you were talking to as I knew my own brother. I was at his wedding and I helped bury him. Certainly I knew him. That was a tragedy if there ever was one. His wife —but let the grave keep its secrets. Yes, I remember it all as though it were but yesterday."

"Sermons which have Won Souls," by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., is a volume in which the author presents a number of what he believes are representative sermons by himself. The introductory chapter on "The Pastor as a Personal Soul-Winner" contains an exposition of Dr. Banks's enterprising business-like manner of personally following every opportunity for directing a sinner into the paths of grace.

Price, $1.40 net. Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers, New York and London.

If Mrs. Lowenberg had lived when Goldsmith flourished she would have written something more like the "Vicar of Wakefield." The age, not her lack of ability, prevents this book from rivaling Goldsmith. To begin with, Mrs. Lowenberg is evidently a student of literature. Her quotations are happy and similes well chosen. She is a woman who has relegated to the junk heap of the past all religious animosities and doctrinal differences. Grace is a lovely character and is evidently drawn from life. The devotion of Feld's wife to a worthless husband is Jewish all over; a true picture of domestic love and conjugal affection pre-eminently Hebrew. Everard's character delineated the high type Jew and next to Grace is the best portraiture in the book. Perhaps there is a surplus of heroines, but every character is well "set up" and does credit to its creator. We hope the lady will feel encouraged to continue her work for the whole book is an education in religious tolerance and shows the character of the author as vividly as she paints the characters of her heroes and heroines.

"The Post-Girl" is really a remarkable book, which both for itself and for the kind of things for which it stands in the modern world we would rather overpraise than treat with the stiffness that comes from fear of self-committal. "The Post-Girl" belongs to the class of book which the author was the first to write three years ago, a class which is in the direct line of our best English fiction, and of which we have not heard the last. The publication of this book marks the appearance of a new and powerful novelist who should command our attention in no ordinary way.

THE DEBT OF THE STRONG

I speak to the Men of Iron;
I preach the Debt of the Strong;
Ye who have won e'er others begun
List to a sermon song.

Ye stand on a firmer footing;
Ye stand on a Mount of Power;
Look down on those around so close
About Advantage Tower.

Ah, shame on ye, Men of Iron!
Ye bundle them off to jail;
Your duty shirk for a grosser work;
Men die because ye fail!

O, listen ye Men of Iron!
The servant is ever great!
Reach down a hand to the conquered band,
Uplift before too late.

And hearken, ye Men of Iron!
Pay the Debt of the Strong;
A cheering gift or an upward lift
Will save a man from wrong!

And at last, ye Men of Iron,
Be your talents one or ten,
Shall hear Him say in the judgment day,
"Well done, ye Iron Men."

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

"TWO IN THE NIGHT." (*See Page 356.*)

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OCTOBER, 1908

No. 4 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LII

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

A REPLY TO M. GRIER KIDDER

BY FRANK W. GALE

Mr. Gale, who is chairman of the Publicity Committee of the Christian Scientists, has made a reply to Mr. M. Grier Kidder's strictures on the belief and the church, and on Mrs. Eddy, the mother of the church. Mr. Gale has given the Overland an article which is not polemical, but which clearly enunciates the faith of the church of which he is the avowed representative. He says clearly what he believes, but he scarcely says why he believes, and his reply as such is not argumentative. It does not demolish any of the logic or illogic of Mr. Kidder, and it leaves the question very much in the same position in which it was at the beginning. Mr. Kidder asserts that he has not the faith that passeth understanding, and Mr. Gale avers that he and his followers possess this faith, and that, better than this, they understand it fully, accept it, and that by some mysterious application, with unbounded faith as the main ingredient, it takes the place of massage, miracle, medicament, midwife and mentor.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Editor Overland Monthly:

The article on Christian Science by M. Grier Kidder, which appeared in the September Overland Monthly, while no doubt written in the author's "quaint" style, is far from being "unanswerable" in its logic—and as there are many statements made from an erroneous premise, I would like to consider some of them, especially as the author invites my reply by saying: "Perhaps Mr. Gale can answer that question among the others he is troubled with." I will answer the question referred to later.

It is usually considered essential to the intelligent discussion of a subject that the one who criticises shall have a correct understanding of the matter considered, otherwise he is simply criticising his own imperfect beliefs about the subject, and not the subject itself; but in this instance the author acknowledges that he does not understand the subject, and so ridicules what he thinks it is. If Christian Science were what its critics say it is, Christian Scientists would be the first to repudiate it, but knowing the truth of its teachings, they continue their work and wait patiently for it to be better understood.

After describing some of the defects in human nature and asserting that "The people must be driven or coaxed, and the ruler who lacks the power to coerce must possess the faculty to cajole," our critic says: "Mrs. Eddy knows all of this, knows that the only way to make her flock take the medicine of common sense is to season it with nonsense." This is a wholly erroneous view of Mrs. Eddy and her guidance of the Christian Science Church. While Mrs. Eddy is the pastor emeritus of this church and the leader of the Chris-

tian Science movement, her leadership is exercised through instruction and love, and she has said: "Follow me only as I follow Christ." When, through the instruction received from Mrs. Eddy, Christian Scientists are able to prove the truth of her teachings by the overcoming of sin and the healing of all manner of disease, it is not surprising that they love her and follow in the way she points out. They have daily proofs of the wisdom of Mrs. Eddy's precepts, so that no coercion or deception is necessary in order to bring about their observance.

The time-worn assertion that Christian Science is not Christian or Science is the result of a misapprehension of the meaning of these words. Our critic says, "Christianity is faith in the unprovable; science is proof of the provable." Christianity, as Christ Jesus taught it, is faith in and an understanding of God and His spiritual laws, and their demonstration, and he proved the verity of his faith and understanding by casting out evil, healing the sick and overcoming death. Our Master said of his disciples: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and "the works that I do shall he do also," and Christian Science is demonstrating the truth of these statements by doing the same kind of works, which shows that it is Christian. The Standard dictionary defines "Science" as "Knowledge of principles and causes; ascertained truth or facts;" "Accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws." Christian Science is scientific according to these definitions, for it is knowledge of the divine Principle and Cause, or God, and His spiritual laws, which has been systematized and is being applied in the healing of disease and sin. The statement that Christian Scientists "deny the virgin birth of Christ as 'impossible,' yet claim to be Christians," is a mistake, for in the text-book of Christian Science, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, Mrs. Eddy accepts and explains the virgin birth of Christ Jesus as given in the New Testament.

The Christian Scientist does not call the whole of creation "mind," nor dub the universe "nothing," as asserted. He recognizes God as the infinite, divine Mind or Spirit, the one and only Creator, and His creation, the universe, as the infinite idea or manifestation of Mind, which is real and eternal. What he does call "nothing" is the false material sense of the universe, which is unreal and temporal; and this agrees with Paul's statement, "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." As God is Spirit, His universe is spiritual, and must be so understood; but, as Paul said, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Regarding the healing of disease through divine power, why should this be considered incredible? We read in the Psalms of God, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," and Christ Jesus "went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people." No disease was too small or too great to be healed by Jesus, from the fever of Peter's wife's mother to the hemorrhage of twelve years' standing, paralysis or leprosy; and the disciples did the same healing work. While Jesus denied that he healed, as charged by the Pharisees, "by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils," and declared that it was "by the Spirit of God" that the cures were effected, they should not be considered miraculous in the sense that they were contrary to any law of God, for they were effected in harmony with God's spiritual law, which is divinely natural. As God and His law is "the same yesterday and to-day and forever," the same healing power is available to-day, and is being demonstrated through Christian Science. Practically every kind of disease, both functional and organic, has been healed by Christian Science and without the use of drugs, hypnotism or mental suggestion. In answer to Mr. Kidder's question, I will say that Christian Science can "cure a two months' old baby of 'wind,'" as well as any other juvenile complaint; it has cured hydrophobia, and it has even been known to "cure an editor." But in addition to the healing of physical disease,

those who are cured through Christian Science rejoice in the spiritual illumination they receive, and a better understanding of God and their true relation to Him. I am inclined to think that our critic is not acquainted with very many Christian Scientists, if all he knows "are always grumbling over some pain or ache," for it is proverbial that Christian Scientists are usually happy and cheerful, and do not talk about their ailments, if they have any.

Contrary to the assertion of our critic, a large proportion of those who accept the teachings of Christian Science are "the common people who heard him gladly." But after they have been healed and gain the understanding of life which Christian Science imparts, they are enabled to do their part in the world's work, and soon overcome conditions of poverty and limitation, so that they are then considered intelligent and prosperous. The adherents of Christian Science are largely drawn from those whose former religious faith has failed to satisfy them in time of need, and the hopelessly sick whom materia medica has failed to heal. Both of these classes find peace of mind and health in Christian Science, and so the good work goes on, and the movement spreads among those who wish a practical religion that shall meet all their needs. A religion that produces such results can hardly be called a "superstition" or an "absurdity." It is true, as our critic says, "It has grown because it has a head, because of its discipline, and because of the good it has done," and this should entitle it and its revered leader to respectful consideration instead of misrepresentation and ridicule.

Our critic says: "Of the man who claims to be the originator of Christian Science, I know nothing. But did anybody ever do anything worth doing without infringing somebody's copyright? If Mrs. Eddy did not originate, her thorough application of what another did originate atones for her lack of originality." This statement is misleading. In 1883 the United States Circuit Court in Massachusetts upheld the validity of Mrs. Eddy's copyright of her book, Science and Health, against the claim that it was not original with her, and issued a perpetual injunction against an infringement of her copyrighted works. Mrs. Eddy's discovery of Christian Science was through her own recovery from the effects of an accident which her physician had said would be fatal. Regarding what followed, Mrs. Eddy says in Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures (Page 109): "For three years after my discovery I sought the solution of this problem of Mind-healing; searched the Scriptures, read little else; kept aloof from society, and devoted time and energies to discovering a positive rule. The search was sweet, calm and buoyant with hope; not selfish nor depressing. I knew the Principle of all harmonious Mind-action to be God, and that cures were produced, in primitive Christian healing, by holy, uplifting faith; but I must know its Science, and I won my way to absolute conclusions through divine revelation, reason and demonstration." The multitudes who have been healed and have had their lives uplifted through Christian Science as the result of Mrs. Eddy's self-sacrifice and devotion to the Truth which she has made known to the world, testify to her spirituality and the purity of her motives in directing this great movement. They know that no selfish motive could bring about such results and that there could be no abuse of the power which Truth and Love confers. No person can "succeed" Mrs. Eddy as the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, for what she has done cannot be done by another. Succeeding generations may follow in the way she is pointing out, and prove more fully the Truth she is teaching, until the Scripture is fulfilled and Christ's Kingdom is established on earth.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK. W. GALE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication for California.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 3, 1908.

A SPLENDID WORK

THE RELIEF HOME FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM

A SPONTANEOUS GIFT FROM THE WORLD AT LARGE

BY RAOUL DE MONTREALE

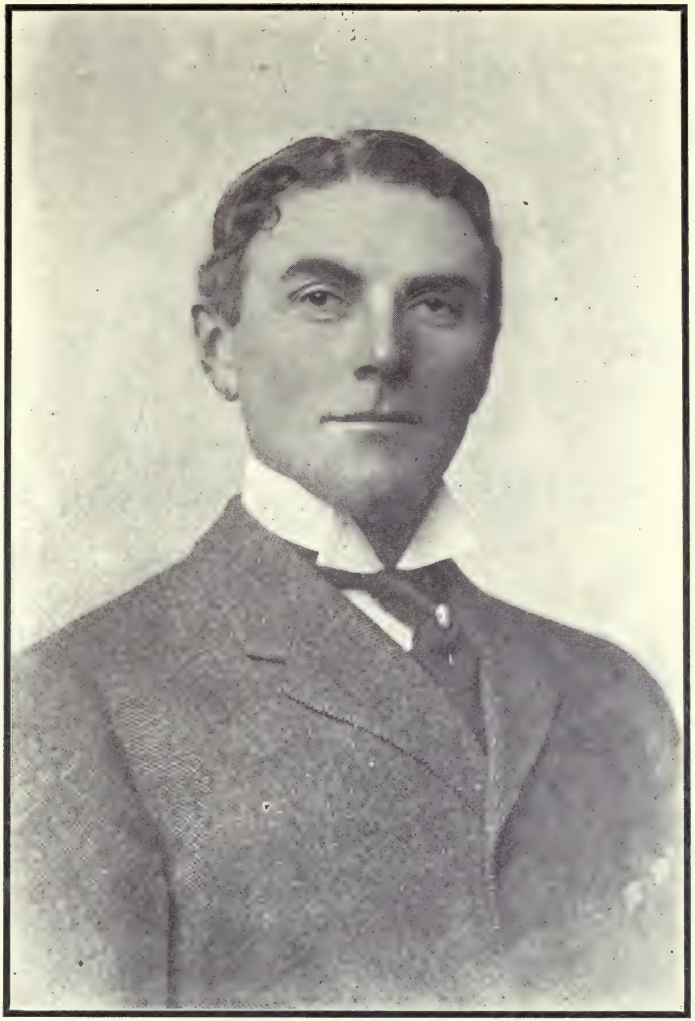
M. H. DE YOUNG.

ON TUESDAY, August 4th, the Relief Home for the Aged and Infirm was formally turned over to the city authorities of San Francisco by the relief committee. This event marked the acceptance by the municipality of the care of the 1200 inmates; the presentation to the city of a building costing $350,000, and the close of the work of the Relief Corporation of San Francisco.

The erection of this building was made possible by the generosity of the people of the United States, for the money that went into the structure was that of the gifts that poured into our stricken city when the news of that frightful disaster of the eventful April of nineteen hundred and six was carried broadcast to a horrified nation. Never before in the history of our country were greater demands made upon the sympathy and generosity of the people. The story of the great disaster and of the succor and assistance that was given us has been told and retold numbers of times, so it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here; let us consider, though, for a moment, the enormous work that faced those citizens selected for the disbursing of the relief funds in the days of rehabilitation.

Great, indeed, was the task set before them. The millions that had been donated had to be disbursed and used in channels from which the greatest possible good would result; families hitherto independent had to be assisted in such manner as to offer the least offense to their self-respect; in fact, problems demanding serious and wise consideration at once asserted themselves, calling for a committee of management endowed not alone with the necessary finances, but with a big knowledge of human affairs and considerable experience in dealing with men as well.

In all, $9,181,403.23 had to be expended wisely and well. The first problems of food and clothing were solved by the distribution of the relief supplies to the long lines of patient, though hungry, refugees,



THOMAS MAGEE.

and the next essential feature presented was the providing of adequate shelter in camps for these homeless thousands. The $2,500,000 Congressional appropriation was disbursed by the United States army, under the direction of the Headquarters of the Pacific Division, during the emergency period of April and May, 1906, and also in the following months of June and July, during which time it was possible to administer relief in a more systematic way. This money provided food and clothing, bedding, tenting and medicinal supplies for the relief camps and for the transportation of them, and for the moving of troops.

On July 20, 1906, the San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds was incorporated, with a board of 21 directors and an executive committee of five, with James D. Phelan, chairman; F. W. Dohrmann, M. H. de Young, Thomas Magee and Rudolph Spreckels. It is this corporation which has steadfastly carried on the work of disbursing the relief funds—the work which has only now come to its conclusion in the acceptance by the city of San Francisco of the Relief Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Commencing in the month of September, 1906, the thirteen refuge camps which had been under canvas were changed from "tent" to "cottage" camps. These cottages, size fourteen by sixteen feet, contained two and three rooms, and were erected by the Lands and Building Department. The maximum population of these camps has been about twenty-two.

In all of these camps, the cottages were occupied by self-supporting families or widows with children. Each camp was supplied with sterilized water, washhouses, and hot and cold running water, and bath houses with hot and cold water shower baths. The sanitation of the camps was excellent, the sewer, drainage and water systems being carefully arranged. In fact, they were model camps. The occupants were, as noted before, practically self-supporting; the aged and infirm being taken care of separately.

Over at the old Ingleside Racetrack,

MR. FRED S. STRATTON, PROMINENT IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE RED CROSS FUNDS CORPORATION AND COLLECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.

the camp for those refugees too old or infirm for work, or temporarily unable to secure employment on account of illness or accident, was placed. This was the most picturesque and unique camp of all, for these twenty-four adjacent buildings, now the habitations of human beings, had before served as abodes for blue-blooded race-horses. Quite artfully were the structures re-modeled for their new purpose, and indeed transformed into excellent and comfortable habitations. Each stall was floored, and the dividing stalls covered with unbleached muslin. In each building, hot and cold water was installed, also one or two stoves for heating purposes. Several buildings were devoted solely to the single aged women, some to the men, and others to the married couples. Still other buildings were con-

JAMES D. PHELAN, EX-MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND A GUIDING SPIRIT.

verted into a chapel, an assembly hall, a store house, a butcher-shop, blacksmith shop, cobbler's, dispensary, hospital and laundry. All the buildings were well-heated and supplied with electricity. The chapel had its organ, the assembly hall its stage and piano, books and tables. The sewing cottage was provided with a half dozen machines for those capable of doing their own dress making and mending.

In fact, everything was done to make the unfortunates as thoroughly comfortable as possible. For entertainment, the different charitable organizations of San Francisco would hold entertainments and concerts of various sorts several times each week.

The food furnished was good, wholesome and well cooked. Each building was kept in perfect order as regards cleanliness, for regular weekly inspections were the rule. New inmates were given changes of under- and outer-clothing, and the old men were given a weekly portion of tobacco.

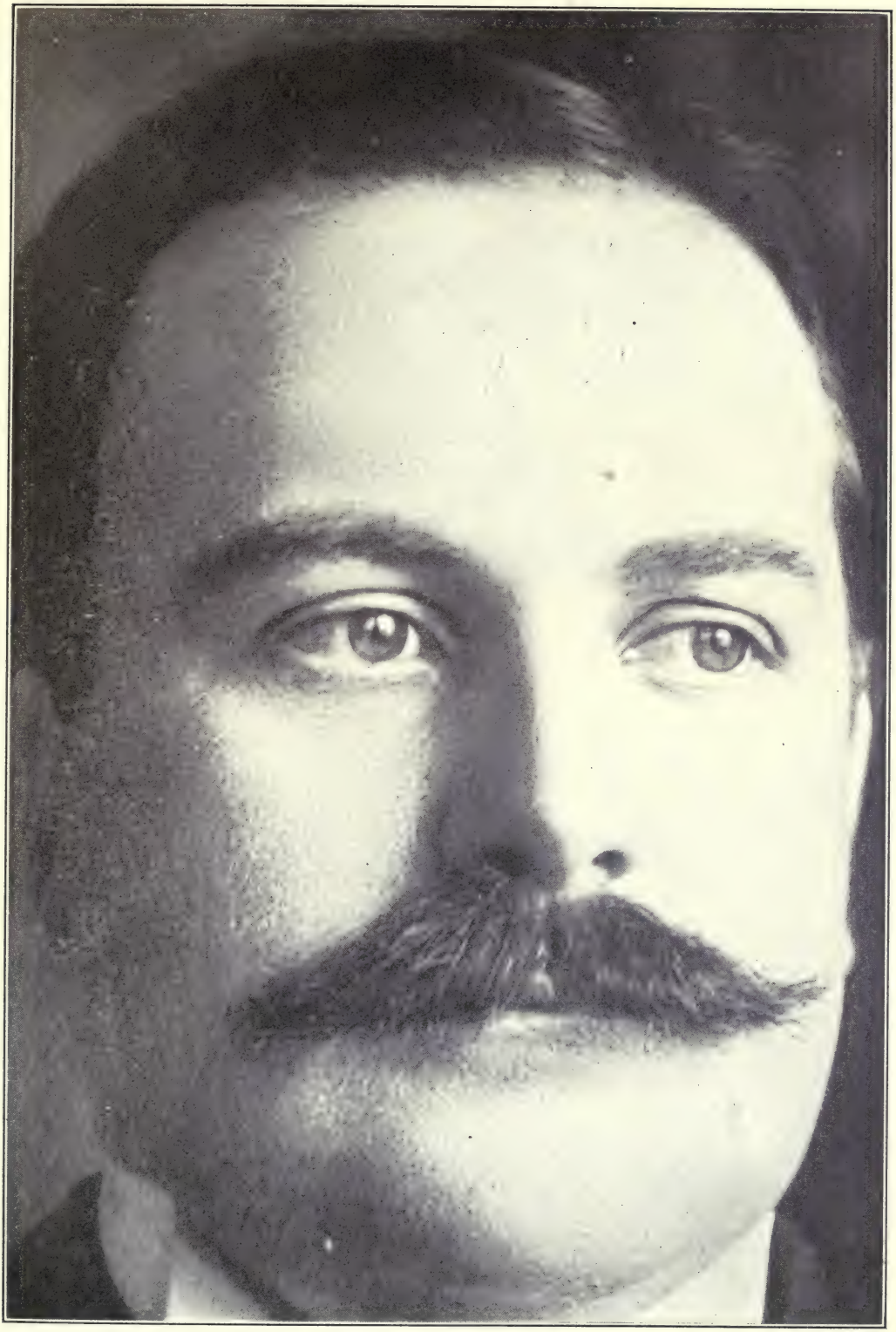
So nothing but satisfaction reigned with such an excellent condition of affairs. There were some who at first resented the idea of going to Ingleside, considering it much as they did the Almshouse, but this feeling rapidly wore itself away as soon as they were settled in their new quarters situated among the fields of poppies and basking in the glories of California sunshine.

The Ingleside improvements cost $26,737, and for maintenance a little less than fifty cents per head was expended each day. The number taken care of has varied, one thousand being the largest number of inmates there at one time.

Out of all this has the new Relief Home for the Aged and Infirm sprung. It is built in the form of an exact "E" on the crest of a hill flanked by the Sutro forest, with the Twin Peaks in the distance, and facing a magnificent view of the Pacific to the West. The building is over five hundred feet long by about three hundred and fifty feet wide, contains ten wards, arranged in five buildings to a side, each accessible to the other. There are two hundred and forty rooms with a complete capacity of two thousand people.

The expense of water and plumbing has,

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



RUDOLPH SPRECKELS, WHO HAD MUCH TO DO WITH THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CORPORATION.

A WELL-LIGHTED GENERAL LIVING ROOM.

perhaps, been sacrificed to a "view"—but this fact will well repay itself in the joy it will bring to those that will occupy the home in the days that are to come. There are two dining rooms, one 40x150, and the other 39x96, and a kitchen 76 feet square. Then there is about one thousand feet of covered porch, seven hundred feet of which is glass-enclosed. In fact, everything that might conduce to the comfort and well-being of the inmates has been carefully considered, and the result is a monument to the patience, zeal and skill of the members of the Relief Committees.

C. M. Wollenberg is the superintendent of the home and his regime thus far shows that the welfare of his 1200 charges entails an expense of thirty-eight cents per head a day. For the coming year, the Board of Supervisors has appropriated $165,000.

On August 5th, just passed, as has been said, this benevolent enterprise passed officially into the city's hands. James D. Phelan, President of the Re-

GREAT CENTRAL COURT AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HOME.

NEAT AND CLEAN DORMITORY. SANITARY AND CHEERFUL.

THE LONG TABLES IN THE LIGHT AND ROOMY MAIN DINING HALL.

lief Corporation, opened the formal exercises by turning the edifice over to the municipality, saying: "The official dedication of the Relief Home for the Aged and Infirm practically ends the work of relief entrusted to the corporation known as the 'San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds,' and it is a matter of satisfaction to those that have engaged in the work of rehabilitation that they are enabled to surrender their stewardship to a restored and rehabilitated city."

Thomas Magee, of the Building Committee, said: "It is a matter of peculiar pride to give these buildings into the hands of an honest administration."

Dr. T. W. Huntington said: "This building is really a part of our great hospital system, and the welfare of all depends upon the personnel of the Board of Supervisors, that decency and propriety may be promoted. This event accentuates a period of transition in the life of San Francisco from what has been to that for which we hope."

Otto Irving Wise dwelt on the fact that so great a breadth of charity and brotherly love had prevailed above all else.

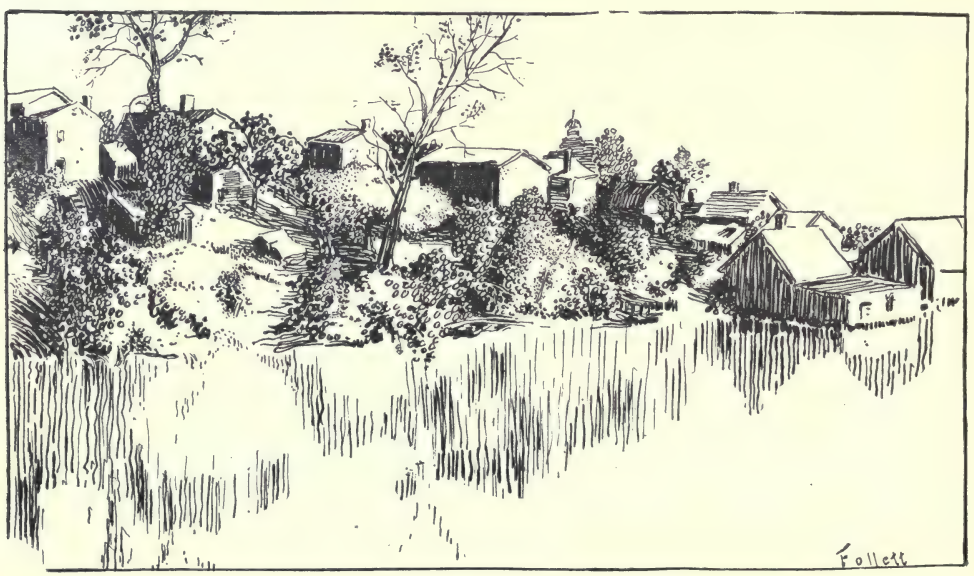
F. W. Dohrmann spoke of the mission of the Red Cross, saying: "While it was organized for the sufferings of war, it has become broader in its work, and its motto has become in this country, 'To relieve suffering at all times.'"

Henry Payot, supervisor, stated that he would offer a resolution to the Board of Supervisors that the name "Almshouse Tract" be changed to "Relief Home Tract." Thus may the old name "Almshouse" be forgotten and never happily used again.

The gift was accepted in the name of San Francisco by Mayor Edward Robeson Taylor, who spoke of the affair as a novel occasion, inasmuch as of the many millions spent in varied lines, "this is the one monument which stands for what was done by the people of the United States. The soul of man dominated the whole scene at the time of the disaster, and every stone and brick of this structure is consecrated to the greatest care at our hands."

The entrance to the home is faced by an enormous fireplace over which is a bronze tablet bearing this inscription: "To the National Red Cross and the People of all Nationalities, Who, by Their Generosity, Relieved the Suffering After the Great Fire of 1906."

And so there stands beside the winding road that leads past the Sutro forest a noble edifice dedicated to the cause of brotherhood, containing twelve hundred souls who have been proteges of universal humanity, but who from now on will have their welfare in the keeping of St. Francis by the Sea.



THE PEAR TREES ARE OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND ARE, SOME OF THEM, SIXTY-FIVE FEET HIGH. THEY ARE SHOW TREES IN BEAUTIFUL SAN RAFAEL.

SAN RAFAEL THE BEAUTIFUL

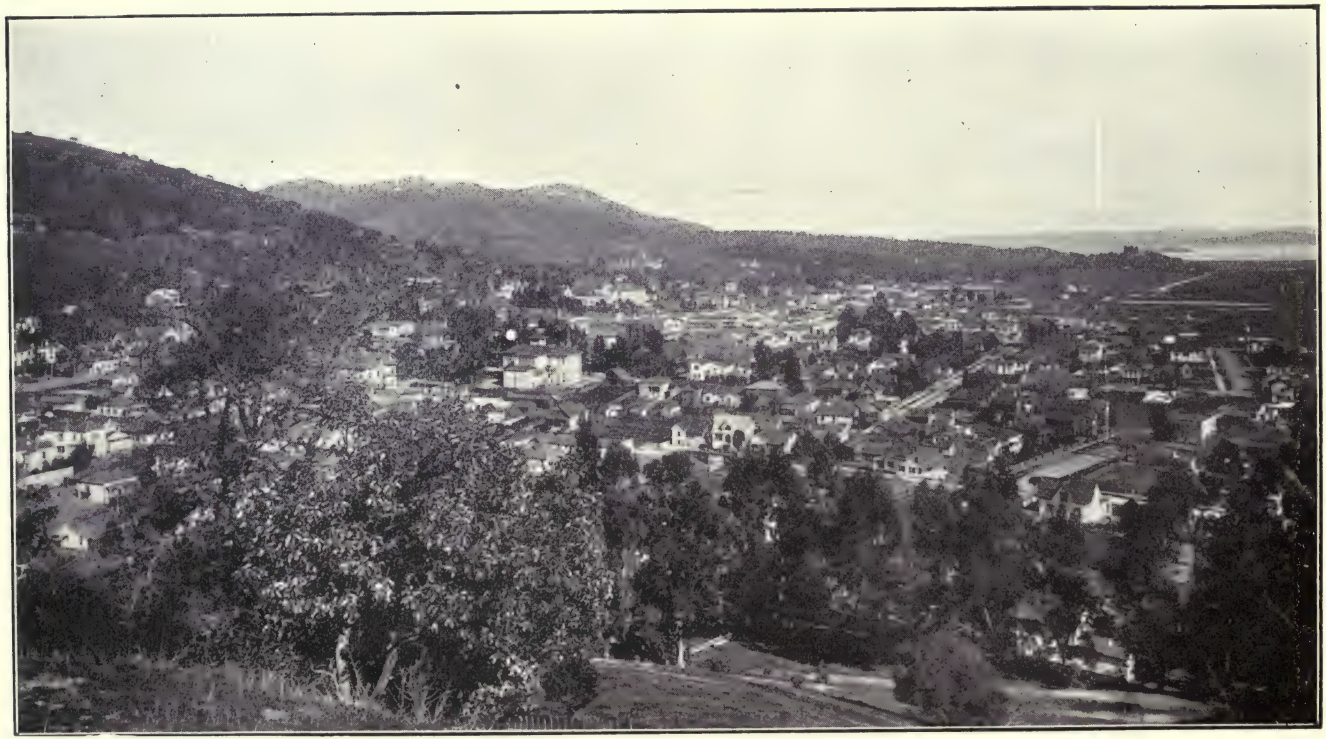
BY S. H. OLMSTEAD

SAN RAFAEL, picturesquely situated in a sheltered valley, less than one hour's ride, by electric car north, from the metropolis of the Pacific, is a historic spot. In the early days of California, long before the discovery of precious metal in our mountain regions, the Missionary Fathers discovered that here was an ideal place. They selected the present site of San Rafael as the most suitable place for enjoying life; where, because of the natural beauties and peculiarly favorable climatic conditions, the sick and those weary and worn could find rest and be restored to health and vigor.

It was in 1817 that the Franciscan Fathers sent an exploring expedition to locate a convenient sanitorium. After wide and exhaustive examination throughout California, the explorers reported in favor of San Rafael Valley, the climate of which corresponds closely with that of Mentone in the south of France.

The lofty hills of the Tamalpais Mountain range just to the west exclude the harsh winds and fogs of the coast, yet the closeness of the seaboard has a marked influence in tempering the sultriness of the summer months, producing a climate ideal for physical enjoyment—sunny, temperate and uniform.

From that day to the present time, San Rafael has been noted for its climate, and has been selected as a most desirable place for homes, and to-day it is essentially a city of homes, described by one writer as having "beautiful mansions, neat and tidy homes, lovely gardens with rare plants and flowers which delight the eye, and sweet odors impregnate the air."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN RAFAEL.

Hittel, the historian, describes it thus: "The spot chosen was one of the most picturesque, pleasant and healthful in all California. * * * at the foot of a high hill in a narrow but fertile valley. Looking southward from the site * * * less than a mile distant, is a large steep ridge of moderate height, densely covered with evergreen trees, the whole forming a thicket of dark green foliage. High over this, some five miles distant, rose into the clear air the deep purplish blue peak of Mount Tamalpais. To the right, up the valley, the river was closed in with wooded hill, but to the left, it opens out to the bay, with several small islands in sight, and beyond was the Contra Costa Mountains and Mount Diablo, thirty miles distant."

Fifteen years or more ago, Miss Kate Field, the noted writer, visited San Rafael and wrote of its natural beauties. Since then the enterprise of man has added much to what nature has done. Many handsome homes have been erected, miles of macadamized streets and concrete sidewalks have been built, every street has been lined with shade trees, a complete outfall sewer installed, streets lighted with electricity, and many other features and comforts of life provided. In her description of San Rafael, Miss Field says: "What Tamalpais is to the hills of Marin County, San Rafael is to its valleys—as pretty a nook as nature ever cudgeled out of her prolific brain. Surrounded on three sides by hills, Tamalpais towering (to a height of 2,600 feet), in the southwest, and San Francisco bay glittering in the East, with Monte del Diablo as its majestic background, San Rafael blinks and purrs in the sunshine, the picture of content. * * * A sinuous river glides slowly to the bay, only two miles distant, groves of laurel and live-oak abound, and miles of trails upon the hills disclose vistas that would delight the soul of Claude Lorraine. But look where one may, Tamalpais pervades the atmosphere, and its ascent remains the crowning glory of the Golden Gate."

Marin County, of which San Rafael has been the seat of Government since California was made a State in 1850, is a peninsula with an irregular coast line—the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Golden Gate and San Francisco bay on the south and east. Its surface is rolling—a hilly, low mountain region, wooded with giants of the forest, with numerous valleys and streams—a romantic, healthy country where the weary people of the city seek recreation—where the busy business man can reside with his family and enjoy life, while transacting business in the city. The county is just north, across the Golden Gate from San Francisco.

The earliest record of white man landing on Marin County's shore was by Sir Francis Drake in 1579, but there was no permanent settlement until the Mission Fathers located the Mission at San Rafael, and no real growth until about 1845, the forests inviting the lumberman. Early communication with the outside world was by small boats which came up San Rafael Creek. Later, and for several years, the stage coach carried passengers to the steamboat landing at San Quentin point. Still later, the people built a short railroad to supplant the stage; and still later came the present Northwestern Pacific Railroad and the third rail electric system, which now gives us half-hour communication with the metropolis.

COURT HOUSE, SAN RAFAEL.

In this connection we will mention the fact that during the past three months the people of San Rafael, aided by the State Department of Engineering under supervision of N. Ellery, have improved the San Rafael Creek by dredging the same to a good width and depth, so that in the

RESIDENCE OF GEORGE D. SHEARER, SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

future the city will enjoy the benefits of water communication with the outside world.

From the early days, San Rafael has been an educational center. Before the public schools were established, there were private schools, the first one being held in a small building erected in 1849. Some years later the "San Rafael Institute," a high-class boarding school, proved a success. Then came the public schools, which have developed until the primary grade, the grammar grade, and the high school are to-day the pride of our city, and rank with the best in the State.

The city also has a number of private schools for younger children; a parochial school; a Catholic college for young ladies; two high-grade military schools for boys and young men—Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, and the Hitchcock Military Academy, both well equipped with good buildings, and an efficient corps of instructors, the first under Presbyterian influences, the latter an Episcopalian school.

Just east of the city, only two miles from the court house, in the flourishing town of San Anselmo, is located the San Francisco Presbyterian Theological Seminary, with its magnificent stone buildings and eminent educators.

The city of San Rafael has a population of 6,000 or more, with almost as many more adjoining the city on the south and east. It has grown rapidly during the past three years, and is still making good growth, new and handsome homes being erected in all directions. A $40,000 fireproof hall of records has just been completed, and is paid for; a $25,000 City Hall is well under way; and a $25,000 Carnegie library is nearing completion.

The city has handsome churches, a magnificent tourist hotel, the finest golf links and club house in the State; many miles of macadamized streets; more cement side walks and tree-lined streets than any city of its size in California. It is the home of many wealthy and cultured citizens—with their palatial residences and extensive, park-like grounds. Business men, professional men, artisans, clerks, men and women in the various walks of life, make their homes here, a large percentage of them daily going to their labors in the city, returning every evening to enjoy a ride across the waters of the bay, drinking in the invigorating salt air, and spending the night and early morning with their families among the trees and flowers, and enjoy the freedom and comforts of country life, in a climate that is so superior to that of the city that it is difficult to make comparisons.

While it is warm and pleasant the year round, there is a good contrast between the summer and winter months. During the summer months there is an abundance of sunshine and very little fog, yet the thermometer rarely registers over 85, and even then only for a day or two at a time, and the nights are always cool and pleasant.

In the winter it very seldom reaches the freezing point, and interspersed with the winter rains are many bright sunshiny days. One of the advantages we enjoy is an abundance of rain, the average fall being about thirty inches during the year—usually from September to June. In a record of over thirty years, the lowest was 23 inches, while only a few times did it go over 45 inches.

In the mountains to the west, the rainfall is greater, so that there is always an abundance of the purest mountain water stored for our use, and the water companies are increasing their storage capacities so that the future growth will be provided for.

To properly tell of San Rafael would require a lengthy article, and a description of Ross Valley and the towns of San Anselmo and Ross which joins us, and are in reality a part of San Rafael, with equally as many attractions and advantages.

The assessed valuation of San Rafael, as recently completed by the city assessor, is $4,000,000. The business interests of the city are large and varied.

For the last eighteen years, the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy has been a noticeable feature in the life of San Rafael. Its numerous buildings and extensive and beautiful grounds attract the attention of strangers, and when the school is in session and the boys are engaged in their sports or their military exercises, there are usually many spectators and much interest is manifested. The school has a fine record in the past for work done and for its influence in the development of character. Fully accredited in the State University and Stanford, it has the confidence of the authorities of these institutions, and year after year the reports made by United States army inspectors have testified to the thorough and successful work of the military department. This year there have been added to the advantages and attractions of the institution an enlarged social hall, new class rooms, and a fine open-air swimming pool and gymnasium.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE, MT. TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY.

In the stables are more than a score of excellent saddle horses, and the cavalry drill is a most interesting part of the military life. Moreover, the boys have frequent opportunities for pleasure riding

and for outings in the four-in-hand drag.

Every year the entire school, with all its camp equipage, is taken to a beautiful spot on the Russian River about one hundred miles north of San Rafael, and there is established a military encampment which is maintained for one week, during which time the boys are instructed in all the detailed duties of camp life and also have sufficient recreation time to enjoy bathing and boating and long tramps through the hills. One great advantage derived from this annual encampment is that it gives masters and students a fine opportunity at the beginning of the year to become acquainted under the pleasant circumstances, and so at once to unify the school, and to remove any feelings of strangeness or homesickness.

During the winter a number of informal hops are given to which the young ladies of San Rafael and the vicinity are invited, and at the close of each term a more formal and elaborate reception, which is attended not only by the young ladies of San Rafael, but by the friends and relatives of the boys from other places.

What appears to us to be a very advantageous feature of the school is the admirable arrangement by which the boys of different ages are separately housed, the younger boys at Foster Hall, having their own dormitories, dining room, gymnasium, play grounds and school rooms. When old enough they are transferred to the second floor of the barracks; later on, their rooms are assigned on the third floor of the barracks, and when they get into the upper classes, they are quartered in the cottages.

In addition to a Sixth Form scholarship, which the school gives, and which entitles the holder to a rebate of two-thirds of his board and tuition bills during his senior year, the academy has founded a university scholarship, awarded to the member of the graduating class who has held the best record for both scholarship and conduct during three years preceding his graduation. This entitled him to receive thirty dollars a month during the ten months of his first college year, provided he enter and maintains a good standing either at the State University or at Stanford. The object of these awards is, of course, to encourage good work and stimulate the boys to strong efforts to do their best.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAN RAFAEL.

San Rafael has many attractions, and many things to be proud of, and among them all certainly the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy is not the least.

Ross, situated in the heart of the famed Ross Valley, is a masterpiece of nature's handiwork. All along the line of the North Shore Railroad is there admirable scenery and a glorious climate to be found, but to Ross, nature has given of her bounty most freely. Ross is a valley within a valley; thickly wooded hills and mountains surround her, and beautiful trees line her roads. Architecture at its most artistic expression is represented in Ross bungalows and residences, and marvels of landscape gardening are everywhere in evidence, adding, if possible, to the natural beauties of the place. But it is all in the spirit of the true country residential district, and there is nothing whatever to remind or suggest the city.

Ross might be termed the Nob Hill of Marin County, as many of its lots are owned by people of wealth and influence. Perhaps this explains why Ross has had for years the most perfect sanitary system, the best roads, and the finest water supply in the State. The Ross Improvement Club has planned and started road improvements and sidewalk systems that will cost, when finished, ten thousand dollars. So it is evident from all this that land investment at Ross is a rare opportunity and a fine speculation. And this apart from its attractions as the site for a home. It is no exaggeration to say that Ross has all the most desirable features that are to be found in any of the numerous attractive places along the line of the North Shore.

* * *

Situated at the foot of grand old Tamalpais is Kentfield, as ideal and picturesque a section for the location of a real home as can be found anywhere. This statement may seem extravagant at first glance, but there are numerous indisputable reasons to clinch the accuracy of it. Where, for instance, can be found a locality that has better, purer water than that of the cold mountain spring that supplies the far-famed Ross Valley in which Kentfield rests? Where is there a section blessed with milder or more even climatic conditions? There is assuredly none such, and Kentfield, barren of unpleasant winds and fogs, graced with rare vistas and guarded by glorious trees, represents nature at her kindliest. The remarkable part of it all is that these advantages are within fifty minutes of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and the trip from your home in Ross Valley to your business in that city is accomplished over an ideal electric railroad system.

Aside from its great advantages as a residential district, Ross Valley unquestionably offers excellent opportunities for investment. Lots sold to-day at from five to twelve hundred dollars will be worth from two to three thousand dollars in a very few years. This fact is self-evident to any careful observer, for the land is being settled upon with a rapidity that establishes a wonderful future.

Marin County throughout is an ideal place for the sportsman; and at Sausalito, Tiburon, Belvedere and other places closely adjacent to Kentfield, boating is a great diversion. The scull races of the universities are held in Richardson's Bay, near Sausalito. In addition, there are numerous baseball grounds maintained throughout the county, and all the larger towns have well-equipped athletic clubs. On the ocean is found surf bathing as well as deep sea fishing.

Kentfield and the county of Marin are not at present known to the extent that their wonderful characteristics should entitle them. They have not been advertised in the same proportion as other sections of the Golden State. But it will not be long when every one will be made conscious of the great possibilities and advantages of this county by the sea.

We all know that the success a young man makes of his life depends entirely on his early training, but the question is, where shall he get the best training? What could be better than the discipline of a military academy? One of the most efficient and best known is the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael. This school has grown in less than ten years from a little group of six boys to an enrollment of one hundred and ten.

As before said, the school started small in numbers, but with high aims—its aims, in brief, clean athletics, high standard of scholarship, excellence second to none in the proficiency of its military drills and

discipline, and the building up of a high morale among its student body. Dr. Hitchcock surrounded himself with teachers with ambitions like his own, to make the school take rank with the best of its kind.

In regard to a complete preparatory school course, full military equipments, and all athletic sports, the Hitchcock Military Academy lacks nothing. Furnished with arms by the U. S. Government and under the instruction of an officer detailed by the department at Washington, the boys drill with the snap and precision of old veterans. This school can also boast of a gymnasium thoroughly equipped with the best apparatus, and under the care of a competent physical director, who takes charge of the physical culture classes, and also trains the boys in their outdoor sports.

The present session opened with more pupils enrolled than at any time in the history of the institution, and with exceptionally bright prospects for its most successful year in athletics, class-room and military work.

* * *

The Dominican College, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Dominic, is located at San Rafael in the Coleman Tract, one of the most attractive and picturesque portions of that popular town. The Coleman Tract is really one of nature's own parks, and is interestingly intersected by winding and wooden avenues. The lofty hills of the Tamalpais range exclude the harsh winds and fogs of the coast, yet the close neighborhood of the seaboard has a marked influence in tempering the sultriness of the summer months.

The college is built in the Renaissance style of architecture, with elegant appointments and modern improvements. The college government is firm, yet mild, and is so conducted as to encourage in each student habits of self-control and self-respect. Upon each pupil rests the responsibility of showing herself trustworthy in all her relations with teacher and fellow-pupils. The courses embrace in most thorough manner the study of English, history, mathematics, Latin, Greek, science, logic and the Christian doctrine.

* * *

Lowan's Hill School (now Miss Woodman's) for Girls is delightfully situated in Mill Valley—one of the most beautiful and healthful localities in California. It is but forty-five minutes from San Francisco, and so combines the advantages of country life with proximity to a large city. Miss Woodman, the principal, who is aided by a most efficient corps of teachers, aims at

MISS WOODMAN'S SCHOOL AT MILL VALLEY, FORMERLY LOWAN'S HILL SCHOOL. ONE OF THE FINEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

DRESS PARADE, HITCHCOCK MILITARY A CADEMY.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE, SAN RAFAEL.

securing a thorough education combined with that culture and refinement which are best obtained by cultivating the atmosphere that conduces to their acquirement. She seeks by direct influence to especially foster the courteous graces of true womanhood. The school is distinctly homelike, much of the study is carried on out of doors, and by means of small classes and personal care the teachers are able to help her develop the best of which she is capable.

Each pupil may follow the course of study especially adapted to her needs and inclination, and while girls are prepared at their parents' wish for college and university examinations, Lowan's Hill School seeks rather to gradually develop the mind and character than to achieve brilliant, and, too often, non-thorough results. There are three departments in the school: Primary, Preparatory and Academic. Languages are also taught; Latin, as the foundation of all languages, is required in the regular course. Weekly classes are held by the principal for the study of architecture, sculpture and painting. It is, in fact, an admirable system throughout. The number of resident pupils is limited, and this naturally conduces to the comfort of the girls, and allows a greater freedom in home life.

* * *

Across the Golden Gate, just north from San Francisco, lies the county of Marin, and situated naturally as the center for its varied attractions lies San Rafael, the county seat. San Rafael is but fifty minutes' ride from San Francisco, and is the home of many wealthy and cultured people who transact business in the city. It unquestionably contains more handsome homes with park-like grounds than any other city of its size in California. The Hotel Rafael, with its magnificent grounds, the unique bits of architecture that dot the landscape, the interesting churches and public buildings, the excellent and frequent transportation facilities, the purest water in the world, and the thousand other advantages of this superb city all have combined to give San Rafael that intense popularity that it enjoys.

Within the past five years the city has improved wonderfully. New tracts of desirable building lots have been placed on the market, and hundreds of new homes have been built by those who have elected the city for their permanent home. Although San Rafael is essentially a residence place, almost all business interests are represented, and there is some manufacturing on a small scale. The merchants are energetic, and appreciate the advantages of location and climate, and are putting forth every effort to induce home seekers to locate in their midst.

The schools of San Rafael are on an equal with any in the State. Property values are firm, and as an investment prove of sound value.

The city has two banks of excellent standing, fraternal societies with fine assembly halls, clubs of unusual merit, numerous business blocks, and a system of sewerage which has as one of its strong features a semi-daily flushing with salt-water. There is also a well-trained and altogether efficient fire department, and, in fact, all the departments of the local Government are in charge of public-spirited and progressive officials. It may be said, without sense of exaggeration, that San Rafael is ideally ruled. Many large and most important improvements are contemplated and will be carried out during the next few years.

During the summer months the population of this popular city is greatly increased by the number of San Franciscans who spend the delightful days of the vacation season within the confines of the most picturesque city within fifty miles of the metropolis. There is no question but that San Rafael will, within a very short time, come to be one of the greatest of San Francisco suburban cities.

ROSEMARY

BY ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS

Light fiction is not easily written. Mr. Robert Erskine Ross has given us in Rosemary a pretty little story with which to pass a pleasant fifteen minutes. Mr. Ross's pen flows quite fluently, and his style is equal to that of some of our best short story writers.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IF THEY had not gone to Betty Farrar's tea; and if Miss Margaret had not hated Betty so cordially; and if he had not been forced to leave town for those two tell-tale weeks—but, pshaw! the "ifs" were facts—a stubborn barrier of them forever shutting out the possibility of his dream coming true.

Thus Teddy Charteris mused, sitting in disconsolate melancholy one morning in his bachelor apartments, after a night of riotous living spent in trying to forget. And this morning he had a splitting headache for his pains—and the cat for remembrance.

Charteris rose and went to his sideboard where, with practiced if somewhat shaky fingers, he prepared a gin fizz. The cooling effect of this beverage brought him into better humor with himself and the world. The last few drops in his glass he flipped over the sleeping form of a large Angora lying comfortably curled on a divan.

"I re-christen thee Rosemary—'rosemary,' that's for remembrance," said Charteris, addressing the cat. A drop of the cold liquid having fallen on Rosemary's nose, she promptly uncurled herself and proceeded vigorously to wash her face with her paws.

"You *are* a streaked-looking object, aren't you, Rosemary?" Charteris growled—stooping to stroke the long silky fur. whereat Rosemary purred contentedly. "You look *almost* as blue as I feel, except that mine is not in spots—it's all over, and well rubbed in," he concluded ruefully.

Rosemary indeed presented a peculiar variation in color—in places her fur was a vivid, almost robin's-egg blue, faded in others to a draggled, dingy whiteness, and in those faded white splotches lay all of Charteris's woe.

* * * *

A little more than a fortnight past, Charteris had taken Margaret Dale to Miss Farrar's tea. *His* Margaret, she had been then, or rather had promised soon to be, and now, well now that dream was over; some other lucky dog would win Margaret—after a decent interval, of course—probably that little snip of a Clavering. Lord, how he hated Clavering! He had always been hanging about her heels, had Clavering, before Teddy's engagement to Margaret had been announced.

Betty Farrar exhibited to her admiring friends at the tea a large and very beautiful Angora cat. Now, while Angoras are common enough, as every one who has ever seen a cat show knows, this particular Angora of Miss Farrar's was *blue*—from the tip of her soft, velvety nose to the end of her soft, fluffy tail, a beautiful, rich, robin's-egg blue. There never had been an Angora like her, there was not another in the world, so Miss Farrar sweetly assured Margaret. And as Charteris was taking Margaret to her home after the

tea, she insisted that he forthwith find and procure for her a blue Angora that should equal if not excel Betty's in the cerulean tint of its fur.

Charteris confided to Margaret his suspicion, which was genuine, that the blue of Miss Farrar's Angora was spurious—that it was, in fact, the blue of the dye shop rather than the blue of nature.

"Now, Teddy, that is nonsense. Not that I would believe Betty for an instant—the spiteful little cat—but I looked at the fur carefully, and I am sure it isn't dyed. I want a blue Angora, if another is to be had. Of *course,* if you don't care enough to make a search"—the gray eyes held a hint of tears, and the red lips betrayed the slightest quiver.

"Dearest, I will devote the next five years of my life, turn New York upside down, go to—to—Bangkok, or wherever Angora cats originate—if need be. If there is another blue Angora, you shall have it. And if there isn't, I will even commit burglary. I will steal Miss Farrar's."

The gray eyes brightened, and the lips—well, they were occupied for a moment, but Charteris and the girl were leaning far back in the carriage.

The following day Charteris made a round of the principal fanciers, without even the ghost of success. He saw so many Angoras, of so many sizes and shades that his head reeled, and in his dreams that night he fancied himself a miserable blue mouse, pursued by an angry horde of fiery red Angoras.

The next day his search continued, in ever widening circles, but that evening, when he called upon Margaret, he had only failure to report. She was very gracious to him, however, and her pleased interest in the account of his search repaid him and made him the more determined in his quest.

* * * *

"Mr. Charteris, you may search from now until the millenium," said Mr. Pettibone, a well-known fancier, to him the next day, "but you will never find a blue Angora—at least not that shade of blue. There simply aren't any, sir."

"But I tell you Miss Farrar has one," Charteris persisted.

"Dyed, then," briefly replied the fancier.

"See here," said Charteris, "do you think it would be possible to dye a white one so that the dye could not be detected?"

"Yes, sir, it would be possible—for a while at least," the fancier added. "The dye would have to be renewed from time to time, of course."

"About how often?" questioned Charteris.

"Well, that's hard to say, sir. You would notice it when it needed touching up a bit, you know."

Charteris stood immersed in thought.

"Are you anxious to get this blue cat for yourself, sir, if I may ask?" questioned the fancier deferentially.

"No, I wish to get one for my—for my friend," Charteris corrected himself. "See here, Pettibone," he continued, "I am inclined to agree with you. I don't think there are any blue Angoras. I have searched all over New York for the past three days without finding one. This is rather a delicate matter. It is—well, a matter of vital importance to me to get a blue Angora. Now, what do you say to this: I will buy one of your white ones, and you shall have her dyed for me. But it is to be a secret, you know. I don't wish any one to know anything about it. It must remain a matter solely between you and me. And then, if later, from time to time, the blue should need patching up a bit, I will try to bring the cat to you for retouching. I'll pay you well for it—what do you say?"

"Good, Mr. Charteris. I accept. And it's the only way you will ever be able to get a blue Angora."

Charteris thereupon selected and paid for a fine specimen of Angora—with a long, white, silken coat and large, sleepy blue eyes and an exceedingly fluffy tail.

"Now, about what *shade* of blue will you have, Mr. Charteris?"

Charteris paused. He was not well up in color. He could not even recall the exact shade of Miss Farrar's cat. He had a sudden inspiration.

"Pettibone, I'll be back here in an hour, and I will bring a—a sample of the color I desire."

Charteris hailed a passing hansom and

was driven rapidly to the Farrar's.

While his card was being taken upstairs, he paced up and down the drawing room, trying to frame the best excuse to make to Miss Farrar for another view of the wonderful cat. He was especially anxious not to arouse suspicion in Betty's mind, either as to the object of his visit or of his own suspicions.

As he turned on his heel at the end of his pacing, his eye rested on a heap of pillows lying in artistic disorder on the polished floor near the wall. There, fast asleep, lay the blue cat. Charteris looked guiltily toward the doorway, then stooping quickly over the cat, and stroking her into good humor, he clipped a tuft of her long blue fur with his knife, and with awkward fingers managed to slip it into his card case before the maid returned.

"Miss Farrar is very sorry, sir, but she is suffering from a headache, and begs Mr. Charteris to excuse her."

With a quick breath of relief, Charteris caught up his hat, stick and gloves from the chair, where he had dropped them, and took his departure, and as fast as his hansom could take him, went back to Pettibone's.

He found the fancier waiting for him. "This is the shade, Pettibone," said Charteris, drawing the raped lock from his card case, and exhibiting it to the attentive fancier. "And you might make it a trifle richer, deeper blue, if anything," he added, mindful of Margaret's feeling for Miss Farrar.

Pettibone examined the bit of fur critically. "It is surely dyed, Mr. Charteris, but it is very well done. I will do as well, if not better with yours, sir."

"When may I have her?" asked Charteris.

"I will have her ready for you by to-morrow afternoon—say at five o'clock."

"Will she—er—be dry by then—so it won't rub off, you know?" queried the careful Teddy.

"Quite dry, I assure you," replied the fancier smiling.

* * * *

Charteris stopped by a florist's and bought a great box of violets, and then drove to Margaret's.

She came into the room where he was waiting, her starry eyes two interrogation points. She read success in Teddy's smiling face, and ran up to him impulsively. Charteris gathered her in his arms and stopped her question with a kiss, and then answered it before she had time to ask.

"Yes, I think I have found one, Margaret. I cannot be sure until to-morrow, however," he added truthfully. After all, the dye might not be a success.

"Haven't you seen it yet?" queried the girl.

"Yes—that is, no, not exactly—you see——" Charteris felt himself getting into deep water, and floundered rather badly. "Fact is," he resumed, feeling uncomfortable beneath Margaret's scrutiny, "all the arrangements for the transfer to me from the present owner of the cat have not been completed. But I'm sure she will be a beauty—*is* a beauty, I mean, and that you will like her immensely."

"Ted, you are a dear boy, and—well, just this once, and then you must go, for I am going now to dress for dinner."

* * * *

Promptly at five o'clock the next afternoon, Charteris drove to Pettibone's. The fancier met him at the door. "Mr. Charteris," said he, "it is a success, even beyond my hopes. The dye worked perfectly, and I assure you that you are now the possessor of an Angora that is as blue as a summer sky in Italy."

Pettibone called to an attendant, and presently there was exhibited to Charteris's delighted gaze a cat whose long, silken fur was a monochrome of faultless robin's-egg blue. It was if anything darker, richer and more perfect than the tint of Miss Farrar's Osiris.

Charteris exclaimed his pleasure: "By Jove, she *is* a beauty! Pettibone, I congratulate you upon your success." He took the cat in his arms and stroked her, and then looked at his hand.

Pettibone smiled. "You need not fear that it will rub off," said he. "I cannot say how long it will keep that corn-flower hue, but with proper attention there should be no difficulty."

"I will attend to that part of it," said Charteris.

The cat was deposited in a basket, and Charteris, with the basket on his arm, went out to his waiting cab.

On his way to Margaret's with his prize he could not avoid the wee small voice of conscience crying out against the deception, but he stilled its insistence with the thought that in love as well as war all is fair.

Charteris experienced a pang of jealousy when Margaret opened the basket, her face radiant with joy and her eyes dancing as she gathered the soft burden into her arms.

"Oh, you *beauty,*" she murmured, her flushed cheek buried in the wonderful fur. "Teddy, how can I ever thank you enough —she is ever so much prettier than Betty's. I will name her Bluebell. I really can hardly wait until morning to take her with me and make Betty simply green with envy. Ted, Osiris will prove dull and commonplace beside Bluebell."

Charteris had to explain for the third time just how he managed to persuade her former owner to part with Bluebell. Having broken the ice of falsehood, he became brazen, and entered into fictitious and unnecessary detail in telling of the difficulties he had surmounted.

Somehow he did not enjoy Margaret's enthusiastic appreciation. The voice of conscience would not be stilled. But when later even the wonderful Bluebell ceased to engross Margaret's attention, and Charteris sat basking in the sunlight of Margaret's smiles, he thought less of the duplicity that had been the means of so fortifying himself in her good graces.

When Charteris went to his office the following day—an office that had not known him for three days—he found that matters had arisen demanding his immediate presence in Chicago.

He had time only to telephone to his servant to pack his things and attend to getting his tickets, and himself to run by Margaret's to explain that he would be away for three days.

He found Margaret in great good humor. She had taken Bluebell with her to Betty's that morning, and, as she joyously told Charteris, that amiable young woman had been silenced into bitter defeat when Bluebell's matchless coat had been compared to Osiris's.

* * * *

The three days of Charteris's absence dragged on into a week, and still his business detained him from New York and Margaret. Her letters came each day—charming, cheering letters, that made the love-sick Teddy at once happy and wretched. He was not less faithful.

The week had doubled into two, when the contents of the familiar square envelope that waited for Charteris in the hotel office as he went to his breakfast one morning caused him to forget his grape-fruit and to run wildly to the telegraph counter, where he sent the following to Margaret, *rush*:

"Must see you to-morrow. Confess my guilt, but think of what was at stake. Try to find forgiveness for a wretched sinner."

Charteris concluded his business as well as he could, and took a night train for New York. He tortured himself with many readings of Margaret's last letter, or rather note, for it contained only these lines:

"How *could* you deceive me so? Bluebell is turning white in spots, and Betty says she is only *dyed* and not a genuine blue Angora at all. I will *never* forgive you, and of course, feeling towards you as I do, you must consider our engagement at an end."

It was a travel-worn and unhappy Charteris who entered his apartments the following morning. His servant gave him a package that had been left for him there. He tore off the wrappings, revealing a bundle of letters—*his* letters to Margaret, and, yes, an envelope unaddressed. When this was opened, he stood staring stupidly at a ring, a flawless emerald and diamond. He had last seen it on Margaret's finger.

"So this is to be the end of it all!" Charteris wavered between despair and anger. "Oh, the unreasonableness of woman, and—damn Angoras, anyway!"

Charteris was conscious of something rubbing against his leg, and looked down to see Bluebell arching her back and gazing up into his angry eyes with mild blue ones of sympathy. But what a sight she was! How different from the superb blue frolic he had left in Margaret's arms two weeks before. The blue had indeed faded, and in places a tell-tale, draggled white gave the lie to the deep color still left on the ruff beneath her neck.

Charteris went to the telephone and called Margaret.

The interchange of greetings was brief, and apparently most unsatisfactory to Charteris, for the last words Bluebell heard him say were: "Very well, then; it *is* good-bye!"

The day passed. Charteris for the greater part of it moped in his rooms. And then he went to his club and gathered to himself some reckless spirits that he knew, and together they went out—the one to seek surcease, the others amusement.

And now behold Charteris, on the morning that dawned upon a white night, commiserating himself, and attempting the facetious with the streaked Bluebell, just now rechristened Rosemary.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r——" rang the telephone, and Charteris was at the receiver in a bound, the light of dawning hope in his eyes. Then followed a colloquy of which Rosemary heard only one part:

"Yes, Margaret," and oh, the smile, seraphic, illumined, that drove the winter from his face and made spring riot there!

* * * *

"Yes!!!" said Charteris ecstatically.. And "Oh, *Margaret*—well, then, by-bye, dear!"

Charteris caught up the somnolent Rosemary and executed a wild war dance. Forgotten alike were headache and remorse. With impatient eyes he began to watch the clock's dial.

Ages had passed when an immaculate and very happy Charteris, with Rosemary gathered under his arm, left his apartments and gave to the cabby a familiar address.

"Teddy," said Margaret, an hour later, "let me 'fess up, too. I am not the sweet girl you think me. I don't believe I would ever have forgiven you if it had not been that Betty's maid told my Hilda today that Osiris is dyed regularly once a week!" Charteris only drew her closer. "And, Teddy, we will have Bluebell died to-morrow, won't we?"

"Rosemary," corrected Charteris. "I rechristened her this morning."

"*Rosemary*—why, that's for remembrance," said Margaret.

"Yes," said Charteris, "lest we forget that lovers must not quarrel."

MORNING IN THE VALLEY

BY ANNIE ELLSWORTH CALDWELL

Night still solemnly broods above
The day which he has killed,
The trembling stars are paling fast—
Life's voices all are stilled.

Earth lies mist-wrapped and silent,
When, over the mountain's rim,
A fair, pale line of tender light,
Uncertain, wavering, dim,

Arises, and a sudden thrill
Troubles the dew-bespangled grass
A birdling sounds a sleepy note,
The yellow roses hear it pass,

And lift their heads. Lo! once again,
Before them smiles a glad new Day,
While o'er the mountain, valley, plain,
Dull night is skulking fast away.

SOME MODERN ADOBES—I

BY CONSTANCE AUSTIN

The readers of the Overland Monthly are quite familiar with the articles by Daedalus on the architecture of the modern bungalow, and have demonstrated a very appreciative spirit. Miss Constance Austin, in this issue, gives us the first of two articles on an architecture that is purely Californian, the old adobe construction of the Mission Fathers, as adapted to modern use and needs. The articles and the accompanying illustrations will undoubtedly be as interesting to our readers as Daedalus' "Popular Plans."—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE ADOBE FITS THE LANDSCAPE AS NO OTHER STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE DOES.

THE TOURIST seeking some way to put in an hour which is in danger of being wasted in the weary rush of sight seeing, will perhaps drive through the Spanish quarter of Santa Barbara, and get a glimpse of rambling dis-repair and bright flowers and foreign faces.

If he sees a little beneath the surface of things he will have an impression that the winter sun is warmer in the tumble-down "patios," and that there is an indefinable liveliness and peace that is lacking among the well-kept lawns and aggressively angular tidiness of a more fashionable quarter.

The "bungalow" at its best is a most comfortable and picturesque expression of our genius of Unrest. The most tempo-

rary of buildings, manifestly intended as a charming resting place in a perpetual life of migration; hardly a nest, merely a leafy perch from which to wing one's flight at the beckon of the first caprice.

But there is something permanent in the way the "adobe" squares out its great elbows, and settles down heavily to protect the hearthstone which in this land is dedicated to Phoebus instead of Pluto, and is expressed in the warm "patio" where young and old gather as around the fireplace of the north. Something mellow, also, and tranquil comes with the influence of the younger god.

This older people may sit around a little too much, but it would not hurt the tourist to delay his hurried scramble through the West long enough to accept a seat among them, and recall a past tradition when family life still existed, even among us. For one thing, these people whom we so greatly fail to appreciate, still take time, like Uncle William, to live. A large and varied group of every age and condition can often be seen chatting and laughing together by the hour in the easy comfort of that forgotten thing, the home circle—fitly framed by this real home whose unlimited elasticity finds room for the married children with their families, and perhaps the widow or orphan, under the aged parents' roof.

Our tourist will scarcely guess, and few will be able to tell him, that "adobe" buildings are still being put up actually by Americans. If he enquire carefully, however, he will discover some experiments in this direction which are sufficiently interesting to be worthy of notice.

THE PATIO, OR INNER COURT, IS ALWAYS COOL AND INVITING, AND SEMI-TROPICAL PLANTS ARE VERY EASILY GROWN.

The first Americans to settle and develop California did not come here with a view of studying, much less adopting, Spanish customs. They saw the damaged walls and felt the dampness resulting from badly made foundations, and the native way of building seemed an altogether evil thing, to be replaced by frame construc-

tion, preferably in pepper-box French chateau style, at the earliest possible moment.

A few, however, who had the leisure and sympathy to investigate these old dwellings became aware that much was to be said for the Spanish style of building, and of living.

In the first place, if made with a good stone foundation rising from one to two feet above the level of the ground, and with overhanging roof, the "adobe" is absolutely damp proof. It is, of course, cooler in summer and warmer in winter than wood, and is also a peaceful refuge in the windy weather, which is to the last extent exasperating in a rocking, creaking frame house.

In form, the "adobe" is quite as admirably superior. It takes the tourist a long while to realize that while there is no winter in Southern California, there is also no summer in the sense in which the summer in the East becomes a terror from which to escape.

In the inland valleys there are great extremes of temperature, but on the "coast" the sun is a thing to be cultivated all the year round, and the wide "patio," protected on three sides and open to the south, is an altogether perfect living room. The long line of rooms in the main part of the building, opening into each other and into the "patio," present ideal conditions for entertainment.

This feature is admirably carried out in the first of the modern "adobes" illustrated in this article. It is architecturally the most imposing of the group, the best advantage having been taken of a wonderful situation in a wood of ancient live oaks on a steep hillside overlooking Montecito, and the Channel of Santa Barbara, with the islands in the distance.

THIS DELIGHTFUL BIT MUST DELIGHT ANY ONE WHO HAS AN EYE FOR ARTISTIC.

A stately double staircase leads up to a pergola running across the whole front of the house. In the center of the facade a high arched hall opens through to the interior "patio," rich with tropical vegetation. On each side of the hall are large

THE WINDOW IS JUST AS ARTISTIC FROM THE OUTSIDE.

drawing rooms, and beyond on one side a dining hall large enough to satisfy the most hospitable "caballero" of the olden times. On the other side of the "patio" and at the back, are bed rooms, with ample bath rooms and closets, an entirely modern element, it is needless to say. All the executive side of the house is in the basement, which is unusually high and roomy on account of the steep pitch of the hill.

Looking from the interior of the "patio," the wide-eaved roofs of old "Mission" tiles swoop down like some great bird, circling with steady wing around one's head, and the view seaward through the broad arch is an ever-changing dream of enchantment.

The second house is built on the plan of the simpler local houses with a small patio enclosed on only three sides, but it is of the same solid construction, cool and roomy, and has an added attraction in a broad terraced roof sheltered to the east and west by the gabled roofs of the wings, and on the north by an awning which not only keeps off the noonday sun, but also the dews at night. A delightful place for an invalid in search of sun-baths, for an evening entertainment, or best of all, for a night's rest under the stars. It is situated in a beautiful park of white oaks in the "Ojai" (O-ha-ee) "the nest" among the mountains, and the view of the encircling ranges, for which the place is famous, is nowhere to be seen to such advantage as from this roof.

One of the wings is the living room, the other the dining room; both have large fire-places and "picture windows" framing beautiful views. Behind the living room are two bed-rooms and a bath-room; behind the dining-room, the kitchen and pantries. These last are separated from the bed-rooms by a hall right through the house, a delightfully cool place in sultry weather. At the end of the hall is an outside winding stair to the roof-garden. A most comfortable home enriched, moreover, with many interesting heirlooms, and the spoils of travel; the Californian being generally a much traveled person, apparently devoid of the sense of distance and as likely to be familiar with the "Far East" as with the East. By this last term, by the way, he means everything east of his State, and it is somewhat confusing to hear a man spoken of as an Easterner.

"From New England?"

"No; Kansas!"

MIST

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

"Go, Spirit of Mist, with your stealthy tread,
You darken my world," said the angel of light,
She gathered her gray veil over her head,
And folding her mantle she softly said:
"No, sister, I've only hidden instead
The sorrow and sin of your world last night."

CELESTE

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

Helen Fitzgerald Sanders is one of the Overland Monthly stars. Celeste is one of the very best pieces of fiction ever written by clever woman. It will stir your blood as did the "Scarlet Letter," and you will sympathize with Jean Baptiste and be glad with him when the lost and sorely wounded bird flutters back to the waiting nest.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

JEAN BAPTISTE sighed deeply and shook his head. It was given him to feel great emotion without the corresponding power of expression, so he shook his head and was silent. Celeste looked at him out of darkly curious eyes. Jean Baptiste was uncouth. He made her uncomfortable. That he was suffering she understood; that it was she who caused that suffering she understood also. She was vaguely sorry, yet triumphant, just as she was sorry when Chief, the dog, whined beneath her rebuke while he submitted to her will. In both instances there was the same regret for a living creature's pain and a distinct pride in the knowledge of mastery.

"It is no use," said Jean Baptiste at last. "Seven times I have come to you and offered you my love, and seven times you have sent me away. You have in your nature the snows of the North. Your heart is ice-bound. I will come to you no more."

Without waiting for a reply he crashed off among the brakes and left Celeste alone in the deepening shadow of the pines. The girl mused upon the stupidity of Jean Baptiste! The snows of the North in her nature! Her heart ice-bound! How little did Jean Baptiste know that fires as bright and fierce as the fires that burned in those dark woods lay smouldering in her breast. Nor did phlegmatic Jean Baptiste, hewer of wood, feller of trees, rough lumberman that he was, guess of her dream-land. Celeste had been born a poet without a tongue, but she heard the melody of the wind among the pines, the whisper of the stream, the free note of birds in their native wild; her keen eye was sensible of the beauty of the sunset, the purple poetry of the haze, and in her heart was the joy of living. Such was the nature of Celeste. Somewhere back in the obscurity of her Canuck origin there had been a poet, an artist or a musician, and the strain, long dormant, had broken out afresh in her, though it was voiceless, and she, like a bird with clipped wings, dreamed of heights while she fluttered in the dust.

The mother of Celeste was of different clay. Her lot was to toil over hot stoves, cooking coarse food for the lumbermen, of whom her second husband, the step-father of Celeste, was one. He had brought her and her infant daughter from their native Canada into the timber region of Washington eighteen years before, and they had lived in the forests without event or outward intercourse of any kind. Of her father, Celeste knew but little, save that he was a fisherman, and that he was drowned one day in his boat. So where the poet spark was struck it was impossible to guess, though certainly it shone in the soul of Celeste, bedimmed and shrouded like the moon behind a cloud.

It was not strange, then, that Celeste was a creature apart from the little colony. Her own kin knew her not. And when Jean Baptiste gave his heart to her,

the simple folk were sorry for the lad, and predicted ill of his folly.

The next day after the meeting in the woods, when Celeste sent Jean Baptiste on his way for the seventh time, there was much commotion in the settlement. An evangelist had ridden into camp, and that night he would hold a revival meeting in the open air, by light of the harvest moon. Celeste was strangely stirred. This breath from the outer world beat cool and refreshing against her tired head; she craved to hear the words of the great teacher of the Gospel who would make clear obscure things, and show her the beauties of the Faith. Her religion was largely instinctive, but it was a deep, strong, passionate instinct, ready to be called from passive into active being, and what the character of her belief should be was to be determined by external conditions.

Before night, handbills were circulated which announced that the Reverend Garland Merryweather would deliver an exhortation. One of them fell into the girl's hands. What wonderful words were these, and above all, how pleasantly that name of Merryweather struck the ear! At the mere sound of it one could hear the song of birds in the sunshine; picture the infinite gladness of nature in a perpetual arcady.

The sun set red through a drifting wreath of smoke. The forest fires were burning in sullen wrath, threatening to break forth into riotous, devastating flames. Darkness fell with a red glow in the sky, and a moon that burned copper through the haze. The lumbermen talked together in groups, commenting on the inauspicious glare and suffocating heat, and noting the stirring of the pines in a gusty wind that ran uneasily from the West. The forest fires were a perpetual menace, and their increasing threat tempered the spirit of the camp with impressionable awe as the logmen and their women assembled to hear the evangelist preach the word of God.

Celeste took her place in the front of the crowd, close to the naked, flat-topped rock where the preacher would stand. So intent was she that she did not see Jean Baptiste thread his way among the people until he stood not far behind her in the shadow of the pines. With suppressed impatience, she watched and waited, and Jean Baptiste saw her breast heave as Merryweather appeared, and stood beside the stone. He was a long-haired, slender man, with pallid skin and restless eyes, and his voice was singularly resonant as he began to speak. His was a doctrine of hell fire and damnation, and he waved his wide arms dramatically toward the glowing fires of the forest, calling his hearers to witness this palpable evidence of Almighty vengeance.

"Come and be saved!" he commanded. "Even now the flames threaten to destroy you as Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. The jaws of hell are opening. Look into your hearts and see what blackened chasms of sin they hold. Repent, repent, and be washed in the blood of the Lord."

His bright eyes fell upon the eager face of Celeste.

"Sister," he said, "do you repent? Come and be saved!"

She stepped forward, as in a dream, and he baptised her with water from a basin upon the rock. She dropped down on her knees, carried away with a wild exaltation. This, indeed, were heaven itself, and she was tasting of its joys. One after another followed her, some shouting aloud the emotion that surged within them. But Jean Baptiste was not among those who found salvation at the hands of Merryweather. He stood apart, sullen, morose, his arms folded tightly over his breast. The preacher espied him, as he held aloof, and singling him out, abjured him to repent. Celeste turned and looked reproachfully, even scornfully at him. Still he never spoke nor moved, and Merryweather held him up as a lost soul and a victim of the devil.

The meeting broke up with hymns and many a hard-earned coin was dropped into the evangelist's hat. In the excitement, no one save Jean Baptiste saw Merryweather speak apart with Celeste; saw her face luminous with a joy it had not translated before, and he of all the rest lingered in the dark woods, stamping savagely in the soft mould and shaking his head in his wonted gesture of great pain. He recognized in Merryweather a force that was bearing Celeste away, and he hated him with an intensity that frightened

even his rough heart. As he fought down his rage, there in the black security of the forest, he heard a whistle, gay, triumphant and blithe. It was Merryweather. Jean Baptiste hesitated. His prescience of impending evil begot a horrible desire. He could kill Merryweather very easily. He was so strong. At the thought of the blow that would do it all, his muscles rose like whipcords. Just one mighty stroke, so, as he gave the trees with his axe and sent them crashing to earth! The rest would follow naturally. He knew every inch of the wood and a secret way down to the river where the logs were floated. This was Jean Baptiste's hour of temptation; his soul-struggle; through it he should rise or fall, and it was more than the warring passions of Jean Baptiste the man; it was the primal instinct of a savage breed combatting with the counter force of recent civilization. Merryweather's footstep came nearer and his whistle grew louder. Jean Baptiste stepped behind a tree. The cold sweat stood out on his brow, and he shook as with an ague. Merryweather was before him, so close that he brushed the limb beneath which Jean Baptiste crouched. The moon, sending a shaft of light through the canopy of verdure, struck full on the evangelist's face. Jean Baptiste's fist clenched and then relaxed. Merryweather had passed. Jean Baptiste's arm dropped limp by his side; tears blinded his eyes and his great head shook in the dumb expression of hopeless misery.

* * * *

The next morning the evangelist was gone, and Celeste was gone also. At first the simple folk of the lumber camp scarcely realized that there was any connection between the simultaneous disappearance of the two. The preacher had gone his way on his mission—and Celeste? No one knew save Jean Baptiste, and he could only guess. He spoke no word except to silence the slander that men already coupled with her name.

While the woodmen gossiped and condemned her, Celeste and Merryweather were pursuing their flight. It had all happened so suddenly that Celeste was stunned. She only knew that the Great Disciple was taking her out of the Land of Bondage; that henceforth it should be her mission to save souls. In the lurid glow of the smouldering fires, and by the light of the smoke-stained moon, she had listened, as in a trance, to Merryweather's words. The threats of hell had stirred her to frenzy. Her small transgressions were magnified by her fevered imagination into enormous crimes, so when he singled her out and called her up to him to be redeemed, she was transported with ecstacy. She believed Merryweather was a demi-god, in close communion with the Almighty, and associated with him one naturally would become at least a saint. So Celeste reasoned, somewhat incoherently, and when John Baptiste stubbornly refused to be saved, she loathed him as a spirit of evil, soon to be cast into the deepest pits of hell. How she shuddered at the thought of his loving her, fearing lest in his rejected devotion there might be some reflex contamination past her power to overcome. Merryweather had looked upon her, and as he saw her beauty he marked how his exhortation carried her away. The conversion put her completely in his power, and at last, after all was over and she lingered behind, it took only a gentle pressure of her hand, a whisper of:

"Sister, would you unite with me in saving sinners? The spirit of God is strong within you, and it lies within your power to point the way to Heaven and rescue the fallen from perdition."

Celeste felt herself God-appointed. She could only smile up at him and murmur: "Yes."

So it was arranged that she should go home, and after the family had gone to rest she should come out again and meet him there by that rock-altar, where he had preached. Then, stealthily, under cover of the dark, they stole away. Celeste was tired, and a natural depression, or relaxation, followed her nervous enthusiasm. She lay down on a heap of sacks in a freight train, which they boarded, and in spite of the jolting and noise, she slept. At last when daylight broke, gray and dull from an ashen sky, she heard loud, unfamiliar voices laughing and cursing outside, and strangely enough, among them she could distinguish the tones of Merryweather, but what he said she could not tell. For the first time a

little tremor of doubt shook her. Why was he in converse with these men? Ah! He was exhorting them to be better; even then, in their travels, he was saving fallen souls.

He came to her presently and brought her some food.

"We shall get off in an hour," he said, "and to-night we'll hold a camp-meeting. Now remember you are to be my wife and do as I say to the letter."

She started.

"But that is a lie, and you said——"

"Never mind what I said. Just listen and obey. The ways of the Lord are mysterious."

They landed in a small town on Puget Sound, mostly inhabited by fishermen and their families, and some Indian clam-diggers of the Siwash tribe. A little "hotel," with a bar out of all proportion to its size was the chief structure of the main street, and a company of strolling actors was quartered there. Celeste saw their gaudy posters as she walked toward the strip of yellow beach and down by the water that wrinkled finely into the gray distance, under the touch of a light wind. She was glad to be alone while Merryweather busied himself circulating handbills and making arrangements for the meeting. He was very angry that the strolling actors would play that same evening, but Celeste had argued it was righteous wrath directed against agents of the devil. There on the shore, with the soft wind on her brow, the grey water stretching into the infinity of space before her, and the infant waves clamoring, with lisping murmur at the beach, a sweet peace came to the troubled soul of Celeste. She watched a red-turbaned Siwash in a canoe skim swiftly across the Sound. Her pulse leapt at the sight, and she longed to go drifting, drifting over the pearly expanse of the sea, wherever tide and wind might bear her. The voice of that ancestor-poet was singing in her heart; singing of beauty and nature in a wild, free rhapsody of praise. If the sky above, the chanting sea, the murmuring winds, were put here for earth's children to enjoy, why pray, cringe and writhe before these visions of torture and accursed flame? Was God merely an implacable taskmaster or the Author of Beauty, the Creator of Love? Why grovel in the mud when one might soar in the clouds; why be fettered with superstition when one might be free? So sang the sea; so harped the wind in the pine boughs; so trilled the birds; so echoed the heart of Celeste.

The day waned and twilight darkened prematurely with a leaden sky and a freshening wind. Celeste retraced her heavy steps to the village, fearfully, and in the street she passed a woman whose painted cheeks and bleached hair mocked the tragedy in her sunken eyes. She was one of the play-folk, and with the instinct of her kind, Celeste felt her to be of the unclean. By her side a fretting child trotted reluctantly. This was Celeste's first glimpse of woman's degradation, and although it was only a passing look, she knew and understood.

Celeste had not seen Merryweather until she found him, morose and dark-browed, on a corner, nervously biting his finger-nails. She felt guilty, like a truant child, but he did not even question her as to her absence, and she saw that he was disturbed. When he brought his shifting eyes to her face and spoke it was in sharp tones of command.

"You be far back in the audience to-night, and when I call on you be ready—for anything."

She assented, trembling a little. She had become afraid of Merryweather, and she felt the human, rather than the spiritual, mastery that a woman feels, by virtue of her physical weakness, when she is in the power of a man.

Merryweather hastened away, and she, with others, assembled at the meeting place. There had been some trouble among the play-folk, so gossips said, and it was even hinted that the company was stranded, a rumor given proof by the fact that the landlord of the hotel had thrown out the trunk of the woman whom Celeste had seen. There would be no show, as Merryweather had feared. Celeste marked him as he took his place with righteous mien and solemn countenance. Already she perceived that he could assume or lay aside these mannerisms at will, and when he chose to use them, they cloaked him as in a tangible garment of reverence. As he spoke in the same stirring tones that had carried Celeste away on a tide of en-

thusiasm, she wondered that they stirred her no more. His speeches sounded hollow, flat, false! Was he merely a fraud, a demagogue, preying upon the ignorant, and she—— Ah, she was alone and afraid! And as she stood there awaiting his bidding, coldly critical of his lurid discourse, a strange thing happened. He drew himself to his full, black-coated height; he raised an admonishing arm up to his hearers, as he thundered:

"Sinners, repent! I tell you that the bottomless pit yawns for you unless you repent! Let some sinner come forward and be saved!"

Celeste felt that he was waiting for her; still she hesitated.

In the hush that followed, the crowd parted to make way for a woman who was pressing toward Merryweather. As she came into the light, Celeste recognized her as the painted creature of the streets.

"I do repent, but you are a living lie! You have driven me to what I am and left me the child to feed, while you, hypocrite, pretender, go on with your mockery and your crime! They've thrown me in the gutter to-night, and I have no fear nor shame left; only the hunger for vengeance and the desire to pull off your mask and show your sin!"

Merryweather shrank like a guilty thing before her, a ghastly pallor was upon his face, and he was wrestling desperately with himself to spurn her as a malefactor, but his voice failed, and he quaked before the fire of her sunken, black-rimmed eyes.

A mighty confusion followed—a confusion of loud, angry voices and shifting feet. A stone was hurled by some one in the crowd. It cut Merryweather's forehead, and he staggered back while the blood marked him with a crimson stain.

The wild instinct of flight leaped up in Celeste. This was her time, her chance, and while the fury of the crowd fast made it a mob, she slipped away through the shadows and the sheltering darkness.

* * * *

The forest fires had scarcely died when the gray curtain of cloud poured down its burden of rain—slow, cold, steady, relentless rain that soaked every pore of earth and plant, and swelled the merest stream into a torrent. Days had gone by since Celeste escaped, and she had traveled painfully through bog and sodden mire, underbrush and forest, gaining shelter occasionally in an Indian tepee or a solitary cabin, and a ride sometimes in a passing wagon. It was plain that though these people pitied her, they despised her also. She was an outcast, friendless and forlorn. All the while she was making her way toward the lumber camp on the river. It was mere brute instinct, such as brings a dog back to his old habitation, that drew Celeste to the environment of her home. She knew it was home no more; that by her own act she had forfeited the right to it, and that henceforth she was an alien; still she lingered near, making her lonely way through the sombre woods. A great fear was upon her; fear of the Unseen and the Unknown, but most of all of Man, and she trembled as she hurried on, a hunted thing pursued by she knew not what. At length she came into the clearing, and the rising sun, penetrating a rift in the gray clouds, struck the rock-altar where she had knelt and prayed, with a golden beam. She flung herself down before it and cried aloud, a sharp, inarticulate moan of pain which echoed and cried back at her derisively through the silence. Then there was a crashing noise in her ears, a strong grip upon her, and a deep, passionate voice saying:

"Celeste! Celeste!"

It was John Baptiste.

As she lifted her head and looked into his eyes, she saw no doubt or reproach in them; only eagerness and complete, unselfish joy. For the first time, Jean Baptiste seemed lordly in his strength, magnificent as the pines themselves in his unfailing faith and love.

He marked the expression of dumb appeal which softened her face.

"It cannot be, Celeste, little one——"

His voice broke and he shook. He had loosened his hold of her, and he fell back a pace.

"Oh, Jean, Jean! Forgive me. I never knew till now. I love you! I am not as bad as you think! Take me, take me, Jean!"

Like a wounded bird fluttering to shelter, she tottered unsteadily into his outstretched arms, and he held her sobbing to his breast.

With one arm about her waist and the other freed to defend her, he led her back into the lumber camp. The idly curious gathered to stare and gape. Some spark of the ancient Gaul, of plumed knight with bared, defiant blade, shone in Jean Baptiste, as he threw back his ponderous shoulders, pressed the shrinking girl to him, and for once finding the power of expression, faced the populace.

"Men and women," he cried, "this is Celeste, my chosen wife. Whoever assails her honor assails mine also, and I stand ready to defend her with my life now and for all time to come."

So spoke Jean Baptiste, and the little group waved their caps and cheered as he and Celeste, united at last, went their way together beneath the sun-gilded arches of the pines.

THE LURE OF THE SOUTHLAND

To me that dazzling, sunlit shore
  Will ever subtly call;
To me beneath a leaden sky
  When Autumn banners fall,
Old tropic scents and sounds and suns
  Hold out a beckoning hand—
Some day I fain would stand again
  Upon that stranger strand.

Comes now a faint, insistent note,
  The music of the bells
That tinkle over busy marts
  And in the deepmost dells;
And oft is wafted on the wind—
  Ah! trickster memory—
The fragrance of my "patio"
  To haunt and harrow me.

At night I miss the lisp and laugh
  Of leaves a-whispering,
Bright star-lamps shining in my door
  And crickets chirruping;
And when the chill gray Northern dawn
  Breaks weakly, wanly through,
I long to see a valiant sun
  Rise in a changeless blue!

O happy, hopeful land of love
  Whose zephyr is a kiss,
Your charm is like the sad-sweet spell
  Of one I always miss;
Some day I fain would see again
  Your wealth of sun and shine—
Some day I fain would feel again
  That other's hand in mine.

A VIEW OF THE WINERY.

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS STANFORD RANCH AT VINA, CALIFORNIA

BY ELIZABETH GREGG

ONE OF THE most interesting of the large ranches yet intact in California is that one which lies along the Sacramento River in Butte and Tehama Counties, and which was formerly owned by Senator Stanford, but is now the property of Stanford University and under the management of its trustees. Senator Stanford's good judgment was never shown to better advantage than in his selection of land for his ranches. The most beautiful spot in the Santa Clara Valley he chose for his Palo Alto farm, and not only the most beautiful but the most fertile tract in the Sacramento Valley he selected for the Vina ranch upon which is to-day located the largest vineyard in the world.

There are sixty thousand acres in this ranch, and at one time three thousand of them were furnishing grapes to the winery which is on the grounds. In the past few years the acreage of vines has been reduced to twenty-four hundred, but the first place among the world's vineyards has easily been held, with a Fresno vineyard second. But before we consider further the importance of the ranch and the place it now occupies in the maintaining of the university, let us go back to some of the old tales in the history of the place which recur to one's memory as one drives through the oak dotted vineyard in the haze of a spring morning.

By no means all of the romance of early California days was confined to the mines and mining camps. Those great tracts of land which some pioneers were wise enough to recognize as equal in value to gold, and which were granted to them, on petition, by the Mexican Government, have their stories, too. Senator Stanford was not the first man to realize that wealth lay in the fertile land now known as the Vina ranch. As early as '44, Peter Lassen, that sturdy pioneer who played such a part in California's early history, came through the Sacramento Valley, and was attracted to that particular stretch

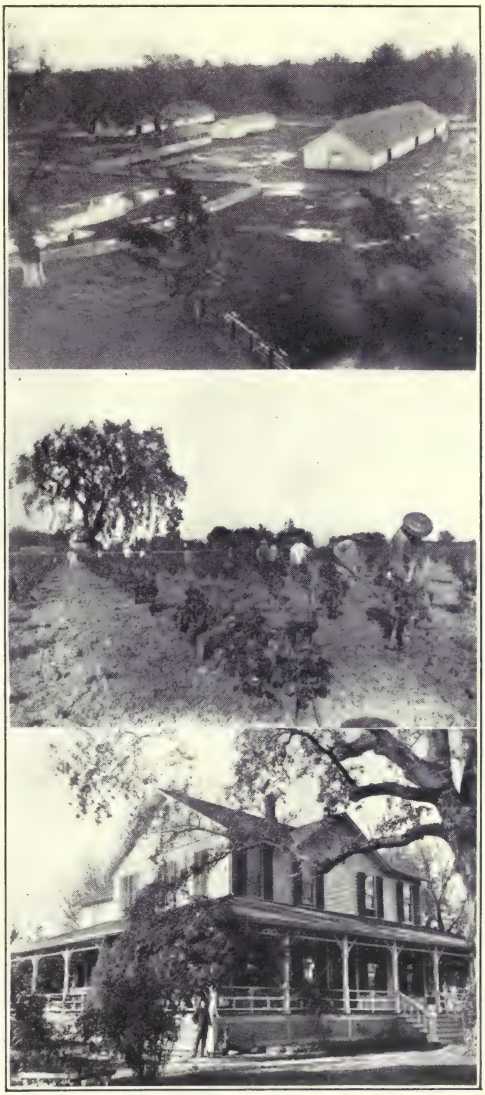
of land along the river. He applied to the Mexican Government for a grant to the land and received it. These papers he held until his death, for it was not until after '53 that the United States Government confirmed the title to the land, and then Peter Lassen was sleeping in the Sierras and the title was made out to his successor, Henry Gerke.

Lassen stands for all the bravery, the freedom and the romance of the forties. The mountains were home to him, and he left them only when the snow made hunting and trapping next to impossible. The famous Lassen trail, which simplified the trip to California for many pioneers, was the result of Lassen's intimate knowledge of the Sierras. Once, at least, he walked to California from St. Louis, and carried with him the charter for the first Masonic Lodge in the State to be located at Benton Springs, but later installed at Shasta. That Mt. Lassen, the rival of Shasta for grandeur, bears the name of this man to whom mountains were no obstacle, should be a joy to Californians.

Though he had taken up this rich land in the valley, Lassen could not tie himself down to farm pursuits. His long trips into the mountains each summer interfered sadly with his husbandry. But Lassen was not blind to the possibilities of this land he had acquired, for it was he who started the vineyard which makes the ranch notable to-day. He did it by carrying the vines from Los Angeles on horseback, a distance of over five hundred miles. He planted only a few acres, but by doing so he proved that grapes could be most successfully grown upon the land, and his small vineyard formed the nucleus of the present one.

Closely associated with the last years of Lassen's life, and with his property was Henry Gerke, a German who crossed the plains to San Francisco in '47. His house on Mason street was one of the first houses built in San Francisco, and in the early fifties he was one of the heaviest land holders in that city. But Gerke liked the country, and sold off most of his property, and went to Tehama County. There in 1850 he loaned Peter Lassen twenty-five thousand dollars on his ranch, with the understanding that if Lassen could not pay the money, Gerke should have the ranch. It was a safe loan for Gerke, as there were then about twenty-five thousand acres in the ranch.

Many of the old settlers of Tehama and Shasta Counties are inclined to connect Gerke with the mysterious death of Lassen in '53. For in that year, while on his annual trip to the Sierras, Lassen was killed, and the cause of his death was



THE DESERTED STANFORD STOCK FARM.
CHINESE WORKING IN VINEYARD.
THE HOME BUILT BY THE STANFORDS FOR THE MANAGER.

never known. The report was carried to the valley that he had been killed by the Indians near Honey Lake, and the Shasta Chapter of the Masonic Lodge, which had been founded by Lassen, sent men out to investigate the case. That a man like Lassen, who was known by all the Indians as a friend should meet his death at their hands, seemed preposterous. The body of the pioneer was found by the Shastans, but it was too badly decomposed to be taken to Shasta, so it was buried there only in the mountains, and only his pipe was brought back as a remembrance of him. This pipe is still to be seen at the Masonic Lodge in Shasta. The committee of investigation learned that a band of ranch Indians had been seen in the vicinity of Honey Lake, and the suspicion arose that some one had hired these Indians to go from the valley and kill Lassen. As Gerke would profit most by Lassen's death, rumor naturally, but unjustly, connected him with the murder. For those persons intimately acquainted with the Gerke family state positively that Gerke had already taken possession of the ranch in '52 at Lassen's request. Furthermore, according to these friends, the relations between these two men were so cordial that Lassen made his home with the Gerkes in the winter when he was in the valley. Gerke had thought that Lassen had in his wanderings discovered the Comstock Ledge, and that the miners had killed him because of his possession of the forbidden knowledge. This does not seem unlikely, in view of the fact that these were the days when the owners of the famous ledge guarded it day and night, and did not permit the men working underground to come to the surface for fear they would tell of the richness of the ledge and of its location. But no matter how he met his death, it was fitting that Peter Lassen's rugged life should end there in the mountains where he was happiest.

When Gerke assumed control of the ranch, there were twenty-one thousand acres of it, but under him it was considerably reduced, though the vineyard was increased and the making of wine commenced. By 1869, Gerke had one hundred acres in vines, and was making a good grade of brandy. He had a wine cellar on the creek which runs through the estate, and lived with his family on the floor above the cellar. Gerke was at that time one of the most prominent men in Northern California, and he raised a family of four daughters and one son, who showed the ancestry they had across the Atlantic. The only fault with Mr. Gerke was a tendency to imbibe too freely the intoxicants he brewed, and perhaps this was why he became involved in several difficulties, which made it necessary for him to dispose of parts of his land. He gave Col. Wilson four thousand acres to settle a dispute, and a number of sales were made, so that when Gerke sold the ranch to Joseph Cone of Red Bluff, in 1881, there were only nine thousand acres left. Cone paid Gerke $190,000 for the farm, and with that money Gerke returned to San Francisco, where he died a year later.

Joseph Cone, who himself owned one of the largest ranches in California, held the Gerke place only a few months and sold it to Senator Stanford in the fall of '81. What the Senator paid for the ranch is not known, but it was considerably more than Gerke had received for it.

Stanford's idea in buying the beautiful tract of land was to establish a country estate such as the wealthy people of England have, and here he wished to spend his last days. Accordingly he bought land adjoining the ranch until he owned the present sixty thousand acres. The records of Tehama County show forty-nine purchases of land by Stanford between 1881 and 1885, and there were almost as many made in Butte County. The foundations were laid for a country residence which would cost one million dollars, but the death of young Leland Stanford at this time put an end to the plan for this costly home in the country. So it was that the Stanfords never lived on this estate, but the house which they built for their manager, and to which they stayed when they visited the ranch, reminds one forcibly of the home place on the Palo Alto farm. In fact, there is much to remind one of the Menlo estate, especially the old stock farm, where many of the famous Stanford horses were raised and trained. The Vina stock farm was run in connection with the one at Palo Alto, and in their desertion of to-day they look much the same, with the paddocks and

stables, and the "Kindergartens," where the colts were trained.

The large vineyard of three thousand acres had been planted in the first years of Stanford's ownership by French peasants brought over by him for that purpose, and the first wine was made in 1886. It is said that Senator Stanford hoped to make a light wine which would be used by the people of California as plentifully as the French wines are used by the French peasantry, but his plan was a failure in this respect, as experiments proved that the hot summers at Vina and the richness of the soil made the wine very heavy.

The records of Tehama and Butte Counties, and also of the other counties in California in which the Stanfords owned property, show that on November 11, 1885, the Vina ranch, with other property of the Stanfords, was deeded to the trustees of the university. The part played by this ranch in the founding of the university will be seen in the following extracts from the deed.

THE STANFORD WINERY, SHOWING VATS. THIS GIVES AN IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF PART OF THIS PLANT.

"We, Leland Stanford and Jane Lathrop Stanford, husband and wife, grantors, desiring to promote the public welfare by founding, endowing and having maintained on our estate known as the Palo Alto Farm, situated in the counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo, in the State of California, United States of America, a university for both sexes, with the colleges, schools, seminaries of learning, mechanical institutes, museums, galleries of art and all other things necessary and appropriate to a university of high degree, to that end and for that purpose do hereby grant, bargain, sell and convey to Horace Davis, John F. Miller, John Boggs, T. B. McFarland, Isaac S. Belcher, John Q. Brown, George E. Gray, N. W. Spaulding, Matthew P. Deady, William M. Stewart, Lorenzo Sawyer, Jas. McM. Shafter, Francis Spencer, Irving M. Scott, Josiah Stanford, Charles Goodall, Alfred L. Tubbs, Henry Vrooman, Charles Crocker, Timothy Hopkins, Henry L. Dodge, William Ashburner, H. W. Harkness and Stephen T. Field, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, trustees, and to their successors forever, all and singular, the following described real property: That certain tract of land situated in the county of Butte, State of California, and now commonly known and designated as Stanford's Gridley Farm, also that certain tract of land partly in the County of Butte and

partly in the County of Tehama, in said State, and now commonly known and designated as Stanford's Vina Farm, and also that certain tract of land situated partly in the County of Santa Clara, and partly in the County of San Mateo, and now commonly known and designated as the Palo Alto Farm, together with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging—to have and to hold said property and all other property real and personal which we or either of us may hereafter convey or devise to them or their successors upon the trust that it shall constitute the foundation and endowment for the University herein provided, and upon the trust that the principle thereof shall remain forever intact, and that the rents, issues and profits thereof shall be devoted to the foundation and the maintenance of the university hereby founded and endowed, and to the uses and purposes herein mentioned."

During the life of Senator Stanford the management of the ranch was not left to the trustees, but before Mrs. Stanford's death it was placed in their hands. A provision was also made during Mrs. Stanford's life-time, giving the trustees the right to sell the ranch if ever they deemed it wise or necessary. While the original deed specified that it should never be sold, and it was Senator Stanford's wish that it be kept intact, Mrs. Stanford doubtless foresaw the time when it would be neither right nor possible to hold sixty thousand acres in one farm. At present it does not look as if the trustees were considering breaking up the ranch, for this year six hundred acres of vines have been planted, bringing the total acreage of the vineyard back to the original three thousand.

It is well worth a trip to Vina in September or October to see the winery turning tons and tons of grapes into gallons and gallons of wine. Four hundred men are employed on the ranch throughout the entire year, and two-thirds of them are Japs and Chinese. The white men work in the winery, but the cultivating, pruning and picking is left wholly to the Celestials. The wine making season each year lasts from six to eight weeks, and in that time one and one-half million gallons of wine and brandy are made. Needless to say, these weeks are very busy ones. Great wagons, heaped high with boxes of grapes, form a constant procession from the vineyard to the winery. There the whole process is open, from the time the grapes are put into the press, from which they issue forth as great vats of juice, to the time when the wine is placed in the cool cellar in barrels or tanks, some of which hold as much as twenty thousand gallons. Port, sherry, angelica and muscatel are made here, besides the widely known Vina brandy, but strange to say, almost the entire output of the winery is shipped direct to New York. Scarcely a carload of this excellent wine is used each year in California.

The Vina ranch has been playing its part in California history since 1844, but never has it been of more importance than now, for it is one of the few great ranches left in the State. It holds the first place among the vineyards of the world, and its proceeds are used not for any one individual's gain, but for the maintenance of one of our country's greatest universities.

WITH A LOOSE REIN

BY FRED A. HUNT

In "With a Loose Rein," Mr. Fred A. Hunt has given the readers of the Overland Monthly a pearl without price. It is a splendidly handled tragedy. A piece of fiction out of the ordinary. Mr. Hunt's word painting alone will thrill you as you would be thrilled by an exhibition of splendid skill with the rapier. There is the flash and the thrust and the receding and advancing movement of antagonists, and the hush and stillness of many watching with the respite, the rest and quiet between bouts. It is a scented tragedy of Mexico, an entrancing tropical love story dashed with the cold water of character study.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IN ONE of the mining districts of Mexico, where the primitive passions of the inhabitants grew and flourished as untrammeled as the luxuriant cacti, and where morality was looked at askance as a preposterous and abnormal condition, was a community that had assembled, grown and prospered with the development and increasing output of the productive silver mines of the region. There, as elsewhere, class distinctions prevailed, and the three estates became stratified—the greasers, or peons, whose ambitions were encircled by the want to procure sufficient pesos to supply the minimum necessary for edibles and a paucity of apparel; the golden mean requisite for pulque, mescal and puros, and the maximum for a sporadic fandango and monte.

The inferior stratum reeked of the odor of mutton and the actuality of unrestricted intercourse among the sexes; the only deterrent being acknowledged property rights such as possession gives to a sheep or a goat, and whose value as such property—like all other—was estimated and deemed desirable because of its market value. The intermediate class, inheritor of the fiery blood of the untamable Moors, and the protracted romanticism of ages of sonatas and illy-curbed passion, were more circumspect as to apparel, could occasionally pass a monte game without a whelming desire to tap the bank ("Quiere V. por tapa?"), and whose moral nature periodically proceeded unagitated because of the preventive barrier of innate cleanliness and maidenly coyness. The superior, or hidalgo, stratum, was vested with Castilian pride, intense egotism, lavish hospitality and a tense contest against their inheritance of domination from their Aztec ancestry—the subjugation of persons and things to one's personal gratification—a contest the more unequal because of the languorous climate, the enervation of the lambent sun, the quivering, perfume laden air and the debilitation of their ethical integrity by the natural surroundings. The liquid syllables of the Spanish language themselves appeal to the sympathy of the auditor, and the verging of sympathy into love is, although as radiant, still as indistinguishable as the primitive in the compound colors of the rainbow. Given a Spanish senorita, whose lustrous eyes are as expressive and seductive as a Beethoven symphony, whose accents are as melodious and subjugative as the cooing of a turtle-dove, whose movements are the embodiment of sinuous grace and rhythmic charm, and whose inherited coquetry and national desire to please and to be admired prompt her to be an admirable and esteemed companion and a regretted entertainer, to these add propinquity and the inevitable coalescing of the sexes and Joseph is ne-

cessitated to flee Potiphar's wife—if he can.

Into such an environment and amid such a composite community came Bertram Hanford from California; his official duty being to assume the managership of El Espejo mine, his marital duty to prepare a home for his wife and child and his personal duty to preserve his integrity unscathed—a herculean feat amid the vicinage.

Inevitably, the cream of Espejoante society opened its individual and collective arms to the young and handsome Americano (antithetically a foreigner is a gringo), and admirably purred its appreciation and approbation, so that the newcomer found himself the center of a vortex of most agreeable adulation and attention. Having large quantities of supplies to procure and many employees to employ and compensate, self-aggrandizement, nepotism, or other interested motive, made Hanford a courted official and a welcomed and honored guest; these influences also carrying in their tide male and female hosts and entertainers. Always, in general association for any length of time, discrimination and favoritism ensue and it was not long before gradually, circuitously, but definitely, Hanford and Natalia formed petty social orbits, whose dimensions and duration augmented as their meetings became more frequent.

Hanford's letters to the true and loving heart in California were frequent as usual, perfervid as customary, perhaps a little stilted and tinged, at times, with a hothouse zeal, but all chromatically depicting the infeasibility of the settlement of the wife and child amid the barbarous, inhospitable inclemency of the Espejo mine.

One night outside the window of Natalia at the Perez hacienda the serenaders played. All through the native and artificial Mexican localities are these musicians, whose instruments comprise a harp, guitar and flageolet, to be amplified as taste and financial luxury dictate. The performers play as few other performers do for they feel their music and in "La Paloma" (the Dove)—without which no programme were perfect—and other characteristic pieces their semi-weird and staccato expressiveness makes the music a delightful performance and a melodious, personal appeal to the lady serenaded. During its continuance, Natalia drew the curtains enshrouding and softly asked: "?Endonde el musica, senores?" (whence the music, gentlemen.) "De senor maestro del mina, senorita" (from the mine-master, young lady) was the reply. At the "buenos noches, senorita," after the last palpitating strain had been amalgamated with the moonlight—itself like a glowing melody—a little glove fell from the window and was dutifully carried to Hanford.

Natalia and Bertram met more frequently, surreptitiously, and protractedly, until one day the culmination—Natalia gave to Bertram all that a woman has to give, and in that insuperable, immolative testimony of her unselfish and thoughtless love, wrecked her life. The while a Mexican oriole poured out its limpid melody in a joyous carol—how little supreme individual disaster affects the animate and inanimate contact, or affects the enjoyment of, or the peace abiding with, those in the vicinity.

Matters in the Perez home proceeded with their accustomed placidity, and no ruffling of the social tranquility at El Espejo was discernible. Machiavelli, Talleyrand and others of their school were the puniest tyros in diplomacy and deception to a woman who loves. Just as the caddis in its artificial shell simulates inanimate nature, the appearance of a woman has no correspondence to the glowing, unconquerable love that dominates her life and thought and whose very imperiousness transforms her, in her contact with others, into a calm, deliberate, perspicacious diplomat. The barren, rugged sides of the volcano give no intimation of the surging waves of fire within; here and there a dimple of verdure shows the brotherhood to the flower-spangled lawn close by. Espionage, however, discerned what Natalia would have smilingly died rather than reveal, and then the whirlwind encircled the tortured girl, and the eyes of the Perez brothers took on a hard, sinister and bodeful glitter.

One day they casually entered the private office of the mine superintendent, and in suave and courteous words informed

Bertram of their inflexible intention that he should marry their sister and thus, in a measure, replace her in the position whence his inconsiderate action had debased her. Bertram looked from one to the other of his peremptory dictators (he was no coward, in the ultimate condition Americans seldom are), and gently stated that he much regretted his incapability to comply with their request, as he already had one wife, and a marriage ceremony would not enhance the social prestige of Senorita Natalia one whit. Of course, there were steely, glittering, but apparently unimpassioned, plays with verbal foils; Senor Hanford's position was impregnable, however, and the brothers Perez made their courteous adieux and left.

Shortly afterward Hanford was strolling and endeavoring to devise a method whereby the dilemma could be advantageously surmounted, for Natalia had warned him that she was certain her brothers were devising mischief against him, and, with a woman's self-immolation implored him to leave El Espejo. The more earnestly he debated the difficulty, the more impenetrable appeared any exit from it. Oblivious to his physical situation, he was rudely made aware of it by a swish through the air, two smart stings from some encircling bonds whose hauling taut threw him prone. A quiet voice, but with a note of triumphant gladness in it commanded him to stand up; as he did he found he was the center of two lassos, either end of which was around the horn of one of the Perez' brothers' saddles, while the three of them tenderly handled their revolvers. His own was useless, as his arms were pinioned to his body, and it was speedily taken by the brother who was not one of the lassoers. As he took the revolver, he said: "You will kindly follow me, Senor, and any rebellion on your part will make you a target."

Thus he was constrained to go toward the river, stumbling often as the horses' movements hauled the lasso one way or the other, but always they were tense and he helpless. As the strange cortege neared the stream a section of it glittered with a silvery shimmer and Hanford recognized the dreaded quicksand—Mother Nature's locomotor ataxia. He was dragged through the stream to the center of the quicksand, where the creeping paralysis of the suction shiveringly commenced his engulfment—a living entombment.

Hanford realized the utter hopelessness of his position, and as he felt himself shivering into his remorseless grave, he gave one short prayer for stoicism and forgiveness—and faced his merciless avengers. One of them grimly said: "Senor, the arms of your present wife will embrace you closely and so lovingly that she will never let you go to be faithless to her." It was true; more tremulously, yet more implacably, the quicksand enlized him until its gluttinous maw had engrossed him; his prayer for stoicism was answered for he smiled placidly just before his head was engulfed and he quavered out of sight. The quicksand shimmered into its wonted serenity, the two brothers cut the lassos that had bound Hanford to his suffocating death, and these two were quickly absorbed. "El no tiene miedo," (he had no poltroonery) said one of the brothers, and an adjacent Mexican oriole sang rejoicingly as the dancing sunbeams were reflected from the mirror-like surface of silver quicksand.

Tidings of the inexplicable disappearance of Bertram Hanford, when they first reached the wife and struck her a terrible blow that seemed would cause a limitless heartache and unmitigatable sorrow. But, by degrees, other rumors reached the mourner's ears; ultimately the rencontre with Natalia and the possibility of the elopement of the pair. For the possibility or impossibility of the elopement the injured wife cared nothing; she only took measures to ascertain the truth of the liaison, which accomplished, she discarded her evidences of mourning, and, as the stern blood of her Puritan ancestors surged through her outraged heart, she said: "He is as one swallowed up by the earth for his sin, like unto Korah." And as she stamped out his image from her love and honor, the Mexican oriole on the magnolia rejoiced because of the blossoms and fragrance; for the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the perfumes of nature make the earth lovely though hearts are breaking and lives are blighted in their midst. Mortification, physical and mental, results in flowers and sweet odors, virtues and beautiful lives.

A Stay-at-Home Substitute

By Barnett Franklin

The city's madding crowd one day
So jarred me, doncherknow,
That forth I took myself straightway
Where perfumed zephyrs blow.
I sought to find some sylvan glade
By rarest blossoms crowned,
But, as upon my quest I strayed,
Why, these were what I found:

"Theophilus Botts has some cheap building lots."
"Just buy all your hardware from Brown."
"Do you wear Sossky's suits?" "Don't forget Tanner's boots."
"El Punko's the smoke of the town."
"The babes weep for Woopsy." "There's nothing like Fakem
For ills that may ail you. All wise guineas take 'em."

Where was my sylvan glade so free?
Whence came my soul's respite
With billboards to the left of me
And billboards to the right?
Still, on I pressed in hopes to find
Some snug-ensconced retreat,
But, wheresoe'er my path would wind,
Advice like this I'd meet:

"Use Winky-Wink soup." "Has your baby the croup?
Gazzazzam will drive it away."
"There's nothing but brawn in our Egg-O-Milk-Corn."
"Zamboola's the drink of the day."
"Just furnish the girl if you're anxious to marry;
The house will be furnished by Coo-Coo. Why tarry?"

So *now* when I hear Nature's call,
I sit home quite at ease,
And conjure up a landscape all
As perfect as you please.
Of atmosphere I have no lack;
The whole effect, I ween,
Is in the advertising back
Of any magazine!

Decorative design by the author.

THE TWENTY-ONE SKELETONS

BY FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE

Frederick Ferdinand Moore gives us an amusing story of a newspaper scoop in his "The Twenty-one Skeletons." It is so graphically written that there is some doubt as to whether it is fiction or fact. Newspaper stories are always attractive to the magazine reader, and we have here one of the very best that has lately come under the eye of the

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

"IT'S A BLASTED old tramp steamer from Australia with navy coal," growled Healey—the waterfront reporter of the Manila Graphic.

He watched the ship through his glass and then settled back in his deck-chair disgustedly. "Here I am without a line to write and that old tub comes snooping in. Why can't something happen? Why is it that I have to write items about Chinese coolies and sailors arrested by the waterfront police? If I could only get a good story!"

A tiny streak of smoke was smeared on the horizon beyond Corregidor Island, and the three men in the customs launch watched it grow longer and longer until the hull of the steamer grew up out of the sea and turned toward the channel which is the entrance to Manila Bay.

"Perhaps she had a mutiny," said the boarding officer to the inspector with a sly wink.

"Or she was chased by pirates," suggested the Inspector, hiding a grin behind his hand.

"What are you two hinting at?" demanded Healey. "Didn't the Heathbank have a mutiny? Wasn't the schooner Pearl chased by a mysterious craft up the Borneo coast and into Sarawak? Official reports, both of 'em, I'd remind you chaps."

"The Graphic had some details not supplied by the skipper," replied the Boarding Officer.

"You fellows make me tired!" exploded the newspaper man. "You're the original Society for the Suppression of News! What would the exiles here do if the newspapers didn't stir them up. I wish I could land something big—something I could cable home and make men turn pale and women weep."

"Can't you invent something?" asked the B. O., naively.

"I need a fact," said Healey, disregarding the other's manner, "just some small fact for a working basis with something behind it to give it value, and I could put all the scare head type in the United States to work—along this line, for instance: 'Piratical Sultan of Sulu Holds up Treasure Ship,' or 'Battleship Ballyho Bursts her Boilers—Thousand Dead.' Now, that would be worth while—seven column head, you know, in type six inches high and a sign line under it 'By Patrick Bartholomew Healey, our special correspondent on the spot.' Hey?"

"Sounds familiar," said the B. O.

"What are those barges and that launch doing over there?" asked Healey, sitting up straight.

"Haven't you heard?" asked the inspector. "The A. G. Company is pumping out the Reina Christina, the flagship of the Spanish Admiral Montojo, which Dewey sunk in the battle. There are three or four of the old ships in the mud, and they will be floated and towed up to Hongkong to be sold for old iron. That long black thing is the top of her hull, and she will be afloat by to-morrow night.'

"By George!" exclaimed Healey, "if the divers could find Montojo's false teeth or something like that down in the old tub, what a story it would make!"

"Did Montojo have false teeth?" asked the inspector.

"You poor, misguided creature," replied Healey. "Say, take me over to the wrecking barge before you board that coal wagon." Healey swung his arm toward the Cavite shore, and leaned forward in excitement as the idea for a story grew upon him.

In a minute the launch was speeding down the bay to where the shattered hulks of the Spanish fleet were lying under water.

The divers had patched the bottom of the flagship, and she was being brought slowly to the surface by the combined efforts of a fleet of wrecking barges.

As the customs launch drew alongside a barge where men were working air pumps, a monstrous form slowly rose out of the water amid a volley of bubbles, and a diver struggled up the barge ladder.

Healey leaped aboard the barge, and the launch puffed away. One of the men left the pump and unscrewed the brass hood of the diver.

"What's doing down below?" asked Healey, after the diver had regained his "above water" breath.

"Been down in the after-hold tinkering the double bottom—nice and cool, you bet."

"See anything?" pressed Healey.

"Too dark to see 'tween decks, but from the feel, her stern plates are broken and a strong current shows she has a hole in her starboard quarter. I'm going ashore and get some dinner."

"See any bones?" continued Healey, as he tumbled into the wrecker's launch.

"Fished some Spanyard leg-bones out of a forward turret this morning. That tub ought to have some coin on her—I'm keeping my weather eye out for coin—I ain't looking for no bones. Bones ain't no good to me—they don't buy grub."

"But it would be a good advertisement for your company if you could find a couple of skeletons in the ship."

"Skelertons! Oh, I suppose you could find a skelerton in her if you tried. I ain't no skelerton hunter, though. I'll sell some old iron if I can tow them old hulks to China. The Chinks don't want no skelertons."

"I wish you could find a couple of skulls down there for me."

"Skulls! What do you want with muddy old skulls? Spanyard skulls, too?"

"But you don't quite understand," pleaded Healey. "I don't want them for myself. I want you to find them, and I'll write something for the paper about it."

"You want to put my name in the paper! Well, I guess not much! One of them reporter fellers in New York put my name in the papers after the wreck of the Southern Cross, what I was mate in, and he had me tell the whole story myself, and made me call the whale boats row boats, and all he ever said to me in his life was to ask me to take a cigar. And he mistered the ship's cook. *Mistered the cook!* What do you think of that for a lubber?"

"Have a cigar," said Healey. "Now, Mr. Murton, I don't want to put your name in the paper. It is not necessary to do that. You don't need to be in it at all."

"That's a mighty good cigar," said Murton, puffing at it with appreciation.

"Best made in the islands. But this is the point. You work for so much a day as a diver, don't you?"

"I hope I do," responded Murton, taking a fresh chew of tobacco with exasperating calmness.

"And I'm a reporter," continued the desperate Healey.

"You say you are," agreed the diver.

"You and I work for our dollars. You dive and I write. If you don't have anything to dive for you don't make any money, and if I don't have anything to write, I don't get any money either. Now I haven't anything to write to-day; but, on the other hand, if you saw a skeleton or two in the Reina, then I would have something to write about."

"What would I get out of it?" asked Murton, his face a broad grin, as he grasped the idea.

"I'll buy you a good dinner at the Metropole, and for every skeleton you saw I'll give you one of those cigars—and they cost a half a peso."

"Do them leg-bones count for a cigar?"

"If you think it was a skeleton it will."

"El estero, capitan," said Murton the helmsman, and the launch turned out of the Pasig river into the Binondo Canal.

"I seen a skelerton," said Murton, as he threw the quid of tobacco at a Chinese coolie on a lorcha, "and it made me hungry—skelertons allus did make me hungry."

They escaped from the furnace heat of the mole, and in a minute were clattering over the pavement of the Escolta, the Broadway of Manila, to the Metropole hotel.

In a secluded corner of the dining room, behind palms, they were soon eating a generous meal. The punkah was waving over their heads drowsily, and they were practically alone, except for the bare-foot Filipinos as they passed to and fro from the kitchen to the main dining room.

"Now, then," reminded Healey, after they had drunk a sangaree to the leg-bones, "what did you see down in the afterhold of the Reina?"

"Skelertons!" promptly replied Murton, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "I seen—say, you ain't going to put my name in the paper, be you?"

"Of course not. You're not the only diver employed by the A. G. Company."

"Say!" exclaimed Murton in a hoarse whisper, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We will say Jim Hitton seen them skelertons. Jim went to the States this morning on that naval transport, and he won't never know about it. He may hear it in the States, and if he does he'll be as mad as a China coast typhoon."

"He's the man," agreed Healey, willing to humor the man in anything owing to the lateness of the hour, "but hurry up and see skeletons, because it is getting close to press time."

"Well, Hitton went down this morning, and when he comes up he says he seen four Spanyards in the after hold playing monte on a powder keg. Put it just like that, and make Jim mad."

"Oh, we can't do that," explained Healey. "We have to make it sound like the real thing, and if anything goes wrong you can back me up."

"All right, just as you say. He seen four skeletons down in the hold."

"Four," said Healey, putting down the number on a sheet of copy paper. "This is no joke, you know. Just scatter 'em around the deck natural like."

"No," said the diver. "It ain't no joke for me to sit here and turn Jim Hitton into a skelerton factory for two-bit cigars and a square meal. The next time he went down he saw five more."

"That's nine," said Healey, "but we'll have to hurry. Let's just agree on a certain number and let it go at that, and I'll throw in a couple of cigars to make good measure. Now let's make it about twenty—that's quite enough—or, say twenty-one, so as to make an odd number. He saw twenty-one skeletons—didn't he?"

"Twenty-one it was," said Murton.

"Look here!" exclaimed Healey solemnly, as the boy gave him twenty-five cigars, "you've got to stand for this if anything goes wrong. All you'll have to do is say that Hitton told you, and that you told me, and keep quiet about these cigars; understand?"

"Hope to die," said Murton.

Healey fairly flew out of the hotel and drove at reckless speed to the office of the Graphic.

"What's doing, and where you been all this time?" asked Meeks, the city editor.

"A corking good story on the front today," said Healey, tearing off his coat and sitting down to the typewriter with a bundle of copy paper. "One of the divers of the A. G. Company says he counted twenty-one skeletons in the after-hold of the Reina Christina!"

"Wow!" said the city editor. "Play that up for all it's worth; it's the best story since the battle of Manila Bay, and we're short of stuff for the first page. We will strew it all over the paper and scare 'em to death."

"I've got it exclusively," panted Healey. "It's a scoop."

"Turn it loose," yelled Meeks. "Here you, boy, take that copy away from Healey as soon as he's got a page done and shoot it along by the paragraphs. We've got fifteen minutes and we'll make it on the fly. Johnson, dig the cuts of Montojo and Dewey and all the battleships you have out of the morgue and rustle that poster type from the back room—hustle, all of you!"

Twenty minutes later the native news-

boys were yelling themselves hoarse through the Walled City with the first edition of the Graphic, purposely delayed for a few minutes until the first edition of the Telegraph was on the street, to prevent that paper from stealing the story.

Under a shrieking head-line was Healey's story.

"Divers at work on the Reina Christina," he had written, "were horrified to find this morning in the after-hold of the flagship of Admiral Montojo the skeletons of nearly twenty-five brave Spanish sailors who perished in the vessel when she went to the bottom during the battle of Manila Bay.

"The gallant flagship which went to destruction under the guns of the American gunners is the tomb of these Spanish seamen and officers. Rather than escape from the doomed ship when they saw that theirs was a losing battle, or surrender to the Americans, the proud sons of Castile gathered between decks, and cheering for the grandeur of Spain and the glory of Alphonso, their boy king, they went down with the ship, defeated, but not disgraced, while the death-dealing guns of Dewey's squadron hurled broadside after broadside at them.

"The divers who made the ghastly discovery counted twenty-one whitened skeletons, which is probably not a fifth of the total number still hidden in the ship. According to the men who found this grewsome proof of the bravery of the Castilian sea-fighters, a partly decayed Spanish flag, the red and yellow naval ensign bearing the royal coat of arms of Spain, was draped about the interior of this last resting place of these loyal men in the service of Alfonso.

"Some misinformed historians, who did not witness the battle, have written that the Spanish sailors deserted their guns and surrendered to the Americans without making a good fight. This is disproved, now that the divers have found the mute evidence of how the men stuck to the guns until all hope was gone, and then calmly went below and sunk with the flagship rather than surrender to the enemy.

"No better proof could be given of the sterling quality of the sailors who defended the flag of Spain in Manila bay on that morning now famous in history. They were brave men and stirred with the heroic inspiration of which only brave men can feel, they gallantly acted the part of heroes. Now that the ill-feeling engendered by the war with Spain is over, we Americans cannot help but feel that our foes were worthy of the American steel, and fought with bravery that would have done credit to the men of Nelson or our own Perry and Paul Jones. The discovery reflects great credit on the Spanish navy and on the people of the Spanish kingdom."

The remainder of the story went into details, and told all about how the divers had been astonished at the finding of the bones, the whole story being inflated with compliments to the Spanish and a lot of newspaper "red fire" that told nothing, but filled a great deal of space on the front page of the Graphic.

Healey cabled it to the United States. Manila discussed the story that night in the cafes and clubs, and what was more important, the Graphic sold edition after edition, and the editorial rooms of the Telegram were cast in gloom. The next morning the Spanish paper reprinted an exact translation of Healey's story with evident pride.

Healey was making up his shipping column the next day when a dozen Spaniards filed into the office of the Graphic.

"We would like to see," explained the spokesman in halting, broken English, to Meeks, "the gentleman who wrote the article for the Graphic yesterday about the brave sailors of the Reina Christina."

"What for?" asked Meeks, with his usual editorial caution.

"We wish to thank him for the sentiments he expressed. Ah! this gentleman! Sir," began the leader, turning to Healey when Meeks pointed to the reporter with his thumb, "the Spanish Society of Manila meeted this morning after we had made a reading of what you did say the Graphic in yesterday past and the mark of ees—eesteem we wish for you was making the honorable president of our society, yourself. You onderstand we? Honorable president—president number two. Feel we, that a great and grand compliment have made you for Spain and grand honor have you shown the sailors Spanish.

"The Governor-General we will ask to-

morrow to make into a feast day. The sailors dead we will bring from the sheep and we will make a feast. Then the bones we will send to Spain on the Lopez Hermanos, the vapor—the steamsheep, while sails noon. It will carry to Spain the bones of her children. And in the grand time of the feast to-morrow, the guest of honor will you be."

The Spaniards then filed out of the office as quietly as they came, bowing low to Healey.

"I've done it. I've done it!" groaned Healey.

"Brace up," said Meeks. "You can now borrow money from every Spaniard in Manila."

"By the prophet of all the pie-eyed prevaricators," said Healey, his face white and reeking with perspiration, "I'll have to stow away on a coal steamer or get a job as a flunkey on a Hongkong liner. Meeks, I've got to get out of Manila—you have got to hide me somewhere! Oh! what made me do it? Why did I ever do such a silly thing?"

"Have you suddenly gone crazy?" asked Meeks, mystified by the lamentations of his star reporter over being honored by the Spanish club.

"That story was a fake!" shouted Healey. "We're ruined! The Telegram will throw down my story! When the divers go down to-morrow to get those skeletons they probably won't find a bone in the old hulk."

"A fake!" screeched Meeks, now excited himself. "Not even one lonely skeleton on that ship?"

"Not one, as far as I know. Murton, the diver, found a set of legs and I got him in the Metropole and boosted it to twenty-one and gave him a cigar for every skeleton he said he had seen, counting the drumsticks. Those Spaniards will shoot me on the Luneta at sunrise after they find out how they have been duped. I've got to get out of Manila, and the Graphic might as well shut up shop—we will never get another advertisement from a Spaniard, and the Telegram will brand us as liars forever. It's ruin for the paper."

"You are the real article in the lying line," said Meeks, throwing a paper weight at a rat who was sneaking toward the paste can. "I *should* say the paper is up against a tough proposition."

"I couldn't help it. All there was on the front yesterday was the Chinaman found in the river and an old coal steamer."

"I'm not kicking about the story," said Meeks, soothingly, for good reporters were scarce in Manila. "But what made you go it so strong? You didn't need to count 'em out in a row and blow so hard about the glory of Spain. You could have just said skeletons, and then written all around it without coming out flat-footedly with the exact number."

"How was I to know the Spaniards would make all this fuss? I thought nobody would pay any attention to it, and they would let the thing drop, thinking that the bones had been thrown overboard. I wish I had put that in, but it can't be done now—if we're going to fall down we might as well fall hard and be done with it. We can't put it up to Murton, because the Telegram will bribe him to give up his yarn about how I made the story. We can't mention him or anybody. I tell you it is all off. The Telegram probably has a man out in the bay pumping Murton and the crash may come this afternoon unless he keeps his mouth closed."

"Wow! I've got it!" yelled Meeks.

"You sound like you have," said Healey ruefully surveying his chief.

"Healey, it's all right, I tell you! We have saved the day!" And he pulled the discouraged Healey into a corner and whispered to him.

"You're a trump," roared Healey. "Why couldn't we think of it before. That is a great idea, but it will be a delicate job. We'll have to work it carefully, or we'll find ourselves in jail. "I'm with you—tonight will be dark, for there is no moon. I'm saved."

* * * *

The Governor-General had declared a holiday at the request of the Spaniards of Manila. The streets of the city were draped in black and the national colors of Spain.

Tugs and launches were tied up in the river, gaily dressed out with flags. A great parade was formed, and behind bands played Spanish airs, the Spaniards

marched to the waterfront and embarked in the launches.

The officers of the Spanish club rode at the head of the procession in a coupe, with Healey in the seat of honor, draped with a yellow Spanish flag and smiling and bowing as he was cheered from the windows by Spanish senoritas.

A large Government tug took the lead of the marine pageant which steamed toward the Cavite shore. Healey sat in the bow on a sort of throne, surrounded by chattering Spanish ladies and gentlemen.

They reached the scene of the wrecking operations. The bands played and there were speeches in Spanish and English. Healey made a few remarks from the deck of the launch, and Meeks read an elaborate speech, honoring the Spanish sailors who were beneath the water.

Murton, the diver, was preparing for his first descent when the whistling tugs and the hundred of small boats swarmed about his barges.

He grinned and smoked one of Healey's cigars while he waited for the pumps to be tested and until the speeches were over.

The hood of his diving suit was screwed into place, the bands played, the tugs screeched, and as he went under the surface a salute of guns was fired from Fort Santiago. There were twenty-one guns, the national salute of the United States.

"Twenty-one," said Healey to Meeks. "By George! That's a gun for each skeleton!"

"Isn't that a coincidence," grinned Meeks, and he shouted the information in the ear of a Spaniard who stood near. And when the others were told of the coincidence the cheering was renewed.

Murton came up. He had human bones. The remains were tenderly placed in a Spanish flag and the bands played again.

After several trips, Murton finally had the hood unscrewed and announced that the bones had all been brought up.

Manila was wild that day. It was a great celebration. After due time the bones were transferred to the Spanish ship and sent to Spain, the flag at half-mast as she steamed out of the bay, in honor of her cargo. The bones were buried with honor in Madrid, the king being present at the funeral, and in the Spanish capital there is a monument to the Spanish sailors who went down in the Reina Christina in Manila Bay.

* * * *

"You faked that story," said Johnson, of the Telegram to Healey of the Graphic in the United States a year or so afterward, when they were both working on the same paper.

"What makes you think so?" asked Healey.

"Because Murton told me so the next day after the Graphic had the story. But it was a feast day, and the native compositors would not work so we could not issue a paper, as you know."

"Well," said Healey, "I don't mind telling you, now that it is all over. You know that old cemetery in the Paco district of Manila? They called it the 'bone pile' in the old days. It is not used any more now.

"There are hundreds of native skeletons in that cemetery, or there were then. Some of them were hundreds of years old. When the relatives of the dead failed to pay the rent for the tombs, the bones were thrown into the yard and left there. By that time everybody had forgotten who the unfortunate ones were, and when the Americans went to Manila they found a huge pile of skeletons lying above ground in a pile.

"It had a fence around it, but Meeks and I went there the night after we had the story and packed a load of bones away and took them out in a boat after dark and dumped them into the hull of the Reina."

"A nice job, and you ought to be proud of it," said Johnson.

"We had to do it. It was all up with us. We knew you would throw the story down. The skeletons were those of Filipinos who died years ago, and I don't know but what they are better off buried in Spain than they were lying exposed in the Paco cemetery. But when they were living, they undoubtedly hated all things Spanish, and I don't feel just right about it when I think of them lying in Spanish soil, buried by the King of Spain. But the Spaniards enjoyed it, and we gave them a pretty compliment so we ought to be satisfied if they are. Some day I'm going to Spain and see that grand monument in Madrid."

PACIFIC KELP FIELDS

BY JOHN A. MORRIS

IN THE GARDENS of the sea around some of our Pacific Coast islands grows some of the greatest fields of a little brown seaweed known as kelp. There are beds of kelp round about Little Bird Island, off the Isthmus Catalina, and kelp is found in water five to twenty fathoms deep.

Most of the kelp bulbs of San Clemente Island are found towards the middle of the south coast, and very beautiful ones they are, too. The "Elkhorn kelp" is the suggestive name given to that sort which forms the fields among our islands; its foundation-root held fast in the bed of the ocean, it sends up a stem to support a bulb, which floats the ramifying branches that bear the leaves, and sometimes these are from twenty-five to thirty feet long. For awhile, as found sun-dried on the shores, it was too stiff to be used in manufacture, but as persons experimenting therewith learned how to extract the potash and iodine from it, they were enabled to make many useful articles, from a napkin ring to a large waste-paper basket, and place them in the shop windows for sale.

Occasionally, very fine cured bulbs can be picked up on the Catalina shores, the rarest specimen of which is upheld on a stem of a remarkably beautiful texture, cream or snow-white in coloring, and like satin to the touch. But there are no extensive beds of these.

For long periods in the calm waters around Santa Catalina the kelp is left to sway in perfect rest, making a wondrous growth; from the glass-bottomed boats can be seen these ocean forests, where in clear waters grow trees of amber hue, with leaves of tropical length, which beckon you to amethystine depths of beauty where the gold-fish loiters.

The topography of San Nicolas Island is almost the reverse of that of San Clemente Island, yet in this place kelp abounds. On San Nicolas a trail can be followed clear around the island along the sea edge; and the kelp line runs out a mile to sea in all directions. Breakers plunge over the black lava reefs day and night unceasingly, and great rolls of kelp are flung ashore, some of the loveliest bulbs of which are white and dainty even to the tip-stems often many yards in length.

On one particularly stormy night, May 18, 1902, the great breakers twenty-five to fifty feet high pounding in over the reefs for several hours left in their wake a field of kelp so deep and high that the next morning the stretches of the sand beaches were covered with a great raft of kelp; and those who would attempt walking thereon would sink knee-deep into the oozy sea-weed, from which there rose a strong and offensive odor. In fact, several people caught in this storm, and compelled to put in here for the night, had this very experience.

Santa Cruz Island has less kelp about it than any other island in the channel, although the largest island; Santa Rosa Island has fields of kelp, and there is always a goodly amount of dried bulbs on its shores.

San Miguel Island is similar in many respects to San Nicholas, having the same general atmospheric conditions with large banks of fogs and almost unceasing wind, while vast fields of kelp are cast up from the sea upon a sandy beach or a circling shingle; and the sun on quiet days giving forth a San Nicolas heat. Cuyler's Harbor, San Miguel, with its reef of sunken rocks, is a most dangerous place to enter, but this kelp swaying to and fro in its wondrous beds of beauty rises high on the waves, diminishes their force and helps the vessel to make harbor from the

life-destroying storm; and when once this is made, it proves one of the best harbors in the world, where Cabrillo and many a fishing craft has wintered free from stress and storm.

Prince Island lies 303 feet high abreast of Cuyler's Harbor, and it is generally surrounded by a thick bed of seaweed and kelp. In a "norther," the only wind to which this harbor is open, vessels push for the lee of this island in all haste, and let the waves scud by them.

The Santa Barbara Island, lying twenty-one miles west of Catalina Island, is surrounded by large beds of kelp; but because of its precipitous sides, bulbs of kelp are not exposed to the sun for the curing process. Doubtless the kelp is torn loose in heavy seas and floats afar.

All sorts of things are swept up with the kelp which comes ashore: old cones, cocoanut shells, curious flotsam and jetsam from the under sea world, pieces of wrecked ships, skiffs, and an electric light bulb was found, which had been tossed in with the kelp by swells breaking on the spit fifty feet high. The great sword of a sword-fish, four feet long, was found by a naturalist among the kelp masses one day not many years ago; and one little girl found in a mass of kelp fifty feet in length which had floated into Avalon one of the largest and most beautiful red abalone shells seen for many a day.

THE DEAD RANGE

(COW-PUNCHING, 187—).

BY FRANCIS HILL

O it's saddle up at daybreak an' it's jerk the cinches tight,
Er that pinto'll sure slip through.
For there's call to hit the sagebrush an' we won't git home to-night:
We're a-goin' to stack that I-Bare crew.
They've been herdin' in their Texas bands an' wolfin' all the feed,
Which the boss says—work 'em back.
So it's hook yourself together for some clawin', dust an' speed—
An' a Sharps's is a handy thing to pack!

Er it's whoop, a blizzard's comin', fan the cows into the hills,
An' don't you go to sleep!
Now it's trailin' 'cross the desert in a glare that blinds an' kills;
Er it's holdin' beef-steers like sheep.
O there's always bronchos bustin', an' the round-up's twice a year;
An' betweenwhiles ridin' line.
But you bet that old log bunk-house ain't no slouch at showin' cheer
When the boys drift in about nine!

Yes, you've got to keep a saddle warm from sun-up plumb till dark,
An' wear your ponies thin.
But it ain't no rim-fire saddle like you'd ride in New York Park,
Ner the bank don't always win.
For the chuck comes straight an' plenty, an' the coffee's four-ace strong,
An' pay-day makes all right,
When you hit the trail a-straddle for a whirl o' wine an' song,
An' ride home a-shootin' up the night!

PESSIMISM

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

Mr. M. Grier Kidder is one of the big publicists of the day. His epigrammatic work is attracting universal attention. He gives the readers of the Overland Monthly an entertaining number this month in "Pessimism." Sometimes Mr. Kidder wanders far afield in search of a strange flower or plant, and it is difficult to catalog it alongside of "Pessimism," but in all cases, his journeyings are entertaining, sometimes convincing, and always interesting. Mr. Kidder's article on "Christian Science," published last month, created a sensation that was the equal of that caused by his contribution on socialism.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

ESSIMISM IS a negative nightmare photographed by wayward fancy and developed by morbid memory. Few can "have the floor" and entertain, be their subject worthy or worthless, talk much without repeating the old or inventing the new. Nobody enjoys monotony unless he be its theme. Repetition is the death sentence of attention, the epitaph of interest. Even the saved sleep under the stereotyped "tidings of great joy," while the lost receive with snores the cut and dried promise of future pyrotechnics. For this reason never tell all you know if you would not be credited with knowing nothing at all to tell; if you know nothing, tell what you do know and pass for knowing what you don't. The fool who hasn't the sense to talk at all has the advantage of the wise man who does all the talking. The above may suggest a fragment of autobiography to some smart Alecks, but it isn't. To enlist sympathy, don't relate what somebody did to you or what you are going to do to him; the most tiresome information are grievances or threats. Nothing fatigues more than one man's estimate of another man's shortcomings. Reputation is rarely impaired by the efforts of a single liar, nor is it necessarily the mirror of its owner's character. Somebody said: "Jesus Christ had a good character, but a bad reputation."

You are welcome until you leave the cheerful for the dismal, desert the fresh "to vex the drowsy ear" with the stale. Formerly I took the attentive man for the interested man; now I wonder what he takes me for. It will be observed that modesty has come with years, self-depreciation arrived with gray hairs. Of late, I suspect nobody more than him who hangs upon my words, too suggestive of mental note taking. There is no man we dislike more than he who tries to read us, unless it be he who reads us. Ninety per cent of our worries are shadows cast by fancy, scare-crows clothed by groundless suspicion. Analyze the pleasant and it decreases; the unpleasant and it increases; mighty few good things are good all through. What the mind can't digest ferments into growl, eructates into snarl, and growling creates what it relieves. No growler growls fast enough to keep up with his fancy. Sometimes a liar may lie fast enough, but a growler, never! Again, where one man's talk is regulated by his thoughts, ten thousand men's thoughts are dictated by their talk. The majority of tongues are run on the reflex principle, like the heart and the digestive apparatus, and their owners can no more explain their chatter than they can describe the present functions of their spleens or the primeval office of the vermiform appendix, human parrots hearing what they can't understand and burlesquing it till the man they are aping can't understand it. Did you ever hear of the negro preacher who

told his congregation that the Pope killed Martin Luther by excommunicating him with a bull? or of the Irishman who asked if Captain Cook was killed on his *first* voyage? During the airing of that aromatic episode, the Beecher-Tilton scandal, a French correspondent sent the following report to the Paris Temps: "This trial has grown out of the suit brought by Mr. Beecher against Mr. Stilton for seducing Mrs. Beecher, the sister of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the mother of 'Uncle Tom,' the famous blind pianist."

The intelligent man states a fact, and the ignorant emulators supplement it with a tissue of details. Most legends have each a core of truth, but it is so clouded with fable that history has excluded them all. Our recent bank failures, for example: Thousands are bewailing their losses who are as much strangers to a bank as they are to a university. The cause of this is plain: some liars, while lacking the originality to create, as elaborators, "take the cake;" too stupid to invent, just ingenious enough to decorate. As time elapses and raw lie material commands a premium, their appetite for the mendacious becomes ravenous; then something happens of public importance, and the rest is dead easy. Unnecessary to state, after a man has sworn to the imaginary for a season, his imagination is prone to condense into conviction, congest into belief; these bank "losers" were liars when they began; now they are only "mistaken."

So it is with the pessimist who concentrates on the offensively unreal until persistent imagination realizes it, broods on the putrid eggs of addled fancy till they hatch the inevitable fragrance. But he needs to draw on no foreign source for suggestion; he can furnish his own raw material. Satisfied that humanity has made his troubles its specialty, he doesn't know that the only refuge of the unfortunate is in silence. Few sympathize with the under dog unless they belong to the same litter, or condole with the down unless they are down from the same cause. Sympathy, like indulgence from a bank, is seldom needed when offered, and the hard-up brother who asks for either generally feels harder up after the asking. Human nature is not heartless, but the good Samaritan profession is fraught with certain drawbacks, chief of which is an eternal invitation "to come again." As to back-biting, throw enough mud and some will stick if you don't have to throw too high, but if you be a failure, don't try to enlist recruits against success. The world is too busy worshiping achievement to examine its cause, too enthusiastically burning incense to the fellow who did something to ask how he did it. Failure announces what it *has* done, disappointment what it *will* do; success, well, success "saws wood." Words advertise themselves; actions, well, actions advertise themselves, too. The reminiscences of the "has been" are like the breath from a revived corpse.

We are all practical where others are concerned. Sentiment is for home consumption. Intentions, motives, mistakes and regrets are not weighed by the world, and if your past is insufficient in itself to invite public attention, leave the advertising business. He who has done something worth talking about knows that others will talk enough about it; he can afford to listen. Only those who have nothing or have done nothing, say something. Did you ever hear a rich man brag about his rich relations? ever hear a poor man brag about anything else? ever hear a man in whose veins courses the blood of a half dozen generations of gentlemen hurrah for his pedigree? I have heard more talk about "family" in San Francisco than in Boston, New York and Richmond combined. I have met several dozen paupers in California who are too proud to ask their rich and ready Eastern relatives for help; about the same number whose ancestors fought with Washington, and God knows how many young women who didn't marry millionaires, because they wouldn't marry for money.

In the impracticable, theory supplants action, and promise is in inverse ratio to practice. Did you ever think how hard it is, mentally, to dissociate the successful man from his success, the unsuccessful man from his failure, the wealthy from their wealth, or the pauper from his poverty? It is the result of associated ideas; we couple the man with the thing until he *is* the thing. Mark the respect shown to good clothes, the variety of manner in approaching the portals of a brown

stone mansion and in rapping at the door of an earthquake refugee shack. People claim that they are not impressed by wealth, clothes or station, and their persistent denial is the most convincing proof that they are. I know of no country where they declare their freedom from servility more emphatically and lavish more vulgar adulation on rank or wealth than in the United States. Napoleon said: "To find out how many relations you have do something. Since I have been Emperor, it has rained cousins." Nothing is more common in the Mauritius than to hear somebody claim descent from "Paul and Virginia." What do we gather from all this? Simply that he who assails those above him or arraigns inimical circumstances must first eradicate from the minds of his audience their worship of wealth, their glorification of prestige and their contempt for failure. Otherwise, "he is as one that beateth the air."

We instinctively respect the man who "did it" and the man who "has it." And right that it should be so. We must have something to look up to, lest we look down on everything, something in sight to inspire awe. The precepts of religion may be all right, but God is far away, while the police are here. How did man reach his present plane? by that grand thing, patient and silent *adaptation*. If you cannot mold circumstances to suit you, drift with the current till opportunity permits you to stem it. Napoleon's eternal whining at St. Helena has detracted more from his fame than Waterloo. The hero of a hundred fields squabbling with a jailer over vanished honors! the Eagle of France disputing over the carrion of dead title with an Irish buzzard!

The glare of success blinds the eye of criticism. "Through rags small vices do appear; furred gowns hide all." We put a nigger in the chain gang for stealing a chicken; a statesman in the Hall of Fame for stealing a country. What is war but murder by the powerful, homicide by the honorable, and justified by precedent, that prostitute wet nurse of all hellish infant aspirations. "He maketh wars to cease!" Since when? All of which goes to prove that the man who steals too little and murders insufficiently is both criminal and fool! This terrestrial wholesale butcher shop will not be fit to raise gentlemen until the soldier is considered lower than the policeman is, the policeman as respectable as the soldier is considered to be, and divine honors are paid to the schoolteacher. When I was a boy, no gentleman taught school if he could get what was thought respectable. When Colonel D. was asked his business, he replied: "I am a life insurance agent, by Gawd, suh! the lahst refuge of a gentleman!" He was the gentleman who described the society of Birmingham, Ala., as a "lot of d——n Yankee butter sellers, with a few families from Verginyah." Nor was the pedagogue thought better than the butter seller.

Triumph silences responsible comment, but dogs will bay the moon. The sensible failure furnishes no contrast by his complaints; he takes his medicine. What does the capitalist care for the asinine aspersion and rhapsodical ravings of paupers? He has done something, and compared to him the filthy mongrel that snarls at his heels is as a dunghill to the Mount of Transfiguration. Probably the gentleman is, like all great men, a little averse to dwelling on some essential details in his success. All positive men are impatient of conventionalities. Nobody who ever did anything was a slave to theory; no plan ever embraced all the details of its performance. Ten thousand contingencies arise in every battle, never dreamed of by the General. The "kicker" reminds me of a one-legged man kicking at something above him, or a chicken with one leg shorter than the other trying to scratch something he thinks beneath him. How many people have you met whose inventions were stolen by men whom the thefts made rich? How many croakers who were robbed by their partners? About as many we have South who were "ruined by the war" and "wounded at Gettysburg." The Yankees must have done some serious shooting there, for from all I could ever hear, every man in the Confederacy was more or less impaired in that affair.

There used to be a Virginian whose cards bore after his name the following letters: "S. F. V. P. B. W. N. W. G.," interpretation whereof is: "Second family of Virginia, Poor Before the War, Not Wounded at Gettysburg." But listen before you try to convince

others that you are poor, because somebody stole your fortune, first upset the current conviction that no poor man ever had anything worth stealing.

No one can be happy whose sunshine and fresh air are clouded and poisoned by the foul vapors of hatred and the miasma steaming from resurrected wrongs. The man who hates is intellectually bilious! Why keep the remains above ground if nothing is to be gained by dissection? Not that I approve of exhausting the beatitudes or of straining charity. I'm a good hater! To me an injury is a debt of honor, an obligation demanding prompt liquidation. To me, "forgiving without forgetting," like Christian Science, is a contradiction in terms. To me, what is worth remembering is worth repaying; what appeals to my recollection appeals to my vindictiveness. When a woman says, "I can forgive, but I cannot forget," or "I hope God will forgive you as I do," there's going to be something doing. O, there's going to be something doing! The last to forgive is usually the last to offend; the latest to pardon, the latest to make pardon necessary. Still the thick-skinned are the happier even if we do associate toughness of epidermis with density of head. We receive what our arrogance arouses or our humility invites, and our only guarantee of peace is saying little and submitting to less. Tact neither parades the unpleasant nor exhausts the pleasant, introduces the disagreeable nor familiarizes us with the agreeable. But above all things buries the noxious in oblivion and strews upon its grave the flowers of forgetfulness, if botanical metaphor provide such lethean tributes for the obsequies. The pessimist, on the contrary, is an exhumer, a social Gabriel sounding his chronic bazoo for the great and terrible dig up, the disciple of the immortality of misery, the apostle of revivified woe. He has cultivated a taste for the mentally tainted; nothing tickles his intellectual palate but the itch of diseased memory.

After indulging in misanthropy for a season, the mind craves it; mental taste is as much cultivated as physical taste. In vulgar vernacular, we "learn to like." The common mind is in a negative state, a receptive condition awaiting suggestion. For many years I was afflicted with a twitching of the facial muscles, until one day a man I know, after apologizing for personalities, told me to stop it, and sure enough, I did.

Habitual indulgence molds a department of the brain that a healthy thought can't fit; use has developed into habit, that ape of nature. But that department calls for congenial food and work, as much so as a healthy department does. "There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it more so;" nothing desirable or undesirable that persistent faith fails to strengthen. Nothing comes more natural and insidiously than fault-finding, nothing more difficult to eradicate, nothing more fraught with misery to its victim. The cheerful man is more envied than any, except the rich one, and next to being happy and rich, I prefer to remain as I am, and rest under the suspicion of being both. Next to contentment, give me its counterfeit; next to wealth, I want my economy to be charged to stinginess. I'm not much on precedent, but I dote on prestige. A good name may be better than riches, but I know nothing better than riches to repair a bad one. Do you ever read newspaper obituaries? Well, I have written several, and half of my post mortem panegyrics on rich men were inspired by Ananias, that patron saint of journalists. The more profligate, intemperate and utterly cussed the deceased was, the more his "Life was a pattern for the present generation of young men." The editor is as certain to insist on the "pattern" business as a preacher is to call a graduating class of girls "the future mothers of our country." Ever know a preacher to leave that out?

No thoughtful man, no matter how optimistic, can think this world conducive to happiness. It is a horrible place, and if hell has proved a success, it is because it was modeled after this charnel house of war, pestilence and famine; poverty, crime and cruelty; ignorance, superstition and insanity. No one with a brain unsoftened with madness or a heart unhardened with selfishness can more than taste of happiness. To all but the feeble-minded and heartless, nothing cheerful comes save in momentary gleams, spasmodic flashes. From the time life ap-

peared on this planet, it has been sustained with death, and nourishes with misery; even nature's remedies surpass in horror any hell that human fancy can paint. The world is better than it was, but worse than anything else can be. Better that evolution had left man in the hairy hide of his grinning, gibbering ancestors than to have led him to what he is through such a slime of degradation, through such oceans of blood and tears. How dreadful the instinctive fear of death must be that causes these miserable millions to choose the known terrible to the terrible unknown! how unspeakably frightful the apprehension that makes so many prefer socialism to suicide.

But the pessimist shuns the solid troubles that flesh is heir to; his forte is the shadowy, painting a private inferno for public circulation. Everything hinges on self, and nothing irritates him more than to charge his troubles *to* himself. It makes him feel as I felt some time ago when a clergyman told me that "God is not sending you to hell, you are going in spite of him." It recalled the admonitions of my childhood in the hottest focus of Presbyterianism when unbaptized infants were guaranteed an eternal roast, and God was an Infinite papa stoking a baby hell. I have often marveled at the Almighty's patience when he looked at his old-fashioned Presbyterian photograph; often wondered what boys and babies had done to God. But I see the convention has since decided that undamped infants are undamned.

How bitter the saved were, how cynical, how they suspected the pleasant, twisted the agreeable into a snare. In those days anesthetics were forbidden to women in childbirth. Piety and pessimism were twins, prayer and peevishness sisters. Everybody who had pre-empted a seat in the heavenly choir dwelt on the coming torridity of the cuss who hadn't. No one was good who had excluded the thermometer from his theology; nobody escaped damning who was worth a damn. When I joined the Unitarian church the change was so sudden I caught cold; fact, I assure you! An old lady belonging to my former fold, and who was so orthodox that she used to use sulphur and brimstone for smelling salts, asked me: "What kind of people are those Unitarians that you have joined?" "Well," I replied, "you may form some idea of their piety when I tell you that I am the most pious member of the congregation." "Why, then," she retorted, "they must be almost as bad as Catholics."

Pessimism, like the above brand of piety, may come from the stomach, dyspepsia set to growl, sour stomach attuned to snarl, the de profundo of dead digestion. I know men whose conversation sounds like a fourth-class restaurant bill of fare, the panorama of culinary horrors! The very te deum of gastronomic misery. Such people deserved as much sympathy as their victims. Think of cheerfulness after years of soggy dumplings, sowbelly, hog's lard and salaratus biscuits have painted the Five Points of Calvinism on the walls of the stomach. Or of a roseate retrospection blossoming into optimism following a life-long standard ration of factory-made mince pie, roofed with crusts like clapboards, floored with sour India rubber dough, and stuffed with the wrath of God! Let us be easy on the dyspeptic pessimist, and remember that no man's temper can be better than his stomach. My heart goes out to those in trouble; my disgust to those who think they are; my sympathy to the victims of both.

I approve of kicking when it pays; to grumble when it means more than the echo of grumble. But of late I prefer to let another take the initiative in cynical solos, leaving it optional with me to back him up. No pioneer knows whether he will be seconded till too late. People want variety spiced with gossip, decrying both after their curiosity is quenched. Perhaps there is nothing else we claim to do so much of and do so little of as minding our own business. The man who doesn't tell others to do it, and the man who does it are equally scarce. Every brain is under pressure; it is functional, and needs food and occupation. Deprived of the healthful, it gorges on mental offal; the incurable must be forgotten; happy is he who, under the circumstances, can forget, and happier far his hearers.

TWO IN THE NIGHT

A STORY OF THE OLD SAN FRANCISCO

BY GURDEN EDWARDS

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

Gurden Edwards is no new name in the pages of California's only literary magazine. Mr. Edwards has written a fiction story, a bit of realism, a drama of the ash heap and smoldering fires of the historic 18th of April, when old San Francisco died, and the earth rumbled and gave birth to the new San Francisco. Many other things died that gray morning in April and many came to life. Read this gripping, heart-stirring tale.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT BEGAN to rain early in the evening with a cold, drenching mist that cleared the streets of their accustomed nightly crowds. The motley down-town population, whose homes consist of undifferentiated lodging house rooms with a varnished bed, wash-stand and chair as the barren soil for home-sentiment, use the streets for a living room and the beer halls for a parlor. To-night the parlor was crowded and the living room left empty.

The shop windows displayed their unheeded wares to the vacant night—pawnshops with their arrays of unredeemed pledges that suggested teeming chapters of the underworld's tangled history; cheap clothing stores with cotton goods that looked like cozy wool, till washed; second-hand bookstalls with their paper-bound volumes of morbid impossibilities that are to the down-town folk what romance and heroism are to the up-town readers—such is the power of cloth binding over paper; and rows of sundry other shops that meet the restless needs of coagulated humanity.

The wet, vacant sidewalks reflected bleared images of the electric lights, and the shuffling of many passing feet was replaced by the monotonous slush of the falling rain and the gush of the gutter spouts. Occasionally from some resort the throaty alto of a danseuse burst forth for a moment as some one went through the swinging doors; from a Chinese temple came the beating of tom-toms and gongs and the howling of flutes, or from some dark alley the falsetto fiddling of a lone Chinaman accompanying his equally shrill voice; or from the opposite direction the correct voice of an Italian singing grand opera to his parrot. It was one of those whirlpools of a great city where the poorer classes of many nations lived next to one another, and mingling, dragged each other down to a lower gulf of civilization.

The night brooded on till the last of these sounds had ceased, leaving the rain to drip more lonesomely than ever in the silent, deserted streets. The tower of the Hall of Justice loomed alone, the hands of its great clock creeping past two. A special police watchman passed along the street, rattling the shop doors as he went to try their security. The rattling became faint and died away in the distance again as he passed on up Washington street into Chinatown. As he passed the mouth of one of the many small alleys that gave onto the larger street in its course through the quarter, a skulking figure within

glided into a doorway and crouched there until he had gone on into the silence. The alley was but a dark and narrow passage between rows of tall and blackly overhanging buildings whose rooms, built normally high for the original white occupants, were since subdivided both vertically and horizontally for the swarms of Chinese who subsequently took possession of them. The basements, turned into unholy dens, submerged in eternal night, bred items for the unrecorded annals of darkness.

The man crouched within the doorway till the last echo of the rattling doors had died away, and then he started out cautiously, but he shrank back again suddenly—the watchman, wearing rubber heels so that he could advance without being heard, was making a din with the doors as he returned up the other side of his street. The man lay hidden until he had again passed on into the night. After an interval he emerged, reconnoitering the four ways of the streets carefully as before. They seemed utterly deserted. The mouth of the alley was opposite Portsmouth Square, which filled half of the next block. He darted across the street at a limping trot that became accelerated into a staggering run by the steepness of the street as he turned obliquely down and across it toward the lower corner of the square, and as he reached the curb he stumbled and fell, striking the concrete sidewalk with a groan of pain. He staggered up feebly, grasping the empty air for support.

At the corner of the square there was a tall, conical-shaped evergreen with densely overlapping foliage, the lower branches leaving the trunk at a short height above the ground, and dropping down at their outer ends quite onto the ground, made a well sheltered retreat beneath. It stood looming darkly like a tall nocturnal tent.

The prowler crawled under the tree. It had laved down a rich, soft bed of loam beneath it, and the branches made an effective roof against the rain, so that he found himself in a snug lodging. The Prowler—let us give him this for a proper name, for he belonged to that uncensused current of society whose unsettled way of life makes their names more a matter of impending circumstances than of continuous birthright—the Prowler sank down miserably onto his furtive pallet. The tree defended him from the rain, but the clammy cold of the atmosphere penetrated everywhere. An ague clutched his body, and his teeth chattered incessantly, while at times he doubled up in a paroxysm as he tried to suppress the noise of a violent cough that tore his sunken chest. His eyes stared sleeplessly into the blackness of the tree, and he shivered and tossed and tossed and shivered wretchedly.

At times he lost himself in fitful lapses of consciousness, when feverish hallucinations set him endless tasks to do. He was threading a hundred thousand needles, and at times the threads became huge ropes, or they became mere filiaments and broke and broke and broke, or the needles lost their eyes, or they became all eyes, till thread and ropes and filiaments and needles became involved in an inextricable skein, but still he had his task to do. Mere seconds of time became eternities of toil, in which an inexorable patience disobeyed his mind's dead exhaustion. Then he would become lucid for spells and smile with relief, for the reality of ague and bodily weariness were gracious comfort beside the tormenting phantasms of his fevered imagination.

Once with a weary sigh he flung his arm out as a pillow for his head. His hand fell upon an object that made him stiffen with sudden apprehension, moving his fingers cautiously. It was a face, upturned, and so still that it seemed a corpse. But before he had time to withdraw his hand it moved, and he felt the eyelids snap back under his fingers. He snatched his hand away and lay motionless.

"Hullo—who's that?" a gruff voice muttered. "Anybody there? Hullo, I say."

Then they both listened tensely without moving, the Prowler shrinking away, dreading to hear the voice become insistent, and the other straining his ears and eyes through the gloom.

There was no longer the slush of the rain, but a biting wind had arisen rustling the foliage of the tree so that the men could not hear each other's breathing. For some moments the Prowler lay rigidly still till a cough clutched his throat; his temples almost burst with

blood as he tried to suppress it, but a rattle rose in his throat, his breath escaped with a wheezing explosion and he gasped for air.

"Hullo! Who are yuh? Why don't yuh speak?" growled the man starting up and swinging his arms till they struck the Prowler's head and his hands closed on his throat.

"Oh, my God!" he whined in a hoarse whisper, weakly grasping the other's knotty wrists. "Don't choke a man—ain't there room for two, pardner? I ain't got no place else to go."

"Whyn't yuh speak up—how the hell was I to know what yuh wanted," the man growled, relaxing his hold.

The Prowler listened to the voice with a quaking heart; a din of terror rang in his ears, and flashing out through the gloom, he seemed to see a lowering face with its eyes starting open with sudden recognition.

"Bunch up, then, and keep warm," the man said, dragging the Prowler and himself closer together. Their faces met, and the Prowler shrank back trembling as he felt a face heavily bearded like a dog's against his own.

"What's the matter?" the other grumbled, as he felt the Prowler draw back. "Yuh needn't be a-scared—this is a t'oroughly respectable lodging house—got any valu'bles? We ain't responsible for any valu'bles left in the rooms."

"Mine are safe—ain't got none," the Prowler replied in a hoarse whisper.

"You orter be in a 'ospital, my friend," the man said sympathetically. "I'm a-scared you'll catch your deat' o' cold—yuh see, the steam heaters is out o' whack and the rooms is chilly."

The great clock on the tower of the Hall of Justice struck three.

"H'm!" the man said. "Gettin' toward mornin'. Say, pard, yuh ain't got a chaw o' tobacco about yuh, have yuh?"

"Not a bit," the Prowler whispered.

"Gawd, I'm dying for a chaw—the last one I had saved my life for sure, though," he returned, letting his voice drop to a whispering undertone. "Yes, it saved my life. Yuh see, I was comin' down from up North, and one night I slept in an old hay stack snug as a snake, and sure enough nex' morning when I woke up there was a big six-foot rattler coiled up on my chest snug as a man. 'Mornin',' I sez, 'how'd yuh sleep,' I sez. 'Time to git up—breakfast must be ready,' I sez. 'B-r-r-r!' he sez, wakin' up and stickin' his tongue out at me. 'King's ex!' I sez. 'I belong to the union myself,' I sez. But he coiled up tighter 'n a main spring, and I seen he was going to a-strike right there and then, union or no union. So I shoved my quid o' tobacco in my cheek and spit in his eye and drownded him, and the strike was all off," he concluded with a chuckle. "I allers feel safe with a quid o' tobacco in my mouth.

"Yes," he resumed, after a pause, "I just got in from Oregon. Where'd you come from yourself, pardner?"

The Prowler was prevented from answering immediately by a fit of coughing.

"Hey?" the man urged when the coughing ceased.

"I come from Oregon myself," the Prowler whispered hoarsely.

"Did you? Just get down? How'd yuh come?"

"Blind baggage."

"I started to come by rail myself, but I got kicked off so many times I seen the seat of my only pants wouldn't last till I got to 'Frisco, so I took to the road."

"Oregon, hey?" he resumed after an interval. "Say, yuh didn't happen to see a youngish sort of a feller, did yuh—sandy hair and light complected? Light build?"

The Prowler was silent a moment.

"Gone to sleep?" the man said.

"No," the Growler answered in his hoarse whisper. "Seems to me I did see a young feller like that——"

"Where?" the other said, eagerly.

"Did he have a bum foot——"

"Yes—that's him—did yuh see him—where was he?"

"Dropped him yesterday here in 'Frisco—he shipped as second cook on a windjammer for Australit."

"Hell! On a ship, yuh say? Gone to Australia?"

"Yes—friend of yours?"

"No, he wasn't no friend of mine. Gone to Australia—hell!" he ejaculated, kicking out impatiently.

"Oh, my God!" the Prowler moaned, drawing his foot up in agony.

"What's the matter with yuh?" the other said.

"Nothing—nothing. I just had a twinge of rheumatics in my knee," he whispered between his teeth clenched with pain."

"Me and him used to be pals," the man went on, "till he gave me the double cross —and I got sent up and he went scot free. And it was him that really done it and not me. But about a month ago I got out—lookin' for him, and I found him, too—settled down respectable like at his old trade of a tailor. Didn't I have a right to kill 'im? And I'd a done it too if I'd had a chance. And he knows it, too, and that's why he cleared out of the country. Hell! Australia—the —— —— —— ——" and he broke off into a complex chain of curses and foul imprecations.

He did not say much after this, and in a short time there was the sound of his steady breathing that occasionally broke into puffing snores. His arm lay relaxed across the Prowler.

The Prowler was awake and listening. He lay motionless until the man was slumbering deeply. Then he began to move away cautiously, gliding from under the sleeper's arm with trembling care, and at every movement of the man he lay rigidly still. He crept slowly away from him inch by inch, until finally he was free, and crawled from under the branches of the tree like a wary snake.

The rain had ceased, and the night had become clear and intensely cold. A white sheet of frost glistened on the lawns of the square. The sky was clear except for a black embankment of clouds along the Eastern horizon. Their crests were made brilliant by a late moon, whose rays slanted obliquely, throwing the tall tower of the Hall of Justice into a weird, black silhouette.

The Prowler crouched furtively a moment in the shadow of the tree, and glanced about. The streets were still and deserted. He tottered to his feet feebly. A gust of wind rattled the branches of the tree behind him and he started to run, but staggered and fell forward on his face in the grass. His heart sickened and he lay helplessly till desperation gave him a frantic strength, and he struggled again to his feet and tottered on across the lawn.

His mind was wandering again; he started to talk to himself in a dreary singsong; then he seemed to see men closing about him. He struck at them madly, running forward and turning around to get at those behind him. At last he tried to close with one that blocked his path in front, and plunging forward he grappled the empty air and measured his length again upon the ground. This time he swooned and lay motionless where he fell.

He came to himself with a great uproar in his ears. He heard a multitude of voices in a strange and excited babble, the rush of many feet, the clangor of bells; a lurid brilliancy lighted the plaza, and a sudden roar involved all, above which a wild tocsin sounded, beating an incessant alarm. It all seemed but a part of his feverish imaginations, and he lay gazing up at the volumes of smoke that obscured the sky in huge black billows, feeling neither fear nor astonishment, and seeming but himself an item in the mad disarray of facts. People were rushing to and fro and some stopped about him, but they seemed but flitting shadow shapes.

The same confusion awoke the man still sleeping underneath the tree, and he started up and listened confusedly and then crawled out of his retreat in haste. He was blinded by the glare of a burning building opposite the Square. Terror maddened Chinese were swarming out of the surrounding structures, the firemen were arranging their battle against the destroying elements, and the crowds were being augmented by people from all quarters of the city. The man rubbed his eyes, and gazed about him in a bewildered endeavor to adjust himself to the new set of circumstances into which he was so suddenly thrust. He gazed at the burning building, and at the crowds, and at length realized that his nightmare-like awakening was mere reality.

"I guess I can get warm now," he said, as he felt the heat driving the chills out of his body, "and maybe I can git some roast pig for breakfast. Wonder if it woke my pardner up." He stooped down by the tree and shook the branches. "Hi, pardner, hi, there—better get up!" Then

his eyes fell on the as yet unobliterated trail on the frosty grass where the Prowler had left the tree. He stooped over and looked at it; the left footprints were tinged, or rather drenched, with blood. "God," he muttered, "his left foot must have been cut to pieces." Then he stood up suddenly and followed the trail with his eyes. It led across the lawn, and he started to follow it until it was lost under the feet of a knot of persons at the further side of the plot. He reached the crowd as a policeman was shouldering his way into the center.

"What's the matter here?" he heard him say. "Who's this man? Does any one know this man?"

The man from the tree edged in until he could see the Prowler where he lay in the midst of the crowd, his pale face lighted up from the flare from the blazing building. Then he started forward and looked at him eagerly.

"I know him—I know him, officer," he cried, forcing himself into the middle of the ring.

The officer turned.

"What?" he said. "Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"He—he is my brother," the man replied after a moment's hesitation. "Yes, he is my brother—he was living in that building—he was sick—he must have been hurt! Oh, my God! is he killed!" he exclaimed with a sudden accession of emotion, dropping on his knee beside the man. The Prowler opened his eyes and a sudden gleam started up in them as he saw the face that was bending over him. Then he closed his eyes wearily and lay in a comatose condition.

"He is hurt, I guess!" the policeman said, sympathetically. "We will have to get him to the hospital."

"No, no, he was only sick. I'll take care of him—let me have him—they'll kill him at the hospital—I know how they do up poor people at the hospitals—I've been there myself——"

"He'll have to go to the hospital—this is no place for him. I'll get the wagon —you stay with him," the officer said, striding away through the crowd.

The man looked about at the circle of stolid fire-illumined faces with a wild and impatient look in his eyes. Then he stood up with a determined and defiant air.

The great flames were roaring louder and higher and more triumphantly bright over the doomed structure.

"Look out! Look out!" a hundred voices roared at once as a section of the front wall crashed into the street, sending a hurricane of sparks into the sky. The crowds gave back aghast.

"Three firemen were under it!" the people were crying. "Get them out—get them out!"

The few who had lingered about the group on the lawn hastened off to see the main attraction, leaving the two alone. The man cast a hurried look about him.

"Come on," he growled roughly, seizing the man by the collar and dragging him to his feet. The Prowler hung limp and unconscious. The man swung him with easy strength over his shoulder and darted out of the square and across the street, where he plunged into one of the many labyrinthine alleys of Chinatown, whose rows of tall, over-towering buildings were so black and grimy that they seemed to have already been visited by the touch of the fire and left charred and desolate. The alley led into the center of the same block as that of the burning building, but in its depths the roar became muffled, and only the red glow that shone on the upper windows indicated the scene of destruction going on so near at hand. The place was silent and deserted, for the panic stricken Chinese had fled precipitately from the ruin that seemed impending everywhere.

The man with his burden followed the alley till he reached its end, where a still narrower and darker passage opened from it at right angles, leading directly back toward the fire. The man entered it, not noticing its direction.

He followed it for a few paces until he was brought to a stand by its abrupt ending. A dark doorway opened before him. He entered the door and listened at the foot of a steep, narrow flight of steps leading aloft into deeper blackness. There was no sound, and he started to mount the stairs with the easy tread of a panther, his sinister purposes as yet not fully formed in his mind, but he instinctively sought places of silence and concealment.

The second story was as dark and as blind as the first, but above him he could see a sombre glow that filled the upper story with a crimson twilight. He crept on up the stairs warily, listening for any sign of life. The light from the fire shone through the dusty, cobwebbed windows and illumined the place dimly.

He found himself in a narrow passage with many doors letting into a hive of small rooms, all deserted and silent. He entered one, and dropped his burden on the floor, where it collapsed into an effigy of rags, and lay motionless. The man wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his coat-sleeve and stepped to the window.

"Hell!" he exclaimed, staring out apprehensively. The window looked out over the roof of a low building, and beyond that into the pit of the seething fire itself. "I guess she won't come this way for a while, anyway," he muttered, turning away without noticing the two or three points of flame that were starting up on the tarred roof below him.

He cast a glance about the dingy room. The dim light wavered unsteadily through it, leaving many shadowy corners. He explored them for possible witnesses, but the place was empty. On one side there was a tier of low bunks built one above the other from floor to ceiling; they contained nothing but dirty blankets and bamboo pillows, and in one there was a tray with an opium kit. On the opposite side there was a shrine built against the wall, decorated with gold and red trumpery, and before it the eternal punk stuck in a green clay candlestick-like holder still sent up its fragrant fumes to the nostrils of the hideously grinning idol who squatted within. A white marble mantelpiece, begrimed from use as a cooking stove, stood as a reminder of the original white inhabitants of the building. Hammered brass pots and ladles littered the hearth, and on the shelf there was a collection of wicker and straw-covered bottles and jugs. The man caught up one of the jugs eagerly—he smelled it; it contained raw Chinatown gin, and with an ecstatic gurgle he gulped down a prodigious draught of the stuff, ending with a hoarse long-drawn "A-a-ah!"

He held the bottle up at arm's length and gloated at it with a sort of demoniac love in his eyes. Then he suddenly became petrified in that attitude and listened intently. The tick, tick, tick of light footsteps was coming along the hall. He fastened his eyes with an expectant dread on the black panel of the doorway and waited. The sound came nearer and nearer, and then it was in the room, but still he saw nothing. He stood gripped with terror as at the presence of some supernatural thing that walked, but did not appear. Then he heard a low, rattling sound from the floor at his feet, and something bumped against his leg. He leapt back with a yell and saw a huge sable cat arching his back and purring beside him. With a guttural curse he kicked it through the door. It struck the wall outside with a thud and was silent.

He laughed hoarsely, and seating himself on a bamboo taborette, he applied himself again to the ample bottle of gin. Hungry as he was, and overwrought in nerves, the burning stuff aroused fiercely his cravings for alcohol, made keen by months of enforced abstention, and he sat reveling, oblivious of all but the frantic joy of getting rapidly drunk. The approaching fire, his victim, his revengeful hatred, and even himself were alike forgotten; he became nothing but an unleashed appetite enjoying its fulfillment. The light of the fire through the window continually brightened until the room was illumined as if by daylight.

At last the drunkard's eye fell on the face of the Prowler, who lay where he had been thrown, staring up with wide, fixed eyes at the ceiling.

"Hullo!" the man said, but partially recalled to himself, for he spoke pleasantly, though his voice was hoarse with the liquor. "Lord love me if I didn't clean forget you was here, Jim. Le' me see—what the devil was you and me talking about."

The Prowler made no answer.

"Say, did you ever taste such booze in your life as this here mixture of hell fire? Lord love me, it's hot enough to boil spuds in. A-a-ah!" And he took another gulp with a gurgling growl of delight. "Whew. Don't it burn your guts, though? Say, Jim, what was we talkin' about? Oh, I remember! You was goin' to tell me

what you did with that swag and split up fair and square and even with me—or I was going to kill yuh—that's what we was talking about—Jim! Whyn't yuh answer me, yuh —— ——!" he growled, reaching out with his foot and kicking the man in the head. But still there was no answer.

"Here—mebbe this will make yuh talk." He staggered to his feet and thrust the neck of the bottle into the Prowler's mouth. It ground roughly on his clenched teeth, forcing his lips open in a ghastly smile and spilling its contents over his face. The man snatched the bottle away hurriedly and stood up, scowling down at him fiercely.

"Jim!" he roared at last in a deep, bellowing voice. "Yuh can't come any more of your sneaking games on me. I've got yuh now where I want yuh, and damn yuh, you've got to come through!"

He began kicking the prostrate man savagely, but the Prowler was unheeding to blows as well as curses. The man drained the bottle and hurled it into a corner and stooped down, seizing the Prowler by the throat with both hands. He dragged him up onto his feet, where he dangled as grotesquely mis-shapen as a hanged man.

The two stared at each other horridly, the Prowler with ghastly, glazed eyes, the other with his drunken, bloodshot eyes and bulky features working with murderous passion. The latter became as deathly pale as the former as he regarded his ashen countenance.

"You're dead!" he shrieked. "You look dead already! Yuh always was a low down, sneaking rat, and now you've gone and died on me to rob me of the chance—oh, yuh dirty, dead sneak!" he cried, hurling the man from him with terrific force and in baffled fury.

He looked madly about him. He saw the brilliantly illuminated window and rushed over to it. This time he looked directly down into a seething vortex of fire whose flames were leaping up against the wall of the building in which he was in like a splashing sea of blaze.

"My God!" he yelled, "the fire!" He rushed out into the hall and came to a terrified stand at the head of the stairway. The lower floors of the building were a roaring furnace.

"Help! Help! Help!" he began shrieking, rushing frantically about up and down the hall and narrow passages and into the many rooms, some of which were already sending up jets of smoke through their crevices; but everywhere he looked he saw a rolling substratum of fire.

Not knowing where he went, he ran again into the room of his fatal orgies and tripped over the Prowler. He pounced on him with a frenzied howl.

"I'll make certain of yuh, —— —— —— ——!" he yelled. "The mouth of hell is open for yuh!"

He staggered to the head of the stairs with the man in his arms. The lower flights had burned away, and the upper one fell at that instant into the pit with a splitting crash. He swayed for an instant on the edge of the hole, blinded by flames and smoke. Then he toppled and reeled into the yawning furnace, still hugging the corpse.

"I LOVE TO LIE ALONG THE BANKS OF BROOKS, AND WATCH THE BOUGHS ABOVE ME SWAY AND SWING."

PHOTO ROBERT ASHER.

THE HERMIT

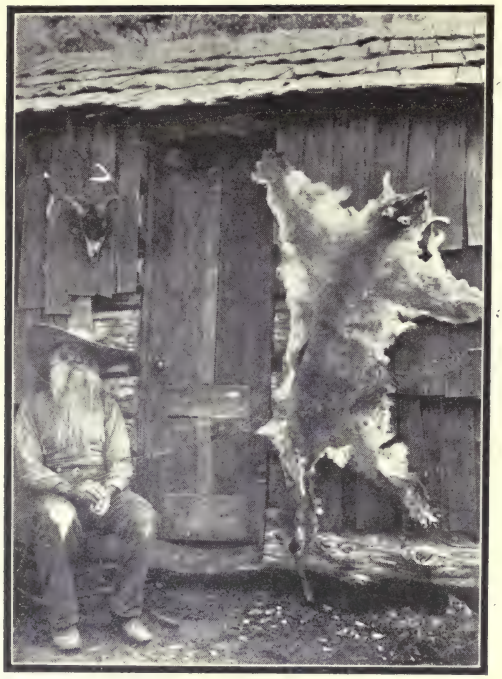
BY ETHEL GRIFFITH BAILEY

A Faun—(A Fragment.)

I will go out to grass with that old King,
For I am weary of cloths and cooks,
I long to lie along the banks of brooks,
And watch the boughs above me sway and swing.
Come, I will pluck off Custom's livery,
Nor longer be a lackey to old Time.
Time shall serve me, and at my feet shall fling
The spoil of listless minutes. I shall climb
The wild trees for my food, and run
Through dale and upland as the fox runs free.
Laugh for cool joy and sleep i' the warm sun
And men will call me mad, like that old King.

—*Richard Hovey.*

Yesterday we made a pilgrimage to the hermit, who dwells on these mountains, and Nature in her bounty gave us a day for the purpose, one of her perfect days —upon which it is impossible to suggest an improvement—during which one feels a sense of her prodigality and magnificent abundance. The brilliant purity



HIS TROPHIES GROW ABOUT HIM AS SPONTANEOUSLY AS HIS TAWNY BEARD.

and health beaming over earth and sky, which absorbs one's heart and life irresistibly to itself, suffers no release of idle personalities, but blends and merges all into an infinite, indivisible Whole. The low-lying valleys saturate with mist and sunshine—the sturdy stretch of tree-crested peaks, the plastic, undulatory mountains; the transcendent purity, the mystic unending spaces of the great sky—all, all, and the melting suffused heart of man merge into the infinite irresistible glory of the Day.

Savage neighbors have lately crossed these trails, stealthy, wild-eyed creatures whose claws and hoofs leave marks along our ways; at times the bay of a deer hound or the distant report of a gun sounds through the rocky ravine, but without impertinence; may not the wildness in the heart of man and the savage instinct to kill in the cougar he stalks, also meet and mingle, find their satisfaction on lower if not higher grounds; for all within the precincts of these holy hours is justified—unquestionably good. The jay's wild scream is coarser, less melodious, but of ranker, sturdier fibre than that of the small canary he trees with. Both ring wildly true to some half-forgotten instinct one has known; one cannot say which finds more echoes in himself.

The troubled lowing of Admetus' herds flows liquidly upon the breath of the breeze-swept valleys. Phoebus lies sleeping somewhere near, I know! Under each tawny oak or giant cedar I look sharply—he may be there! Once, I saw the garland of leaves that bind the god-like brow but my human feet stumbled amid briars and before I arose he had gone! They linger close—these divine visitors—on such a day amid these peaks.

Endymion is not dead, as many think, and Diana, lately discovered, visits him on these Olympian heights as yesternight in Greece. She comes attended by silent, fragrant music, and the informing, mystical moonlight. I searched long through ferny glens, over mossed slumbering grey boulders and under the whispering trees—all things conspire to disclose that she is near—but not yet, though I have perchance gazed directly through her, am I permitted the sight. The white formless moonlight, plenteous, sinuous, soft fingering over leafy bosses is her light touch, her breath the sigh of love-sick, amorous breezes, herself, alas, she hides. What reverence, what rigorous austerities, shall one practice—how purge the eyes of mortal blindness that one may spiritually see?

The true hermit is never an accident of circumstances; nor can he, more easily

THE QUAIL NESTING WITHOUT FEAR.
PHOTO ROBERT ASHER.

than the poet, be made. He must be as native to his wooded park and the singing, stony brook that runs by his hut, as the quail, nesting without fear at his door. The Hermit met us regally with an unaffected nonchalence worthy a king; and indeed I was sure we had thus come suddenly upon Adametus. His herds filled the valley, and above the weird music of the pines, the reeds of Apollo sounded soft and wild o'er a distant hill.

The Hermit greeted us at his door. A coarse, hairy, homely man, shaggy as Pan, with a druid's long, grey beard, and an eye half-soldier's, half-prophet's. Gaunt, formidable, elemental; strong and slouchy with a character that impressed through his negligent clothing as a rugged landscape in a rough-hewn frame. There was even something reassuring and comfortable in the dent of his old weatherworn hat, and the bag of well-seasoned trousers at the knee; his whole uncouth garb spoke of service and reliability, and gave assurance that he owned his own clothes and was not, like so many, possessed by them. A man stamped with originality and a certain leonine power; so that one wondered he had not been tempted and decoyed by the place he might easily have held in the affairs of men.

These things, at first glance, one saw; but when one met squarely and deliberately the Hermit's eye he paused. So have I done when riding rapidly over an unknown mesa I have come upon the edge of a cliff and reined in none too soon. There was that downright simplicity and awful frankness about him that was terrifying. One felt as when the biting wind of the sea strikes naked flesh, and drew instinctively some shabby garment of convention or subterfuge to hide behind. An air of cold candor and utter truth that froze our shifty efforts of concealment and we felt that here, for better or for worse, we were, at last, face to face with a Man. It was not a little dangerous and compelled one to draw up his rusty armor of sincerity to meet this cold blade of Truth. It should have fared hard with us had he truly exerted the merciless penetration of his simplicity and can-

THE SPLASH OF FALLING WATER AND A QUAIL'S LOW CALLING NOTE CAME THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR. ROBERT ASHER, PHOTO.

dor; but as though recognizing us for the children that we were, he waved us without ado into his cabin, and went forward with his work.

The place was the nest, the garment, of its master. No more artificial than the nest of a wren-tit or a husk of corn. Low of ceiling, commodious—yet with no extravagant inches—it fitted him well. The few windows, small, bright and penetrating against the log background, as his own sharp deep-set eyes; and the great stone fireplace, crude and broad, the heart

THE HERMIT MET US AT HIS DOOR. ROBERT ASHER, PHOTO.

of his home, full, like its master's of comfort and warmth and good cheer. Everywhere books and papers littered the shelves and tables, a certain careless tolerance of disorder prevailed, yet there was everywhere observed such perfect cleanliness as made the little room fragrant and airy and sweet. The wind from his pines filled the air with balsam; a certain breezy air of sanity and well-being surrounded him; an atmosphere as tonic and vital as that of these trees which think no shame to negligently litter the earth with cones and needles and with whose aromatic presence ones thought of slovenliness could sooner attach.

The rude cabin, made of shakes and supported by rough logs was grey and unobtrusive as a rock or fallen tree and merged itself with something like melody into its surroundings. Below, the river talked meditatively all day long, whispering at sandy edges, shouting gay little intoned measures over tiny falls, and smiling and twitching under the tickling sun-flecks that fell through the leaves. The splash of falling water and a quail's low calling note came through the open door.

Some one inquired if he kept chickens, and replying that he was watching a setting of eggs at the time, he took us to the corner of his doorstep where, in a tangle of brake and ceonethus, a little grey quail-mother sat fearlessly over her dozen speckled eggs. A lion's skin dried by the door and a deer's horns served as convenient hat-peg. His cabin was no college boy's den, and his trophies grew

about him as spontaneously as his tawny beard.

He continued to engage himself in such poetic employment as befits a sage and a hermit; for he was moulding and perfecting a great ball of wheaten bread, which together with wild fruits, some milk from his herd, and rice—such as Confucius loved—were the ample support of a philosopher.

How beautiful becomes the commonplace when lighted by a fresh glance of penetration. I have made bread many times but only yesterday did the act appear to me in its truly poetic light. It was a devotional service one had no small pride in offering the shrines of one's household divinities. There is no meanness in the commonplace, but only in the eyes that see it.

For himself he said he loved the plebeian labors; loved to cook and to chop his wood and to hoe. And I saw that to him they assumed at will a necessary and primitive grace not unworthy the Homeric acts. They drew him wholesomely close to the knub and the juice of life where the meat grows sweetest. One may esteem it a vital, and, if you will, a spiritual expression, the creations of cookery. What skillful alchemy of all the ripe earth yields! Its combinations may become bits of creative and formative genius. And how Ceres loves and protects the gardener who liberates her powers with his hoe! A pleasing devotion too, dignified by the legends of what ancient fire-worshippers, one's labor at the balsamic, disorderly wood-pile, while as the chips fly and one's blood and courage sing, some elusive spiritual blessing surely falls.

HE SAID HE LOVED THE PLEBEIAN LABORS, LOVED TO COOK, AND TO CHOP HIS WOOD AND TO HOE. ROBERT ASHER, PHOTO.

Is there not a tendency among moderns, and especially among Americans, to make of domestic life a bit of rapid and well-oiled machinery, that shall turn off the days wholesale? Many such arrangements, with servants and establishments and the *impedimenta* these imply, seem somehow like a sorry scuffle and escape.

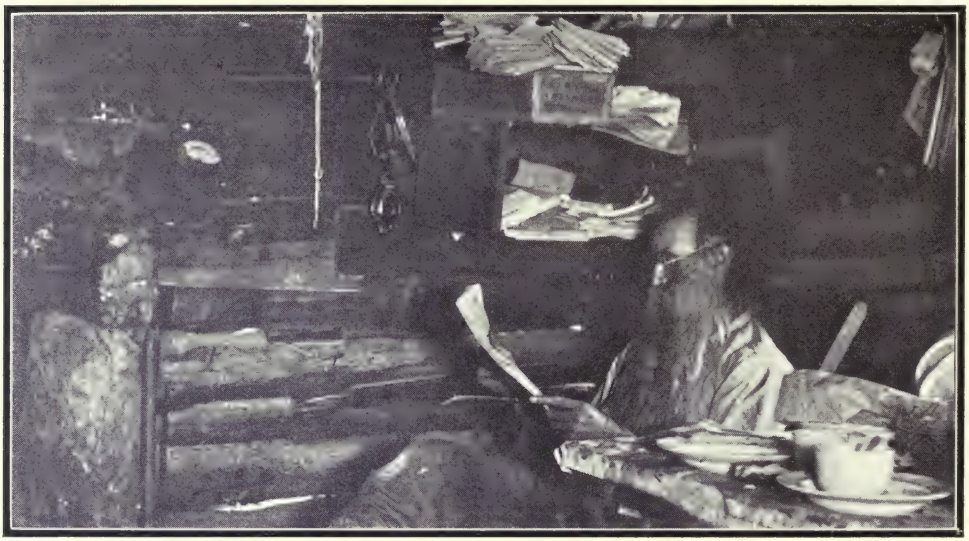
Have we not reached that stage where we employ strangers to enjoy our lives, and to save trouble, servants, who shall do, as it were, the living for us while we wait?

The Hermit's great cat festooned herself about the table-legs, or murmured remarks in that soft, husky, throaty language with which she speaks to her kittens; the quail-mother ran undisturbed over the doorstep, and the Hermit himself embodied careless content; thrusting bare brown arms into the fragrant warmth of the yeast-scented dough; kneading and moulding this ripened fruit of the sheared fields into the last homely gift of old Ceres; the brown whole wheat innocent of batting, with native primitive sweetness all preserved; a large chunk of vigor, fresh-plucked off the bounty of the earth. Should not one so feel native and elemental, engaged in a generous, domestic employment, worthy the noblest?

"I learn," he told us, "much of my bread, and it perhaps of me. Somebody—a scientist—says the yeast cell is the unit of life. I think it may be so."

I have never before met a man so strongly wild and natural. As intrinsic as though sprung with the brake from the soil. The tall, scraggy lilies, tawny, sun-tanned things that grew around his cabin, were not more natively planted. What wild dreams stir and feed this secluded mountain heart? Some life of rich exclusiveness he leads which few have ever known. Perchance some subterranean streams of the spirit keep him ever young; certainly no outward event leaves trace nor lends this joy and calm serenity to his face.

One felt that here was that man long sought, whom the West only has produced, and who, now that the pioneers are thinning is to be found but rarely—I mean that "Nonchalant Person," natural, lusty, large, leisurely—the Native Californian.



THE PLACE WAS THE NEST, THE GARMENT, OF ITS MASTER.
PHOTO ROBERT ASHER.

A PERFECT PORTRAIT

BY ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

HE ARTIST worked rapidly. Here and there a last finishing touch was added; a deeper shade, a softer light; it was done.

A beautiful face, surrounded by dark brown hair, and with deep blue, half-hid eyes; a mouth suggestive of both strength of purpose, and—yes, of kisses; a nose straight and beautifully molded; a short, plump chin and a neck in which there was no line, so gradually did it curve to the chest, shoulders and bosom—looked out from the canvas.

The artist gazed long and rapturously on the face—his work; her face. The face of the woman he had loved; what were the faces of other women he could recall? Mere suggestions of past flirtations, fondness, admiration, anything but love; for the woman whose face was there on the canvas was the only one who had inspired love: who had made him feel with all its depths and subtle shadings the master passion.

Long he sat before it, thinking of the night she had promised to marry him. Every little detail of their conversation, their troth, their caresses, came back with fresh pleasure and pain.

He spoke to it. "Marion, you do not look as if you could be untrue; as if you could forget. Oh, is money dearer to you than love? Had you waited a year longer for me, see I am now commencing to win fame; soon I, too, could provide well for you, not as your rich husband does, but enough—enough—and money is not everything. Love is surely something."

"But I have you here always, not only engraven in my heart; not only enshrined in my memory, but here on the canvas, where my eyes can see you almost as in life; and I have painted you more from memory than from the photograph, and you shall hang there in my bed-room—not my studio—not where others can see you, but where you can be mine—mine alone!"

He took two worn, ragged notes from his pocket; her first and her last; and read them. The first, all love and tenderness, breathing the warmth of love's first young dream. The second trying to vindicate her breaking of their engagement, and ending with these words: "The gentleman whom I am going to marry does not know that I was engaged to you, and as he is of a jealous disposition, I would not have him know that we had loved. You will understand, Philip, the way in which I am placed, and refrain from mentioning me to any one, lest it should come to his ears—and I know I can trust you."

Yes, indeed, she could trust him—even if he could not trust her. No, he would not think that, he had so little to offer, and after all, she may have been justified. A woman cannot well make her place in the world; it is made for her by the man she marries; only he would never have hesitated which to choose, had it been between her and worldly success.

Who had she married, anyway? A rich Chicagoan, a broker, Board of Trade man—something of that sort. He would not even read the account of her wedding—he wanted to hear nothing of it; but he had heard enough from friends to know she was in society, and that her husband's purse could bulge with gold.

Enough—enough—he must to other work. Dreaming of the past did little toward accomplishing aught towards the future. He carefully lifted the portrait—the fair, sweet face above the gauzy shoulder drapery, into his bed-room, and returned to the studio.

No, he could not work more that day; he looked out of the window, glanced over some designs a young artist friend had left; cleaned his brushes; and then

stretched himself at length on the couch to dream again. It was too late to work on another picture; besides he did not care to touch another on the day he had finished her portrait.

A knock at the door. "Come in," and there entered a short, middle-aged man, with an air of prosperity pervading him. The artist rose.

"Mr. Durham, I believe," said the stranger.

"Yes," and the artist read the card that was handed him:

"Mr. Sherman Page, 1423 Drexel Boulevard."

"Be seated, Mr. Page."

"Thank you. You were recommended to me by a friend, as a very good portrait painter; my wife and I will be here for a short time, and I would be pleased if you could devote your entire time to painting her portrait while we remain. Do you think you could paint it in a month? We have only been here a week."

"That certainly is a very short time, but I could try, and think I might succeed."

"The price?" This was the true, short, crisp, business style of a Chicagoan.

Durham hesitated. This man was rich; he might as well ask a good price. He started to say $1500, feeling this was the kind of a man who would always want his money's worth, and who would think anything in the art line high, and would ask a reduction. Really, he ought to get a thousand for it. He had never received more than $700, but it was time his prices were going up. Then, too, the risk that a hurried piece of work might not be good, therefore not accepted, and his time and labor wasted, decided him to ask more than he expected to get, yet less than he first thought.

"Twelve hundred dollars," he said.

"Enormous!" said Mr. Page. "I thought it would be about $500."

"Why, Mr. Page!"

"Make it an even thousand, and promise me your best work."

"That I would assuredly do. It is as much to my advantage as yours, to do good work, and I will take your offer of one thousand dollars. When will your wife come?"

"To-morrow. Do your best work, Mr. Durham. You will have a good subject, too." And Mr. Page departed.

* * * *

"Marion!"

"You, Philip!"

"I did not know you were his wife!"

"Nor I that you were the artist. Not a word. He will be here in a minute. He just went back to get something I left in the carriage. Do not let him know."

"You can trust me. But do you want me to paint your portrait?"

"He would think it strange if I should object."

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Durham. I suppose my wife introduced herself, and what do you think of your new subject?"

"Worthy the work of a better artist."

Mr. Page smiled approvingly. "Very pretty compliment, but you must not disparage your own ability, nor disappoint me. I shall expect something fine."

"I shall try as I have never tried before."

So the work began. Day after day he worked—alas, with unsatisfactory results. Marion before him distracted him; every look from her disconcerted him; every movement sent the blood tingling through his veins as of yore. Neither had mentioned the past; they talked of the future, of the portrait, of art, New York, Chicago, but the buried love of the past was not so much as mentioned between them. Yet a touch of the hand, a look, told plainly that the past was not so long ago but what the remembrance of it was keen.

Three weeks had gone, and Philip was discouraged. He had worked steadily and faithfully, and with a patient subject, but the result was far from meeting with his own approval.

"Marion," he said, "I will have to give it up now; there is no use, I cannot paint it. I am sorry, but——"

"Well, Philip?"

"Don't you understand, Marion? With you here I cannot concentrate my thoughts on the work; they will go to you despite everything. I have tried, so hard to do good work. I cannot. If it was any one else I could, but you——"

"Philip, you must not talk so, and you must finish this portrait and make a success of it. What will my husband think if you fail?"

"I am helpless, don't you understand?"

He rose and walked nervously to and fro.

"Marion, can't you feel, don't you see? With you here before me every day I cannot paint your portrait. I will tell your husband I am not well; I will feign sickness. You say he will probably be here this or to-morrow afternoon. He will be disgusted. I cannot even get the outline right. Oh, it will be a miserable daub, and he would not take it, and I would not ask him to."

"He will think it strange. You have been so much talked of, highly recommended, and I am glad that you are commencing to succeed."

"Don't think, Marion, that I could not paint your picture. It is your presence that unmans me."

"Then perhaps I had better not come. I will send you some photographs. Could you work from those?"

"You forget I have a photograph."

"I remember now."

"Wait here, Marion. I will show you that I can paint your portrait as no other artist could paint it. It is mine, for myself—forever."

He went into his bed room and returned with his treasure—her portrait. He stood it on the easel in place of the poor attempt that now was there. Marion drew back and held her breath in admiration.

"Philip, am I as handsome as that?"

"It is just like you; neither does it flatter, and yet does you justice."

"How came you to paint it?"

"To love, in place of the woman who broke her word to me."

"Philip! Don't!"

"I did not mean to reproach you, but I must have *something. He* has *you.*"

"You—would you let him have this?"

"Never. Not for all his money; not to save his life; not even for fame. It is mine, painted from my soul. He has you—let him try another artist for a portrait; he should not have mine were he dying for it."

Mr. Page knocked, and immediately opened the door. There they stood, artist and subject, before the finished, perfect portrait of his wife.

Mr. Page stood entranced. "Finished, already. Why, it is *grand, perfect!* Mr. Durham, I never saw anything more lifelike. You are a genius. Why, your fortune is made. I will send a dozen others to you. Oh, I cannot sufficiently thank you, but I appreciate your talent."

Philip gasped. "It is—Mr. Page—it is——" Marion's eyes were centered on him. Her pleading look was pitiful. She moved nearer and whispered, "Philip!" His face grew white, his lips quivered. She had won. Yes, she could trust *him* to the last with her happiness, even if his misery paid the price. He finished his broken sentence (only in a different way from his first intention.) "It is a good piece of work."

"It is magnificent!"

"I am glad, Mr. Page, that you are so pleased with it," and somehow, in a dumb way, he reached his hand to Mr. Page. He wanted sympathy; he had hated him before, but a broken heart throws its pieces to any one who looks kind. Page shook his hand warmly. Something in the pale face made him start.

"You look sick, Mr. Durham. I do not wonder, either. I did not know it was possible to do such work in so short a time—such a masterpiece! You have worn yourself out." He gently pushed the artist to a couch, sat at a table and wrote a check. "I will call for the portrait to-morrow. I will not trust its delivery to any one."

He put his wife's cloak carefully around her, again thanked the artist, and moved toward the door. Marion leaned over the chair to reach for her gloves on the table, and Philip whispered: "You can trust me, Marion, with your name, your life or your happiness. It is all sacred to me."

"I cannot thank you, Philip—but——"

"Come, dear," said Mr. Page, from the hall just outside the door, and she followed him.

Philip mechanically looked at the check. It was for what he had asked—twelve hundred dollars.

"Blood money," he said. "I sold what was dearest to me, but it was for her—for her. Yes, Marion, you can *trust me.*"

HAS THE FILIPINO A FUTURE?

BY GEORGE AMOS MILLER

Mr. George Amos Miller has given the American people a better understanding of conditions in the Philippines. It is certain that the knowledge is needed. I have said before that in no one line of information is there such crass ignorance betrayed as on questions involving the insular possessions of this country. This ignorance extends to things sociological and geographical, and is tensely displayed, on slightest provocation, by the editors of American newspapers, who are so lazy that it is impossible to waken them from their state of dormant stupidity, without a red-hot branding iron. Two hundred free copies of last month's and a like number of this month's issue of Overland Monthly have been sent to leading mainland newspapers, with the hope that Mr. Miller's article may inaugurate quick-moving molecules to the inactive American editor's brain mass, to the end that some intelligence be displayed in handling Philippine matters.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE GREAT wealth of the undeveloped empire of the Philippine Archipelago is well established, and the story of the effort to establish popular education, personal liberty and progressive self-government is familiar to every school boy. The largest unanswered question is that of the Filipino himself; has he a future of promise enough to justify the outlay being made in his behalf?

There are two things about the Filipino that must be taken into account before any intelligent discussion of his future can be taken up. The Filipino is an Oriental and he is a composite.

Where the Filipino came from no one knows any more than we know the origin of the Japanese or the Tartars or the Wild Man of Borneo. But he came from somewhere out of the Eastern dawn, and he is still of the East, Eastern. He is a dreamer, a plotter, a patriot, a contradiction and a child. He is patient, affectionate, revengeful, unscrupulous and unprincipled. All the hard-drawn lines of Western exactness between things that are and those that are not, mean nothing to this child of the Orient, and make him a continuous puzzle to the American who would in a few minutes analyze and pigeon-hole him—if he could.

The Filipino is an aggregate of eight tribes and sixty dialects. From the wild man of the hills to the cultured gentlemen of the larger cities, he presents as wide a range of character and ability as may be found in any country. The half million head hunters of the north, and the Moros and Pulajanes of the south present a varient from the more typical stock of the six and a half million Visayans, Tagalogs, Bikols, Ilokanos, Pampangans, Pangasinanes and Ibanags, which, with their fifty dialects, make up the representative Filipino.

This Filipino's adaptability to civilization has been demonstrated during the three hundred years of Spanish control. The term "uncivilized" cannot to-day be applied to any but the wild tribes and the savage Moros, and neither of these are classed as Filipinos.

The more serious weaknesses of Filipino character are four in number, and are all of them due more to bad environment and faulty teaching than to any

natural defects or limitations of his nature. How far they may be amenable to treatment and improvement, the reader may judge from the evidence presented.

1. The Filipino is ignorant. Before the new era, ninety-five per cent of the people were termed "ignorantes" for obvious reasons. This common man of the people is better understood and more highly appreciated now than in the old days. He is honest, more or less, and in a small way he is industrious at times. Properly treated, he is a profitable laborer. He stays at home and usually attends to his own affairs. He is law-abiding, for he is afraid to be anything else. He is afraid of the presidente, of the constabulary, of the justice, of his master, of the priest, and with good historical reason he fears them all, for he has been put through a round of oppression that has left him not daring to call his soul his own.

Truly he was ignorant, this man of the old order, and the utter depths of his ignorance was past finding out by those who did not know him. He could not read; he did not think—how could he know? Outside of Tagalog territory, he had never been away from his own barrio; he was all unconscious of the existence of any world larger than ten miles from home —and he naturally became the easy prey of every form of abuse and graft known to men who were past-masters in the arts of oppression.

The old system gave this man no chance to learn. The convent schools were not for him, and only in rare cases did the son of the common man rise to the upper class. There was no literature for him, even if he could have read, and it is not strange that he was ignorant.

2. The Filipino lacks physical energy. To sit in the shade is so much more comfortable than to work in the sun—why should he work in the sun when to do so meant only to be robbed of the results of his toil? He was willing enough to eat the fruit of the land, provided only that it would grow somewhere near his "nipa casa," and when ripe would fall into, or very near, his lap. If he did very much more than that, the "officiale," ecclesiastical or civil, got the benefit, and what was the use? Wages, when paid, varied from five to thirty centavos per day. On the plantations, a system of debt slavery grew up so that the old "obrero" owed his "employer" more on the day of his death than he did the first year of his service. It is not strange that the laborer had no ambition. Much of the time he was without food in any sufficient and nourishing quantity, and his whole nature was under vitalized and under-stimulated by incentive of any just reward for his toil. Added to all of this was the constant instruction, enforced by illustrious example, that all work with the hands was a disgrace and a calamity, and we need not be surprised to find that the Tagalog language had no word for work except "majira," which means grief and trouble.

3. The Filipino has a defective social organization. Between the rich and educated oppressor and the poor and ignorant oppressed there has never been any middle class, and of the two extremes, the rich "illustrado" is much the more dangerous to public safety, and more hopeless material out of which to develop a democracy. This "rico" has had some schooling, but he never did and he will never do a day's work. His hands are soft; he wears immaculate white suits; he uses perfume, carries a fan and a sunshade, and keeps a dozen "taos" to run at his bidding and fulfill his slightest wish. He has the manners of a Chesterfield, the grace of a dancing master, the air of an autocrat, and he does shine in his specialty, which is "words, words, words." He is a born orator and editor, and since the United States has furnished him the first free speech he has ever known, he has lost no time in developing his gifts.

Such this man has been. He has had no education in self-control, no training in discipline, and he has never been taught that Government does not exist solely for the benefit of the official. He is the legitimate product of the system that has produced him. As for the substratum of indolence and indifference that makes up the "gente baja," these people have never had a chance at anything except poverty and neglect.

4. The Filipino tends to develop egotism; he gets the big head. Both kinds of him are subject to that sophomoric infection incident to the acquisition of a little knowledge. Quick to imitate, he looks up-

on the successful copy as evidence of ability as great as that which wrought out the first original through generations, it may have been, of toil and experiment. As soon as he can run a trolley car or a typewriter, he is ready to step into the governor-general's chair, or, if need be, take the seat at the President's desk at the White House.

But all of this is evidence that he takes himself seriously, which is the first step toward better things. His confidence in himself is but a trait of national adolescence, and as such is not to be regarded as fatal, nor made the subject of too strenuous retribution. When he gets older he will forget it, and the symptoms are not confined exclusively to the Filipinos.

Such are the greater shortcomings of this people, born in a day to world citizenship. There is a longer list of characteristics that indicate capacity for success and achievement.

1. The Filipino is capable of industry. When properly fed, managed and paid, he is not so lazy as his accusers would have us to believe. In less than ten years, he has built highways, trolley lines, railroads and telephone systems, and his employers are unanimous in pronouncing him to be an efficient and economical workman. Under the old system, when he found any ground for hope that he would receive the fruits of his toil, he would work, and work hard. In the rice harvest, he would labor from dawn till dark, if the harvest was his own. What he needed was a sufficient incentive, and that once supplied, he has been found equal to any reasonable demands made upon him.

That the Filipinos are not a degenerate race is proven by the vital statistics which show frequent cases of men and women living more than one hundred years, the records of baptism supplying accurate data in these cases. In spite of the high infant mortality, due to ignorance of any proper care of children, the population has steadily increased for three centuries. With a reasonable advance in the intelligence of the mothers, better feeding of the common people, and a modern and occidental industrial system, two generations hence should see a more virile and active race of people than the easy-going loungers of the old "manana" days.

2. The Filipino is mentally alert. When given the slightest opportunity he is eager to learn. With all the dense ignorance of the poor people, half of them could upon occasion sign their names, and one of the commonest sights now is that of some muchacho studying his reader at night by the aid of his little smoking cocoanut oil lamp. The night schools of Manila and some of the larger provincial towns were crowded from the first with a people eager to learn.

The common man of the provinces has always had two major ambitions in life; one to be let alone by his oppressors, who were many, and the other to send his children to some one of the schools, which were few. In the old days, the idea prevailed that as soon as the boy had a little learning, he would never have to work again, but the new spirit is changing this idea to a more wholesome educational motive. Both of these ambitions have become realizations, and the results are revolutionary for both father and son.

Next to the Japanese, the Filipino is probably the best imitator in the world. He has been too busy climbing up in a few years the long ladder that has occupied mankind for generations, to do anything very original. Give this man a chance, let him catch up with the procession before we expect him to lead out in some new line of his own. He has enough to do without being original just now. That he can catch step and keep time with the tune is enough for the present.

3. The Filipino is affectionate. He is affectionate with his family; toward his master when he is well treated, and he loves his country when he finds out that he has one and learns what it stands for. The home life of these people is as free from harsh words and jarring wrangle as that of any people in the world. It is a rare thing to hear a baby cry, or see an older member of the family in a temper with a younger. Americans have lived two years in the islands without ever meeting either of these too common conditions in the more nervous American homes.

The Filipino is hospitable toward the stranger. He will walk five miles to find some delicacy for him to eat, and the housewife will cheerfully put her last hen in the pot if the "Americano" is hungry

and without provisions. Any American who knows how to get along with people can travel from Apari to Jolo and never pay a cent for meals or shelter. Throughout the provinces, there are no hotels, and the guest has a sacred right to the best that the family can afford for the night.

As servants, these people excel. They become deeply attached to those who treat them well, and be it known among the despairing housewives of this kitchen-deserted land, they are most excellent cooks and chambermaids and laundresses, and as waiters they are unsurpassed. One reason for the popularity of Philippine residence among American women who have tried it is that there is abundance of excellent and economical house help to be had.

4. The Filipinos possess moral and spiritual capacity. The first missionaries of the Spanish church found the people ready to learn, and the entire civilized population is nominally Christian to-day. Personal morals are the highest known in the Orient. Public prostitution and drunkenness are unknown outside of the larger cities. Marital unfaithfulness is uncommon, and apart from the bands of ladrones crimes of violence are almost unheard of. The free and easy life of the people relaxes the tension of personal morality, but it also produces a more natural and simple type of living, in which excesses and debauchery scarcely exist.

The Protestant missions established since 1900 have met with phenomenal success, and the people show an appreciation of their new liberty of conscience and a devotion to their new-found ideals that indicate possibilities of high spiritual culture.

The Filipino has been accused of being a hopeless gambler, but when in 1906 the Moral Progress League conducted its famous campaign against the race-tracks and cock-pits, every class of people, from the provincial governors to the cocheros and muchachos rallied to the cause, and 225 municipalities, by volunteer action of the consujales, closed their cock-pits. What the people needed was leadership in a good cause, and when this was supplied, they were not found wanting in support.

The Filipino possesses the Hindo capacity for things metaphysical without his unearthly mysticism or his inhuman caste. He has something of the keenness of the Japanese, without his arrogance, and he has the Korean's desire for things modern without his hermit heritage. It has been said that he will not make a sacrifice for principle, but he does endure heavy hardships to educate his children, and there are hundreds of Filipinos who are devoting part or all of their time to the preaching of their new faith and receiving not a cent of support from any other source than the labor of their own hands or the income from their own property.

5. Filipino womanhood is the equal of Filipino manhood. There is social equality between the men and the women everywhere. The women stand up straight and look their questioners in the eye with a frankness that contrasts strongly with the veiled and cringing female slavery of Egypt or Arabia or India, or the secluded and inferior women of China. Socially and industrially, this woman stands level with her husband or her brother, and very much as elsewhere in the world, she is morally his superior. In the provincial fields, the women labor with the men in the planting and harvesting, and in petty business dealings they are acknowledged to be the most competent traders. Three-fourths of the "tienda" business is conducted by women, whose shrewd sense enables them to carry on a profitable business upon an average capital of twenty-five dollars (gold.) The household industries of these women include a wide range of occupations and manufactures. Spinning, weaving, making of baskets, mats, hats, fish-nets, embroidery, crockery, and a hundred articles, are made by women and listed as cottage products.

The better class Filipino woman does not work, but she has a grace of movement, a refinement of feature, and a certain charm of manner that are attractive, and at social functions these women are adept entertainers. Social life is refined, and social functions are magnified in importance, until formal entertaining often becomes a heavy burden.

6. The Filipino is a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen, and he minds his own business to a degree that might well be imitated by meddlesome folks everywhere. The treasurer of one of the largest prov-

inces reports that he has had almost no difficulty in collecting taxes. The American treasurer of another province states that as the people come to understand the spirit and methods of the new Government, they cheerfully bear the burden of its maintainance, and that the enforcement of the law is among the lightest duties of the Government. Aside from the infrequent bands of ladrones who form no part of the people proper, and a few restless and discontented professional agitators, there are no more contented people anywhere.

7. A new ambition is stirring the hearts of the people. If education was once regarded as a means of escaping from the primeval curse of labor, it is noteworthy that with the disappearance of this misconception, the attendance upon the schools is larger than ever before. Back of the over-confidence and conceit of the little learned novitiate, is the assurance that will carry him through till he gets his feet on real foundations of character. His ambition is strongly social, for under the new order, every man aspires to become the equal of the first in the land. It is political, for he talks and writes and dreams of the day when there will be a Filipino people and over the Ayuntamiento will fly the flag of the Philippine Republic. This spirit, like all other nascent manhood and democracy, is hard to manage, but no other process has yet been discovered for the development of national self-control and for the independence of her people.

These are some of the good and the bad qualities of these people. But what of their future? Will fifty years hence leave them much as they are to-day, or will a hundred years from now find them taking their place among the men of the earth, and bearing their national burdens manfully?

There are three good reasons for hope in the future of these people. If some of the counts are contradictory, and at variance with the acknowledged principles of character as it is understood in the Occident, it must be remembered that the Filipino is an Oriental, and that he must be understood as such. The clear-cut distinctions between the things that are and the things that are not, do not occur to him to be vital to his thinking, nor determinative in his conduct.

1. There is large hope in the development of the new middle class of intelligent men and women young enough in years to have grown up under the new regime. There are more Filipinos now speaking English than ever at any one time spoke Spanish, and this new class is the first body of people throughout the islands having any sort of a common language. With intercommunication between tribes and islands comes understanding and acquaintance and the knowledge that every foreigner is not necessarily an enemy. Some day there will be a public opinion, and then there will be self-government in the Philippines.

2. Within fifty years, two new generations of young men will have been born and grown to manhood under the American Government. Increased intelligence and an extended health department will result in a decrease of the death rate of infants, and a corresponding increase of population. In a hundred years there should be fifteen millions of people in the Philippines. Development of the country and improvement of living conditions will enable the islands to support twenty-five millions of people.

3. The Filipinos are needed for the Philippines as much as the Philippines for the Filipinos. The islands can never prosper without these people to whom by right of birth they belong. If the neglected resources are to be developed, it must be by the labor of these people, under the direction, for the present at least, of American energy and capital. Side by side we are to solve the big problems, and anything that increases the prosperity and well-being of the Filipino also increases the gains of the Americans who have seriously taken hold of the work. Whatever makes the Filipino more efficient and healthy and happy and honest, increases the value of every American dollar interested in the country. There is no antagonism between the Americans now over there and the people of the land, and there will be none, in spite of the ignorant and ill-timed agitation of theoretical propagandists in both countries who rant about the divine right of every infant empire to wreck itself before it has learned the

first principles of self-government.

The Filipinos will have ultimate self-government. They will have it because it is their final right, because they will in time be fit for it, and because we have promised to give it to them as soon as they can take care of it. We don't want a repetition of the recent history made in Cuba, and there is no reason for immature evacuation of the Philippines. They are too far away for us to get back in a hurry, and there is too much at stake. But it will come in due time as part of the great world movement that has come to the Orient as the dawn of a new day. Toward this goal of self-government all the nations of the earth are traveling, and here lie the hopes and dreams of the Filipino and the fears of his friends for his outcome. We will see to it that he does not get it till he knows what to do with it, and is able to defend himself from his greedy and unscrupulous neighbors.

Secretary Root, in his Rio de Janeiro speech, said:

"We deem the independence and equal right of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations as entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. We neither claim nor desire any rights nor privileges nor powers that we do not freely concede to every American Republic," which may be extended to include our brethren across the Pacific.

"Capacity for self-government does not come to man by nature. It is an art to be learned, and it is also an expression of character to be developed among all of the thousands of men who exercise popular sovereignty."

The Filipino will learn by experience; he will become a vital part of the great transformations taking part in the far East; he will profit by his present opportunities; he will clamor for independence till he gets it, and he will then become a member of the family of Oriental nations. The road to this goal may not be an unobstructed highway, and it may yet disclose several awkward turns, but in this direction it leads, and the Filipino himself has boundless faith that the star of his greater destiny is now rising in the world's East.

PASIG RIVER, MANILA.

NITA, CHILD OF THE SUN

BY LEONARD FRANKLIN SAWVEL

This is a quaint piece of fiction with wistaria odor in the air and sunshine and storm and deep purple shadows. The painting shows pictures in scarlet and silver peonies, and a brilliantly colored butterfly. That is the story. A child of the sun, scarlet passion under the silver moon, the ephemera of a short, beautiful day, and then the blasting, over-powering glory of the death void, with faint voices piping up in the beautiful harmony of distant and ever-fading shrillings. So it seems to me.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

CAN STROKE away the evil pain, and make my little Nita herself again. You must be quiet, honorable sister." Iye stuffed a fat, Japanese dragon emblazoned in gold on cloth of silver behind Nita's head. "Shall I place another?" she enquired, and went on piling up fat cushions.

Nita lay there on the divan, just beside the raised tokonoma, for she was a sun child, and such only may take the honored place. Banked high with queer, silky cushions, her glossy hair, black as night, contrasted strangely with the fiery Oriental coloring of the dragons, and with the nightingales on the silken paper, which hung in loose folds from the ceiling, covering the bare walls. At her side stood a daintily inlaid chest from far Nijo, on which were jars of sweet tambo, sending forth the faint, subtle perfumes of old Japan. Over by the window, to shade her black eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun, stood a silken screen—nightingales in gold peeping out from a background of great peonies and chrysanthemums in silver and scarlet. It were all fitter for some ancient temple in old Nippon than for this little flat up on West Fortieth street.

As she lay there, her eyes roaming dreamily about the walls, the color ebbed and flowed up and down the dainty cheeks and whitest neck, as her eye lingered for a moment on some dainty coloring, full of memory, or some portrait, set on lacquery, framed in light-tinted damask. "The honored one," she whispered. "Oh, if he were here." Then she would cry out, "Holy Maya, be kind."

Her sister came slowly across the rug, stepping very lightly, for Nita, the sun-child, was most grievously ill. She stood there beside the divan a moment, looking down in awe at the fair face. Maya had been kind. For Nita was marvelously, wondrously beautiful, as her eyes looked up and far away to the guardian mother of the children of the sun. Even after the lids closed softly, Iye stood by, watching. For the black-fringed lids lifted occasionally, and then she must be near. Nita was a sun child. Once she slipped away to move the screen by the window. For the sun glared into Nita's eyes most unkindly. "Honorable sister, Iye," called Nita, very faintly, for she was weak, so weak. "Iye, will you not come?"

Iye glided softly back. "What is it, pretty one? Does the little head pain so much? Let me drive away the ache. Maya shall aid."

"Not that, most honorable one. Listen, sister, why should I lie here? Am I so grievously ill? Tell me, sister Iye. Oh, I know I am not—not ill—only tired; oh, so tired. Watch." And disdaining the aid of Iye's outstretched hand, she raised herself quickly from the bank of cushions. "See, most honorable sister, see how strong

I am. Oh, sister, I cannot miss the Festival of the Flowers—I must be there to honor Holy Maya, mother of the sun children." A moment, and she sank back among the dragons, hot waves chasing one another across her cheeks and over her brow.

"The sun-child must lie very still—if she would see the Flower Festival," said Iye. "Come," as the ancient cuckoo clock whirred noisily.

"I am not ill—only tired, so tired. Ugh!" she said as she took a sip of water. "Such ill-tasting medicine." She lay back among the cushions, a fair Oriental dream picture, while Iye held the little hand and pressed the fevered brow.

"Iye, Iye, what was that? Listen. Was not that the door gong? Surely it was, most honorable. It might be—oh, it must be the honored one. Go, go quickly, sister, dear, and see. It must be he. Maya is kind. Come back very soon, most honorable."

Iye glanced at her sister, saw the eager look and pleading eyes and went. Nita heard a door, down the stairs, shut, the pattering feet coming up again, while below she could hear noises which told her some one was waiting. Iye came rustling in. "Yes, Nita, it is the very honorable gentleman. But—not to-day—and I shall tell him for you. The sun-maiden must be quiet to-day."

"Oh, no, Iye, I am not ill. See, I am so strong. And just for a moment. Yes," she pleaded, "you must—and then I shall be well. Most honorable Maya says 'yes.' Come, Iye, come, just for a moment—very close. Say nothing to the most honored one of all this, the doctor and the ill-tasting medicine," she whispered. "Give to me the little mirror from Nijo." She patted her black, glossy hair into big folds over her brow against the flushed pink of her cheek. Her eyes became big in anticipation and shone most lustrously, gazing in pleading earnestness toward the door.

"Only a few, very few minutes," said Iye, and slipped toward the door. As she left, Nita, the sun child, was wreathed in happy smiles. She was the Geisha now, dainty, piquant, sweet—ready to entertain. Had she not danced at the palace of the Emperor? Could she not be pleasing in the eyes of the honored one, as well? Grievously ill? No. She was strong. She should be very happy. As the light shoji slid back, she murmured tremulously, her voice fluttering strangely, "Honored one—but—not there—you must come here."

Bob Cummings went heavily across the little room. His broad shoulders and six-feet-one, carried with the poise of a true Occidental, seemed out of place among the dainty lacquery and tapestries of a Lady of Nippon, child of the sun. He was out of place. And yet—he was most welcome. "Well, my little Nita," he said, bending over and taking her hand, "and how to-day? Why in the house to-day? Spring, you know—flowers will soon be here, little Geisha." He did not see the look of pain which crossed her face, or he would not have said, "But you're happy, anyway, little sun maiden—I can see it in your face, written all over it."

"Yes, most honored one," she answered simply, "I am very, very happy now. I thought of you a while ago. Maya was kind. You came." She smiled sadly. "I have been—oh, most tired, but now, oh, I am happy." Her inky eyes, looking up into his, flashed strangely through their mist, and a drowsy pink grew up into her face, spreading back to her little ears and whitest neck. Her voice, weak and far-away, trembled pitifully as she said, "Oh, sometimes, most honorable, I could wish—oh, most adored, I could wish that you—"

"Well, what? Some pearls? To go home again?"

"Oh, no, honored one, not that. Nothing—only these times—I am most happy now—with you—oh, not back to Nippon, not now."

"Indeed not. No, indeed, little butterfly. We wouldn't let you go. We'll never let you go back."

"But why should the great American, the most honored one, care that such an humble dancer as myself should go far away? Why should he care?" And she looked eagerly at him, praying to Holy Maya for the anwer.

"My little Nita, it's yourself. You've worked the magic." Dropping his voice he added: "We'll never let you go," and she being but a wee Geisha maiden, and, withal, most innocent, believed, and her

eyes shone with the Light. "But, Nita, tell me. Do something for me?" She nodded. "You see, mater's giving a dinner to-morrow night, and—and, suppose you could come up for about an hour and —and dance? I hate to ask you—but—Would you come?"

"Oh, why? It would please the dance girl to go into your home," she answered hurriedly. "And will it be lighted like a lantern? And will the honored ladies be there? And thy mother?" She was eager, anxious.

"Gad, that's a load off a fellow's mind," grunted Cummings to himself. Aloud he said: "I'll have to go now, I guess."

"Oh, not just yet," she begged. "Stay a few minutes longer," the smile fading from her face.

He went over to her, put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her twice, while her hands clung about his neck. "Little sun girl," he said, "we'll never let you go away. But——"

Then Iye slipped in, while Nita nestled her head on the fat golden dragon. She brought from its corner the little hibachi, in which the charcoal glowed. Then the kettle of porcelain from Kioto, with two butterflies on its side, and oval cups and tiny saucers, with their golden butterflies. After a single cup, Cummings rose and Iye escorted him to the sliding door, while black eyes and outstretched, pleading arms followed him. "Sayonara," called Nita softly.

* * * *

"To-morrow evening I go to his home," whispered Nita as her sister returned. "His most honored mother will give a dinner. I shall dance."

"But, child——" began Iye.

"Holy Maya shall make me strong by the morrow. My sacred promise is given. Am I not a child of the sun? I shall go."

"Yes, but sister, the promise may be broken. You are most ill. Have not Buddha, and Maya, the Holy Mother of Buddha, said——"

"Yes," interrupted Nita, "but not for this time. Iye, it is for the honored one. I go to dance for the most adored one—I must go. Promises might be broken—but not this one. He is—the most adored. Oh, Iye, most honorable, I—I—oh, I—" She looked far away. Love came and sat in her glistening eyes. Iye, the woman, realized.

"Child! You a simple Geisha maiden. You love the most honored American. You, the sun girl. It is not fitting that the simple sun maiden love the very noble American. And he, most innocent one, he may not love the Geisha—he plays only."

"Oh, no, sister Iye, not that," terror creeping into her voice. "Must the Geisha, the dance girl, not love? I shall go on the morrow. Maya shall help me. And I shall dance most excellently—and it shall be all for him—the most adored, that I may be very pleasing in his eyes. You shall go, too, and shall take the Samisen of the Temple, honored sister, and shall play the 'Chaunt of Nippon.'"

Iye started as she felt Nita's hand laid upon her arm, and drew back as she looked into those pleading, dark eyes. "Yes, most beautiful of all the sun-children, you shall go," she said firmly. "You shall be wondrously beautiful and find favor in his eyes. He shall smile on thee."

Nita, Maya's child, lay back contented. It was well. Iye should play; and she, she should dance most excellently, and wear the murky-red bara tucked fast in her black hair, and be most beautiful. She should find favor in his eyes and he should smile on her.

* * * *

A dainty strumming allegro, sounding far away, as if from beyond the hills, greeted the circle of guests in the old library of the Cummings' mansion the next evening; then it swelled, going forward in a crescendo of minors, till the room was filled with the twanging samisen, and all were silent—for it was most weird, this old "Chaunt of Nippon." Then it surged into the wild, discordant drumming of the Oriental dance—a colossal jangle, grating upon the ear.

As Iye struck a jarring chord, which set every nerve a-tingle, Nita came forward. She was dressed in a long white silken robe, heavily brocaded and with a dainty, white veil falling from her head like a mantle. Wound round and round her body was the obi of cloth of gold, its ends tied in a curious knot, just over her shoulder—for she was a most honorable Gei-

sha. As she swayed to and fro in the stately dance, one could see the little ankle, covered by the white tabi, and the tiny brocaded and jeweled slippers. In her hair, surrounded by jewels set in massy gold, was tucked the murky-red bara. None but she and Iye know that, with her great brocaded sleeves, all this made the bridal dress of a lady of Nippon.

As her light body swayed to and fro in stately rhythm with the drumming chaunt, all were silent, for she was marvelously beautiful as the color played to and fro on her blushing cheek and whitest neck.

Robert Cummings sat watching, half in astonishment, half in awe—watching every movement of the little butterfly girl. And through his brain kept ever racing her words: "Why should he care? A Geisha—why?" He looked up at the face of the dancing girl—straight into her eyes. They seemed to look through and through him, and for him, with their black glitter. He bowed his head. Still he felt that burning look. He raised his eyes again—those other eyes, glistening like black jewels, still burnt straight into his.

Then an answer leaped into his brain, making his head swim and his eyes shine with a new light. Geisha no longer—to him she had become a lady—a Lady of Nippon.

Unheeding and unrealizing, the dainty little butterfly-girl, in her flowing robe and massy gold, danced on, the patter of feet sounding out on silence. Still her pleading eyes, seeking favor, shone out, fixed and set as if on the hill tops far away. Now the color rushed up and down her cheeks in great hot waves, leaving in its wake a pallid white. Another surging wave of hectic red; then wave after wave of red and white, as she danced, still smiling, her eyes staring into blue eyes, strangely glittering, far away.

A great, jarring chord. She swayed suddenly; a cloud of brocaded silken draperies and glittering cloth of fine gold sank to the floor. The melody ceased. The murky red rose lay with broken stem. The honored one saw only the little bundle of silk, huddled together on the Persian rug as the curtain hastily dropped.

He hurried across the room, fear setting on his white face. He pushed aside the curtain, then across the rug, and picked her up in his strong arms. "Nita, Nita," he whispered into the tiny ear. No response. "Nita, I call, I, the honored one." A feeble movement, so slight. He pressed her close, her head resting on his arm, then bent his head and kissed her. Her tiny hands closed feebly about his neck as she whispered faintly, "Most beloved."

Reverently he kissed the lips, once, then lay the limp form upon the couch and staggered out of the room. The great gate had opened. Then, with resounding clang, it had closed again. Holy Maya had taken back her own—a child of the sun. Void remained.

A MADONNA OF THE SECTION HOUSE

BY EDWARDA DELEMAIN WALL

THE CRIMSON poured over the slender figure of the woman until she seemed, for the moment, the very Spirit of the Desolation that lay around her. Unconscious of the transforming touch, yet she leaned forward as though to face it more squarely, as she whispered, reproachfully: "An' you've always been so much to me, here!"

The color deepened in tone, and all around her ebbed and flowed almost palpable mists of ruby and gold. She caught the glow of it on her hands and shrank back, putting them behind her as though the stain made her afraid.

"Why," she muttered, "I've always loved you—an' watched for you, days an' days an' days." Wonder was in her voice, and it filled her face as she looked up into the radiance of the sunset that followed the long, burning day of the Arizona desert.

The dust in the thick, hot, still air burned like infinitessimal points of fire, and the volume of it seemed to surge and beat through the wide stretches, as the crimson and orange flamed higher in the heavens and swept farther around the horizon. The woman watched the growing splendor as though she found its glory unbelievable. "How can you?" she whispered. "How can you be so grand—*to-night!*"

She caught up her apron and covered her face, to shut out the mocking brightness; then she pressed it to her ears, as though the awful silence of the desert appalled her. After a little she tore the apron away, and turned and looked anxiously along the gleaming threads into which the sunset had transformed the railroad track. Then she looked back, past the dreary old section house, and on beyond the long string of waiting water tanks. Slowly her eyes swept the desert; almost inch by inch, over and over again, she searched the waves of sand, with their whitecaps of snowy alkali, and the clumps of cacti, and the scattered patches of greasewood. She listened with an intentness that must have brought her the footfall of a coyote or the whirr of the tarantula-wasp. Then she turned and faced the sunset again her face showing white and drawn, for all the rose-glow all around her; in all that wide sweep she had found nothing moving, nothing human. She was alone, in all that vastness.

"Oh, I s'pose God did make you!" she muttered bitterly, looking up into the flaming heavens. "An' He made us, too. Us—an' the desert."

The sun dropped below the horizon. Then gently, imperceptibly, the brilliant after-glow vanished, and the dense, short blackness of the desert night covered the land. "Oh, yes, He made us!" She shivered, as the stealthy shadows thickened around her; "an' then He forgot us—altogether!"

Creeping back through the night to the door of the section house, the woman stopped and bent her head in a moment's prayer, then sprang through the open door. As she crossed to a second room, her foot struck a box on the floor. She stopped quite still in the darkness, startled. She remembered, then, that her husband had left the box there, open—and she vaguely wondered why. It was filled with torpedoes for signaling trains—and they were never needed here. Flagging was sufficient for the freights; as for the "Limited," could anything ever happen, she wondered, impersonally, for which they would dare stop the "Limited" in its swift flight through the desert? She had almost forgotten that these things existed, but the orders for using them came back with surprising distinctness. "Put

down two," her husband had said, "an' then go a rail's length——" She shook it off impatiently. What was that to her now. *Now?* And with a low cry she threw herself on her knees by a bed.

Milly Smith was alone with her sick child. Her husband had been away three days with the work train, but a brakeman on an afternoon freight had told her he expected to be back by to-morrow, at the latest. The form of the message somehow gave her the hope that he would come sooner, and it was such a long time until to-morrow! Would it ever come, she wondered. And what would it bring? Or rather—— She would not let the threatening finish beat its way past the barrier of her hope, but as she fought the long night hours through, an iron hand seemed to clutch her heart, and an insistent voice from somewhere demanded, "To-morrow! To-morrow! What'll it—*take!*"

Milly had exhausted her little stock of medicines, but as the night crept on she searched them through again and again. There must be something! Something she had overlooked. There came over her a fierce desire to tear out her memory and hold it in her hands; she wanted it under her fingers, and her eyes, for thinking had failed her so terribly, in her time of great need. Her utter helplessness appalled her, paralyzed her. Her cry for a doctor, for some one to help, was so strong that Milly felt that it must go out across that maddening desert and on to the regions of civilization, and out of its great abundance help would come to her.

Once, through the night, when she went to the olla for water, she knelt for a moment under the veiled stars and tried to find words for a prayer—but they would not come. The distant points of light overhead seemed to laugh at her, as though they were so near to God—and knew of her far-offness. They seemed to tell her, too, that it was useless to pray; they made even her thoughts come stumblingly. She stretched out her arms, then, to the desert itself, sobbing: "What is it? Oh, what is it that's ailin' my baby?" Lifting her face to the purple night sky, she whispered, pleadingly: "God! God! You ain't aimin' to take my baby? My baby! My Sunbeam! My one blossom o' the desert?"

Toward morning, a long, appealing cry rang through the silence, and the child stirred restlessly. It came again, appalling in its fierce insistence; the insistence of hunger demanding of the starving desert the food the hills could not provide after the long heat and drought of the summer. Milly shivered, as the mountain lion's half-human cry came again. She knew he would not venture near the section house, but he was no friendly sharer of the loneliness, and she crouched in closer guard above her child.

The dawn sent its silvery veil over the earth. The sun came glaringly up from the East, in stern forgetfulness of his radiant departure. Milly could not see the changes the daylight showed in the little face, though she knelt at the bedside, watching. She was trying to think what it would mean—when the baby voice was still, to never see the bright head, with its tangle of curls; never hear the baby laughter—kiss the dimpled arms—she shook her head in slow, stunned wonder, then dropped on the pillow with a rush of tearless sobs.

The pulsing waves of heat began to rise far out on the desert, weaving opalescent skeins of color under the burning sunlight; then in scorching battalions they rushed around the section house. The long trains flashed by as though racing from those demons of fire, holding high carnival there in the desert. Milly had not noticed the outer things of the day, but as the morning writhed its burning way into afternoon, she crept to the door again and looked out at the hot, quivering mist, with its dancing mirage and scorching sky. "God! God!" she pleaded again, across the desolation, "what did you make us for, us—an' the desert!—if you just meant to forget us?"

(To be Concluded in the November Overland Monthly.)

SHERMAN STREET, COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO. LOOKING WEST FROM 4TH AVE.

COEUR D'ALENE CITY, IDAHO

"IN ALL THE WEST, NO SPOT LIKE THIS"!

BY GEORGE M. TEALE

AND THAT is literally true. In all the United States there is no city more beautifully situated than Coeur d'Alene. The name was given to the Indians by the Hudson Bay traders and is translated "The Heart of an AWL." It was a French idiomatic expression, meaning that they were "sharp," "shrewd" traders—like we would say of a person, he is "as sharp as a tack." The city is located at the north end of the lake of the same name, nearly the center of Kootenai County in the panhandle of Idaho, in a broad, level valley, which extends for miles to the north, and is one of the richest farming districts in the Northwest. In fact, it is so good that it is being cut up into 5 and 10 acre tracts, and put under irrigation, and the results are simply marvelous.

Coeur d'Alene has ten thousand people, and one of the most promising futures of any city in the West. Its scenic beauty is unsurpassed, its inhabitants progressive, its territory large and rich in undeveloped resources, its climate excellent, its transportation facilities very good and improving.

There are six grade schools, and one central high school, employing sixty teachers, and with an average attendance of 2,000 pupils. An excellent gravity water system supplies an abundance of water, pronounced by U. S. chemical examination to be equal to any in the United States. The reservoir is situated on top of a hill near the city, and the force is sufficient to dispense with fire engines. The city is protected by an excellent fire brigade, having four hose reels and one hook and ladder truck. Upon the completion of the new $60,000 city hall, now being erected, they will have modern and up-to-date quarters and new apparatus.

The Kootenai Power Company supplies the city with electric lights, and has an abundance of power for factory purposes.

The streets are broad, level and remarkably well kept. The sidewalks are wide, and concrete is being substituted for other material as fast as possible. Sherman avenue, the main business street, is especially wide and free from telephone poles. At night it is lighted not only by the municipal lights, which cover the entire city, but by numerous electric signs, which gives it quite a metropolitan appearance.

The Spokane River, which leaves the lake at the west city limits, gives excellent drainage to the new sewage system lately com-

pleted, and which is pronounced of sufficient capacity for a city of 30,000 people, and the city being from 20 to 100 feet above the water level, insures perfect sanitary conditions.

They have good telephonic connections with all points, and as large a number of private phones as any city of its size in the country.

Blackwells and City Parks are on the lake front near the electric dock and railway, and are noted for their beauty. Many of the original giant trees of the forest that formerly covered the site of the city are left standing, and having such a plentiful supply of water, the green sward and flower beds are always marvels of beauty. Gravel walks cross and re-cross, and benches invite the weary to rest in the shade. A large pavilion is used very much for small private theatricals, social gatherings, etc., and during the summer season there is dancing twice a week, which is always well patronized. Other Parks are being prepared which will make this a veritable park city.

Ten different religious denominations are represented here. The Methodists are now building a beautiful new edifice, and the Catholics expect to erect one in the near future at a cost of $45,000. They now have a convent of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and a day school for boys and girls. Services are still held at the old mission, which was opened on Christmas day, 1851.

Coeur d'Alene College was founded about one and one-half years ago, and began with courses in music and business. Since then it has enjoyed a steady growth, and at the present time comprises no less than seven departments. The attendance at the outset was comparatively small, but has increased fast, till reaching a total of 112 during the last semester.

Coeur d'Alene City alone furnished the first pupils, but later on they came from homes in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Montana and even Kansas. In the beginning, the school occupied a hall in the city, but to-day they own three modern, steam-heated, electric-lighted buildings and a campus of ten acres.

It is located about a mile from the city, the surroundings beautiful with nature's gifts. A gently sloping hillside covered with venerable pines, and the river flowing at the foot, with the blue hills in the distance, and glimpses of the lake through the trees.

SHERMAN ST., COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO. LOOKING EAST FROM 2D AVE.

The college is owned and controlled by the Columbia Conference of the Augustana Synod, and its doors are open to all regardless of sex, nationality or denominational preferences, the main requirement being character.

Its future is assured, as it has the hearty support of the community, and an excellent faculty, headed by Dr. Jesperson and every facility for education on a high plane. To Coeur d'Alene it gives the advantage of good educational facilities at home, and adds

greatly to the attractiveness of the city as a place of residence.

Fourteen fraternal bodies have lodges here. Most of them had their rooms in the old opera house block which burned last July. The Odd Fellows and the Masons expect to build temples for themselves this winter, and there is strong probability of a stock company of local capital erecting a modern, thoroughly equipped theatre in the spring, which, in addition to the two theatres already here, will give them plenty of places of amusement.

In addition to the Commercial Club, which has a membership of upwards of 350 members, representing the business and professional interests of the city, and possessing excellently equipped club rooms located in the business center, where civic matters are discussed and visitors made welcome. There is the Coeur d'Alene Boat Club, with a membership of nearly one hundred, including many of the society people of Spokane. They now have over forty power launches, beside other boats of various kinds and floating boat houses, docks and every facility for the convenience of the members and their friends. The club has lately acquired extensive grounds, including the water front of a beautiful little cove about five miles up the lake which they intend improving with club buildings, pagodas, etc., next spring, when they will have the most complete and comfortable club of its kind in the Northwest.

Company C of the National Guard of Idaho is making a good name for itself by excellent drill work and high percentage of attendance, owing greatly to the competent officers.

There are few Western cities of its size with so many large, modern brick and fireproof business blocks as Coeur d'Alene, and the fire limits are adhered to strictly, so that whenever a frame building is damaged or destroyed by fire or otherwise, the owner takes pride in replacing it with a modern fire-proof structure, civic pride being a predominant characteristic of the men of means.

There are many beautiful residences, and a very noticeable feature is the fact that they, as a rule, occupy large grounds, well taken care of with numerous trees, shrubs and flower beds. It will take very little effort to keep this a "City Beautiful," for the citizens have already made it so, and even now the homes would be a source of pride to a community of thrice the size. Prosperity is indicated by the number of automobiles owned here. Many of the best makes are represented.

ELECTRIC DOCK AT COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

Lumbering is the chief industry, though others are fast coming to the front. There are now seven mills at or near and tributary to Coeur d'Alene, with a daily capacity of 750,000 feet, and pay rolls averaging $50,000 per month. As there are some 50 billion

feet of uncut timber tributary to these mills, it is not hard to foresee many years of work and millions of money coming to this city. It is stated on good authority that there will be a large new mill put in next year on the lake, and there will also be completed a large sash and door factory, and with the unlimited power to be had and excellent shipping facilities, there is a good opening for manufacturers of wood products, such as boxes, cheap furniture, screen doors and windows, wood pulp, etc. In fact, there are two boat building companies here now which build all the boats used for lake traffic.

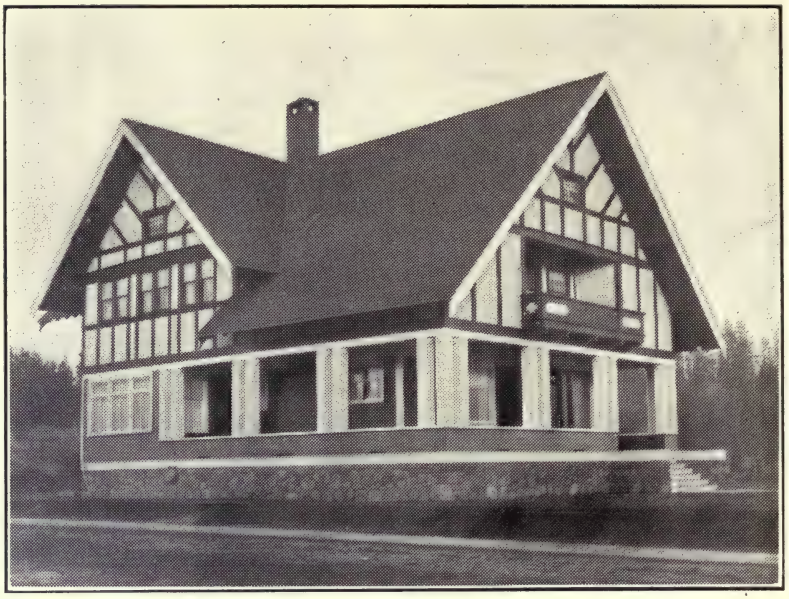
Financially, the city is well represented by four banks of ample resources and ably managed. The Exchange National Bank, the First National Bank, the Coeur d'Alene Bank and Trust Company, and the American Trust Company. Their combined capital is a quarter million dollars, with deposits in excess of one million, and loans of $750,000. They are very liberal in their treatment of local business interests, and have done all that could be expected to boost the city, and are always in the forefront in any movement looking to the betterment of the community.

All the regular lines of retail business are well represented by houses of good standing. The stores are very noticeable for their clean, up-to-date appearance, and the clean, fresh stocks carried, which accounts for the way the local merchants have built and held trade against keen competition from other cities.

Just to give an idea of how it affects visitors looking for a location, we may take a few instances. Mr. Singer was for years connected with a large department store in Chicago. He decided to open up for himself, so he took time to travel all over the West, visiting many localities, examining into the social and business conditions, climate, health and future possibilities, and at last located here in Coeur d'Alene as the most ideal little city from every point of view of the business man, and the head of a family. He opened The Little Silk Store, and modeled it after Stevens Brothers, of Chicago, and is doing well. Another case is Mr. Randall, who is part owner and manager of the Table Supply Co., who came from New York under practically the same conditions as did Mr. Bonner of the Coeur d'Alene Furniture Company, which carries a stock, occupying three floors, that will compare favorably with any stock in a large-sized Eastern city. The largest business here is the Idaho Mer. Co., which has been built up from practically nothing in a few years by V. W. Sander and his son, W. E. Sander, who is vice-president of the company. It is the largest depart-

SUMMER CAMP ON ST. JOE RIVER.

ment store in Northern Idaho. We might mention many other of men who have by sterling energy and worth made good, and if the above-mentioned gentlemen, after traveling the whole country over, have found this a good business and residence town, it certainly must be a good location for a young man of the East, who is on the look-out for opportunity, for by coming here and devoting the energy and time to his business that he is used to in his present position, he can retire in a few years with a competence. The openings are here. It is the Land of Opportunities.



RESIDENCE ERECTED IN COEUR D'ALENE BY E. M. KREIG.

To the north of the city and extending for miles is a broad, level valley, very fertile, where excellent crops can be raised. Large tracts of it have been put under irrigation in the last two or three years, and cut up into five and ten acre pieces, which are being sold on very reasonable terms. One place in particular, at Dalton, which is on the Hayden Lake Electric line, just two miles from the city limits, is worthy of special mention. They have more water than enough for their sections, and the earth is so rich, and holds moisture so well, that it requires only two or three irrigations in a season, and the crops secured are almost beyond belief. Winter apples do especially well, though small fruits and berries are unexcelled, and for vegetables—well, they have to be seen to realize the high standard and large crops secured. If there is a richer, more ideal, farming land in the country, I have not seen it.

In the valleys, up the lake and the rivers St. Joe and Coeur d'Alene and other smaller streams, are rich fruit lands, also mint and celery land that rivals the famed Michigan farms, and pay for the land they are grown on in two and three years. The uplands have proven the finest hay lands in the country. Timothy yields immense crops of the best grade, and sells at high prices. One farmer sold his entire crop last fall at $25 per ton at his farm.

Poultry raising is becoming a good business, as the fowls are healthy, and the prices always good. Poultry farms are becoming not uncommon, and a great deal is done in that line as a side line with other farm products. Dairy farming is also becoming very important as an industry. The hills are most excellent for grazing, and there is a market in the Inland Empire which it seems impossible to supply, as now they bring butter and eggs from the East.

There is a Government Experimental Station promised to be located here in the near future. It will probably be placed near Dalton Gardens, near the north city limits.

The Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation, which is located south of the city on the lake, will be thrown open for settlers during the coming year. It comprises about 310,000 acres of the finest timber, hay, fruit and dairy lands in the Northwest, and is directly tributary to the city by rail and boat. This will mean that there will be at least 50,000 people come to register, as the United States Land Office is located here, and as all will not be successful in the drawing, there will be many who, recognizing the beauties and opportunities of the district, will locate here. Some of the claims on the reservation are valued as high as $15,000 the way they stand, and there is no bad land on the reservation.

Not far from the city has lately been discovered a bed of the highest grade porcelain clay, such as has been used to make insulators for electric work and dishes. Also one of vitrous shale for the manufacture of paving brick. As these are the only ones of their nature in this part of the country, there will spring up a couple of industries next year which will be far-reaching and mean much good and prosperity to the city.

Coeur d'Alene is the center of one of the best equipped electric interurban railway systems in the country. First was built the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane, covering the 34 miles to Spokane, and bringing a rich agricultural district in close touch. Next was built the Coeur d'Alene and Hayden Lake line to Hayden Lake, a beautiful little summer resort a few miles up the valley, where there are many campers during the summer season. The road bed and equipment is of the best, and equal to any in the United States with almost hourly service.

The Coeur d'Alene and Wallace will be the next built. It will cover the 46 miles to Wallace, bringing the mining district in close connection and opening up new timber and agricultural and dairy lands. Work will begin in the spring, as the right of way has been secured and the financial arrangements completed. These, together with the Northern Pacific, the Idaho and W. N. and the steamers on the lake, give excellent traffic facilities. The direct line to the mines will not only bring metals through here, but make an excellent market for Coeur d'Alene gardeners. One of the most enjoyable excursions one can ever have is a trip up the beautiful shadowy St. Joe river, sixty miles and return. During the summer months, the Red Collar steamer "Idaho" makes Sunday excursion trips, and often they have to take the "Georgie Oakes," both large and beautiful steamers. The St. Joe river enjoys not only the distinction of being the highest altitude of any navigable river, but also one of the most beautiful. The river is very placid, and reflects the mountains and trees, house boats and cottages in one continuous panorama. It is well worth one's time and the slight expense to take this trip, which is getting to be known all over the world as one of the most beautiful scenic trips to be had in all the world.

As a summer resort it is especially true that "In all the West" there is "no spot like this." The altitude is 2250 feet, the days are warm and pleasant, the nights cool enough to require coverlets, though the evenings are not too cool to take boat rides, sit on verandas or in the parks with great comfort. The winters are open; once only in late years has there been any severe weather. The summer season, as a rule, lasts from three to five months.

Many people are buying lake shore property for their summer homes, and this is especially true of Spokane people, though the best families of the Northwest are being well represented, and while there are many beautiful beaches they are being fast picked up, and in a short time the lake will be surrounded by a city of cottages.

The water is delightful for bathing. Bathers often remain in for an hour or two, and it is always pleasant and comfortable, as the hills surrounding the lake are rounded and well-wooded, so that the winds have perfect freedom and are not confined. Consequently this locality is noted for its lack of storms, making it perfectly safe for women and children and amateur oarsmen, and accounts for the number of its houseboats. There are literally dozens and dozens of them anchored near the city and along the lake shores in sheltered coves, some of them being furnished in the most artistic and beautiful manner, and containing from two to six rooms, with many conveniences.

The absence of mosquitoes and other insects tends to enjoyment of the evenings and the popularity of the lake.

There are many places of interest and beauty to visit by boat, of which there are many at reasonable hire.

Among the many beautiful beaches on the lake, there is none more so than "Twin Beaches," in a sheltered cove about four miles down the lake. It is particularly well situated in one of the most altogether delightful places on the lake, and some of the most pretentious cottages of the wealthiest society people of Spokane are here. They are furnished most artistically, and have every convenience, including ice and water system which, with the open air and beautiful surroundings, makes it ideal.

While Coeur d'Alene City is known for its beauty and many other excellent qualities, one must not forget the Coeur d'Alene mining district. Embracing a radius of fifty miles is one of the richest and most wonderful mineral producing belts in the world. Especially is this true regarding the production of silver lead, as it is over 35 per cent of the world's supply, and among the

HOTEL IDAHO, COEUR D'ALENE.

many rich producers of that mineral is the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, which has paid over ten millions in dividends, and is the richest mine of that kind in the world. The district is growing in output steadily, and new mines are being opened up all the time. Some very rich strikes and prospects in gold, silver, lead and copper are not far from this city.

The Daily Journal is the leading morning paper, and The Daily Press the leading evening paper of the Northern Idaho Panhandle. They give the news of the surrounding territory and United Press telegraphic service, and enjoy the support of the citizens.

The principal hotel is the Idaho (European) situated not far from the electric dock and railway station, with only a park about 100 yards wide between it and the lake, allowing an unobstructed view for miles of water, woods and mountains.

The building is a large, comfortable brick and stucco, on the Spanish Mission style, three stories in height, finished and opened July 3, 1908, at a cost in excess of $100,000 by a company of local capitalists. All rooms have outside windows, allowing plenty of light and air. They are large and comfortable, single and en suite, with private baths, hot and cold water, electric light, steam heat, and long distance telephone in each room. The furnishings are elegant and tasteful, being of the best obtainable.

The entrance is via a very large arched porch, and over that on the second floor, and opening from the parlors, of which there are three, is a roof garden veranda, with large easy chairs, porch chairs, and rockers, where one may sit at their ease and view the beauties of the landscape, with its ever-changing panorama of sunshine and shadow, steamers and small craft, and the reflections of the mountains in the placid waters or ripple caused by the breezes. The office is very large, finished in the Mission style, with an immense fire-place in one end, where a huge fire of logs is kept burning on cool evenings and mornings, making it very home-like and comfortable.

The genial manager, Mr. H. S. Moore, is a prince of "Bonifaces," a New Englander by birth, and shows it in his hospitable manner and the excellence of the house, for he has brought the Idaho up to a standard which places it in the front rank of hostelries of the Northwest, if not of the United States.

The cafe, run under Mr. Moore's management, in the hotel building, sets one of the best tables in the country, and has gained an enviable reputation. Monsieur, the chef, has few equals and no superiors. In fact, such is its fame that many come from Spokane to spend their Sundays here for the sake of the excellent entertainment they receive and the moderate prices charged, which is true of the hotel as a whole. As a matter

ON THE ST. JOE SWIFTWATER.

of fact, one may come from the large cities of the world like New York and Boston, and receive the same comforts and even luxuries they are used to at home. It is an ideal place to make one's headquarters while making the many little excursions and side trips into the surrounding territory, of which there are so many beautiful ones. In case of having business in Spokane, it is quite convenient to stop at the Idaho and take one of the electric trains to and from the city, which can be done easily, as there is almost an hourly service. It is, in truth, an ideal hotel at which to spend a day or a year.

Coeur d'Alene, like all cities of any note, owes its growth and prosperity, not only to natural conditions, but in a large degree to the enterprise, foresight and faith in its future of a few men. In this case, as often, it is hard to choose, but we can take two or three instances, and show how a man with necessary qualities can succeed. The ones noted are all of men who started with practically no cash capital, and within the last few years. First, we must take note of F. A. Blackwell. In 1901 he established the William Howard Land and Lumber Co., of which he was vice-president and manager. They acquired large timber holdings, which they later sold to the Milwaukee Lumber Co., which is one of the largest concerns in this territory, and is closely connected with the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., now building their main line to the coast. Then in 1903 he, with others, built the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Electric Ry. of which he was president, and this date marks the awakening of Coeur d'Alene to its possibilities as a city. The following year, the Coeur d'Alene and Hayden Lake road was built, under his management, and in 1907 he began the construction of the Idaho and Washington Northern, which, when finished, will give direct connections with the C. M. & St. Paul on the south, and the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific and other transcontinental roads on the north, thus giving them transportation by rail equal to all demands. Mr. Blackwell has always had the interests of Coeur d'Alene at heart. He presented the city with its most beautiful park, which is beyond power to do justice to. He has a beautiful, palatial residence set in large, well-kept grounds, and has made for himself

SUMMER HOME ON LAKE COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

HOUSE BOATS ON COEUR D'ALENE LAKE.

a name to be envied as a home town builder and public-spirited, open-hearted citizen.

Next in order we may place Wm. Dollar, who is probably the most influential man in Northern Idaho, though one would never find it out from him unless you are making a study of it. He is quiet and unassuming, but always busy. He is one who "does things." He came here some ten years ago, and with little capital, but plenty of nerve and foresight, organized and incorporated the Coeur d'Alene Lumber Company. By careful attention and hard work, he built it up to its present position, and then sold the control and went into banking. He had organized the Exchange Bank in 1901, the first one here, and in 1904 it was nationalized, with a capital of $100,000, and appointed U. S. Depository. Since then he has put his entire time and ability into the bank, and the result is that it is one of the largest, strongest and most popular banks in the Panhandle, and one of the leading financial institutions of the State, and has all the large local mercantile and other concerns represented on its books.

Mr. Dollar was with Mr. Blackwell, one of the original incorporators of the Coeur

SUMMER COTTAGE OF H. S. MOORE ON LAKE COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

SUMMER HOUSES ON LAKE COEUR D'ALENE.

d'Alene & S. Ry., and still holds the position of treasurer and director.

He is of Scotch parentage, and shows it in his shrewd and careful business methods. He was too busy during his early life to think of such things, but a few years ago took unto himself a wife, and built for her one of the most beautiful homes in the city. He also has a bright little laddie, William, Jr., who bids fair to succeed in the largest sense, possessing as he does the great advantage of wealth and example. Mr. Dollar is, as may be guessed, always foremost in public affairs and civic improvement.

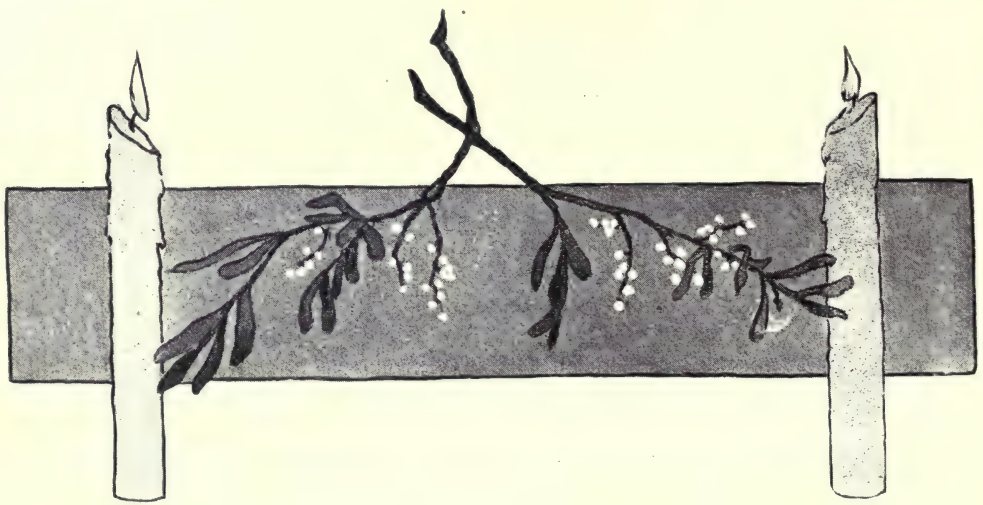
One very important enterprise which is developing here, and which will be far-reaching, is the establishing of a Chatauqua, which will be completed and opened next summer. To Mr. T. T. Kerl is due the credit for the conception of this as well as for the energetic and comprehensive manner in which it is being developed. Mr. Kerl is a man of education and experience, as well as a man of wealth, having not only the qualities, but also the means of making it a success. He has been quite a traveler, and it was thus he happened to stop here, and like many others from the East, was so charmed that he decided to make it his home. He was also impressed with the natural advantages for making this an attractive city, and has rather made it a hobby of his to beautify and make it a "good place to live." He was instrumental in opening Sherman Park, in addition to the city where his home is located, and which is in truth a park.

STEAMER IDAHO, BOUND FOR SHADOWY ST. JOE RIVER.

When he decided to establish the Chatauqua he also determined that it should be what is known as Driftwood Point, an ideal location. The mountains surrounding the lake range up to hundreds of feet in height, and at Driftwood there is a 400-foot bluff covered with trees which forms a beautiful background for the point, which is a broad, level cape of some one hundred acres in extent, jutting out into the lake,

with an elevation of about 50 feet at the point, the balance having a gentle slope to the beach. Clear, cold springs in the hills supply an abundance of water. There are several excellent bathing beaches, and the native forest gives shade and lends beauty to the scene. Driftwood Point affords a view for miles up and down the lake and across Mica Bay, and the many mountains, with their ever-varying lights and shadows and colors innumerable. The sunsets are beautiful. The shores are lined with summer cottages and houseboats, making a veritable city with one main avenue—the lake. The boat service is superior to many of the best Eastern resorts, for in addition to the large boats, which make almost hourly trips, there are many small steamers and launches which make regular trips to all landings, and stop at any point on signal, making direct connections with all electric cars. Driftwood is only five miles from Coeur d'Alene, where anything may be found that is part of a wide-awake, modern city. There is now a large force of men at work, and they have accomplished wonders, though the largeness of the plans is such that it will require much time and money to complete the work. There will be fine walks, acres of trees, grass, flowers, vines, bathing beaches, sun parlors, pavilions, refreshment equipments, boat houses, play grounds, parks, a large dining hall and large spaces for summer campers, in tents and cottages with every convenience and sanitary arrangement, and last, but not least, a large auditorium and music hall. Arrangements will be made for rates on all roads and boats, and negotiations are now on foot to secure some of the best attractions for next summer season, covering the field of music, amusement and instruction. The Yukon-Alaskan exposition in Seattle next year will bring thousands to the Northwest, and all should avail themselves of the opportunity and obtain stop-overs, and see this beautiful place, for no one should ever turn back from the West without first having seen and visited the interesting points of Coeur d'Alene and Driftwood Point, for it is literally true: "In all the West, no spot like this."

COEUR D'ALENE ELECTRIC DOCK, WHERE RED COLLAR STEAMERS CONNECT WITH ELECTRIC TRAINS FROM SPOKANE.



RUINS OF THE HOMES OF SOME OF THE PREHISTORIC DWELLERS OF THE SOUTHW EST. A PALACE OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS AT MESA, COLORADO. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR OVERLAND MO NTHLY BY SUMNER W. MATTESON.

(See Page 468).

WILLIAM H. TAFT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FOR THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, AND IS PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. ELMER CHICKERING, 21 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

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AN EXCLUSIVE NEIGHBORHOOD IN CARVILLE.

IN A CARVILLE COURTYARD.

A CITY OF CARS

BY GIBBS ADAMS

San Francisco, a city of distinctive features, boasts none more unique than her quaint suburb of Carville by the Sea.

BELOW GOLDEN Gate Park it lies, where the vast play grounds run down to the beach. Beyond that stretch of verdure, with its huge Dutch windmills beside the surf, rise the palisades of Sutro Heights, mounted by the sinuous Cliff House Road and crowned by a garden of green. Jagged seal rocks stand boldly in the foreground, and far beyond sleep the blue points of Reyes and Bonita. Below the village, the long white curve of the breakers, fading away to the south in the low point of San Pedro, divides a sea of water from a sea of sand.

Carville grew from an old man's love for the sea. When electricity pulled the antiquated cable cars from the city's hills and threw them on the scrap heap, the old sea dog hauled one of the coaches out to the untenanted beach, anchored it on a sand hill overlooking his broad Pacific, and called it home. He was not long alone, for others saw and followed with other cars, till the village of Carville grew up on the white dunes, looking as though a gigantic box of toys had been spilled and scattered there.

Now it is a town of some two thousand people, with its own stores, restaurants, churches, hotel, its artistic settlement, its colony of prominent musicians from the city, and, best of all, its quaint homes, real yet of almost nominal cost. This is the

WITH SUCH A GARDEN AT THE FRONT DOOR ALL THE YEAR AROUND, WHO WOULD NOT LIVE IN AN OLD STREET CAR?

paradise of the clerk and small business man, who can daily enjoy a morning plunge in the invigorating breakers, yet whirl to work in town by electric car in an hour or less.

The shifting of the wind-blown sands has been arrested by systematic planting of a strange, long-rooted grass of Tasmania, a tough and wirv perennial flourishing alike in wind or flood or drought. The fragrant golden lupine, too, has been called in to aid with its tangle of roots.

The variety of architecture that ingenuity can evolve from one or two or three old cars seems to be without limit. The more picturesque, of course, will always be the

Carville Episcopal Church, "St. Andrews-by-the-Sea." Equipped with its own windmill and given home-like effect by flower-beds, curtains and other attractive features.

In Carville—Showing Tasmanian grass used to arrest the shifting of the sands.

CARVILLE POSSESSES A VERY POPULAR RESTAURANT, AND SOME OF THE NOTABLE BOHEMIANS OF THE CITY MAKE IT A PRACTICE TO DINE HERE.

A CARVILLE STREET—IN A CITY OF OLD STREET CARS, SAN FRANCISCO POSSESSES ONE OF THE QUAINTEST FEATURES OF A COSMOPOLITAN METROPOLIS.

little old one-car cabins fronted with decks and trimmed with shells or rope or whalebone or flotsam. Then there are two-story houses with one car perched upon another, and reached by an external stairway; and others are made of three placed around an open courtyard like a square C of blocks. In one of the more elaborate homes a car does duty for an entrance hall and conservatory combined, and very effective it is.

Especially since the disaster of 1906, when numerous holiday outing cabins became permanent homes, many of the houses have been altered and enlarged almost beyond recognition. Some have been "improved" till the only evidence that remains of the original coach is a long row of trim little windows somewhere in the structure, chintz curtained, probably fitted with a gay box of flowering plants that flourish winter and summer.

There are trig little gardens around cars in the troughs of the dunes, and nowhere else have I seen nasturtiums and pelargoniums flourish as here. Little fruitful kitchen gardens are to be seen here and there, also. But a citizen of Carville must make his choice between a dunetop view of the ocean or a garden in a hollow.

The cabin interiors display wonders of ingenuity and economy of space. The old lateral car seats play chair and couch and stand, and every inch of space beneath is converted into chests and lockers; hammocks are beds by night and retire below by day, while the linen is laid on the sand to sun; tables and chairs fold and stand away on inclosed back platforms; hooks and shelves and brackets fill every nook and corner.

Yet there seems to be always room for decoration with flags, pictures and the like. Bird cages swing by the doors and flag-poles stand in front. Several cars are rigged with nautical junk to represent old time ship cabins; while one carries out the fancy of a burlesque horsecar of days gone by, with cord and bell, droll fake advertising posters, and ludicrous admonitions as to the proper conduct of passengers.

Progressive citizens have tried of late to ruin Carville, supplanting its picturesque pumps and wind mills with water mains from the city, its old-time lanterns with modern electric lights, its little plank walks with new cement. But they have not got far. Despite the most advanced of them, sun and fog continue still to season old car paint to more artistic coloring, and the good old sea remains as blue as when they came, the dunes as white, the sweet, refreshing breeze as full of ozone.

THE APPROACH TO THE QUEEN ESTHER MINE, MOJAVE.

JOSHUA TREE—A DESERT PALM-CACTUS.

MOJAVE MINES

BY MARGARET TROILI

To Mojave to visit the mines was our intention. We left our world where the mountains raise us with them to the sky. The train finds its way down the pass through tunnel, around hill-buttress, along the slopes—and the mountains turn augustly and gaze from the distances. The oaks, pines and sycamores stand in their places, and we beheld other companies of trees. Tehachapi lay in its high plateau with the kingly heads of mountains appearing at its edges; home places lying on the rich slopes, and held together in the embrace of the ridges. The town lies near the edge of the high, round level, plumed with coffonwoods and tinged in uncertain reds and dingy tans, and weathered browns.

THE MOUNTAINS hold the valley breast-high, into the very River of Winds, which here flows strongly north until it empties itself in the desert, and then flows strongly south, back again. It eddies, and whirls, and sweeps on in the empty valley, the town like a rock or a seaweed, in its course. We found a way out of the high places down a sterile passage, with grim, sage-prickled hill-walls, and a black roof of cloud. Men at a station hailed us, but we lumbered on (we were a freight), with green and red lights glowing softly into dusk and rain-mist. Desert palms poised an instant in the passing, and were past, gaunt shapes surprised in some Lot's wife posture. The rain thrummed on the caboose roof. This was the gift promised for weeks, but withheld, as gifts are, from those who seek too eagerly. But now, following stems and stalks down to water, hard put to it to provide in the long, dry months. Sage and desert palm seemed indifferent enough in the wet, sweet dusk. But in an hour they blossom into perfume—a sweet, pungent, spicy, almost acrid synthesis of odors.

At Mojave the perfume is all abroad, the air cooling, soothing and rain mirrors on the ground. The desert is still, the stars have crept down to the horizon in their misty veils. The lights from the mines palpitate on a mountain five miles away. Only this transparency of pulsing lights above the town show with any distinctness. Steam and smoke by day,

lights by night—these are the tokens of the human activity that has seized the mountain. Barren of vegetation, it rises with the definite purpose of being a mountain, from the level of the desert that now, in the shining forenoon, lies banded with sunshine and cloud-shadows, level and still as a calm sea, that seeks every bay and cove among the promontories of the hills for its own nestling, and filling and occupying. Island mountains rise from the desert near, a blue range fortifies the northern horizon, bathed in the ocean of clear, clean air. It needs a trick of high-building clouds, or of horizontal rays, to make the desert beautiful. Of itself, it is gaunt and gray, and noon sunshine is dreary on it.

The clouds, the desert, the blue northern range, the far sealed, kingly mountains, were below and about us, but here on the steep slope the big mills shook as they devoured the gold ore. Cottages of lumber and stone trailed down the slope; some sat squarely on the level, but the mills lorded it over all. Inside the mill, the shaking seizes one, and a cloak of dust whirls about and refuses to settle. In the engine room, vast power is created, vast work is done. It makes me wonder at man—the big wheels whirling, nice parts doing their work with precise regularity, tremendous beltings rushing up through the timbers and making a great roar and tumult up there, rushing down again like a demon, seizing the great wheels for a frolic, and oozing away upward like a never-ending brown genius from a little bottle. But while we watch, it comes again and again, and the other parts click or nod, run out and back, beat a piston, swing or whirl, like a sleight-of-hand performer. The order of it is absolutely fatal, being so thought out and built into, the machine can act no other way. The absolute obedience of nature's forces is almost threatening. To be a machine is to be utterly rational, following without deviation of impulse or inclination the straight order of reason.

"If you thought me out this way," says the machine, "beware; I can act no other way. I can never change, for I am become a principle." As true as the course of water, the way of the winds, the motion of the worlds, is the principle of the machine. And there man creates, for he clothes a principle. Gods and men work with the same material, but the way of the working lies coiled in the minds of each. Man's imperfection protects him. It is not a flaw, but a limit. There, in the presence of the machine, a sense of the inevitableness of its order of working translated itself into that larger sense of nature's ways, often felt in the open.

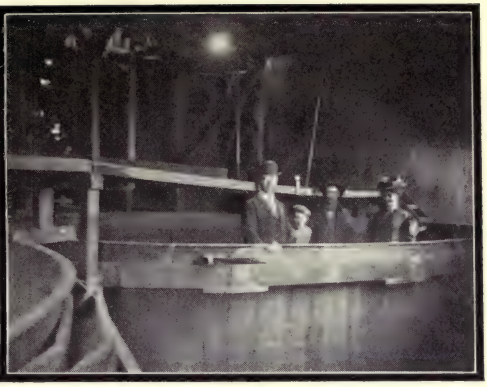
But if anything slips, cog or belt, the living presents no successful barrier to the principle not allowed to act rightly. Life is never spared by the principles that carry on the universe. Fire, earthquake, flood, they know no other way than that which thought marked out for them. A principle cannot adapt itself.

The dynamos buzzed and the switchboard held out its hands. We followed the

THE MILL OF THE QUEEN ESTHER AT MOJAVE.

MINER'S HOUSE, QUEEN ESTHER MINE, MOJAVE.

THE STAMPS—EXPOSED TREASURE MINE.



THE BIG TANKS—EXPOSED TREASURE MINE.

slim brown demon up a narrow stair. A man came out of the brownish dust. He shouted, he opened cupboard-like doors, and took out handfuls of fine reddish dust. Higher, and he plucked forth gravel; higher, and the ore fell into a big roller, provided with holes like a revolving sieve, and tilted downwards. Out of the holes dropped dust and little rocks, out of the open end rolled the big lumps into a gullet that chewed and crushed like jaws, and then swallowed and digested into gravel. The noise and the shaking seized us together. The noisy eater was fed by a man who stoked the lumps from cars. The cars came out of the mountain side, pulled by a horse. On two levels, very high above, men and horses were working. Inside the tunnel, electric bulbs made blossoms of light. Into the thick silence broke the rumbling of the cars, and crashing of the ore falling from the chutes into them. From the highest level the ore shot down through the mountain by means of chutes to this one, and the brisk horse pulled it out. We went away from the mighty mountain and the mill in its side quivering with energy. The Exposed Treasure lay quiescent in its ridge embrasure, a mile or two away. The miners' houses were clustered well up towards the rim of the depression that held the little settlement. The red mill lay stolidly beyond the empty houses, for it was shut down. Empty things lose significance. The mining village lay in the grip of the desert, its influences were stealing in, subtly dissolving all things to its own stealthy inertia. One family was there, holding the place moored against the tide of the wild.

The spacious mill, with its caverns of nooks and corners, was roughly clean. It is interesting—coming upon huge structures in the desert where man works to get what he wants. And this was the big shell of the process. We tried to mould our understanding in it. In this mill the ore fell on a slanting screen that separated the biggest lumps from the mass. The ore, falling through the screen, cannot escape the big stamps that stand in a row and crush it with mighty poundings, nor the stream of water which carries it forward to the tables in front in a fine, sand-like, characterless mass. Hitherto it is treasure and dirt, now the treasure is released and must be drawn away from the slag. On the tables lies quicksilver, which holds the particles of gold, while water and sand flow off into immense tanks that rest in the lowest part of the mill. The roasting furnace, the cyanide room, complete the spiritualization of the gold from its body of dross. The pure metal is then molded into bricks in pans, which are of different sizes, and very much resemble a housewife's set of baking tins. The furnace room was dim and savory of historic romance with retort and odd utensils suggestive of the alchemist's art.

With guide and candles we now sought the House of Earth that holds these treasures. A door in the mountain side opened into it, and we went in and shut it behind us. The House of Earth is a cool, still abode, no life lives in it, no root, no burrow leads down into it, only the mass, the underpinnings of the earth welded together by its own inert weight.

Beyond the paths the miners had made,

INTERIOR OF MILL—EXPOSED TREASURE MINE, MOJAVE.

A SCENE AT THE QUEEN ESTHER.

there were no passages, only the blind placing and falling together of the building material of the earth. Motion and variation are absent—life has a very narrow zone above and below the surface. Our candles played on the vast banks of darkness, pressing forward like fog; our voices scarcely ventured from us. The rock corridors led on and on; our guide explained "vein" and "lead" and "horse." His slack features grew tenser with lines of understanding and intelligence. He pointed out the direction of the lead; a "horse" meant its disappearance. Nuggets were not lying about loose, but might be found at the bottom of the mine, explained our guide; nuggets on the surface are not a good indication of rich ore below. The gold-bearing ore was porous, yellow, crusty.

Darkness welled up out of a chasm to one side of our corridor. Our candles showed a stair, a steep, narrow one. It took us three hundred feet down into the blackness—the light chased shadows around the heavy timbers, holding up the roof of the House on either side. More corridors, more blackness welling up, more stairs, whose invitation was declined. We were weary, but not depressed; dusty and ornamented with candle-drippings. 'Way above us glinted a square of white light; we climbed up the narrow stair, went down the corridor, found our wooden door, lifted the latch and stepped out into the big, white, roofless world.

I am very thankful that there are men of simple activity in the world who have the brains and who have the means to do things.

INSPIRATION

BY HORACE H. HERR

A rift in the clouds but a moment,
Silent the Storm's sting blast
And shining with strength from afar
Burning its way through the threatening
night.
A Star.

SHOSHONE COUNTY COURT HOUSE, WALLACE, IDAHO. THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING, WALLACE, IDAHO, A SUBSTANTIAL MODERN STRUCTURE.

WALLACE, IDAHO, AND THE COEUR D'ALENES

BY GEORGE M. TEALE

WALLACE IS the "Biggest little city I ever saw," as a local man expressed it, and I have not found any expression that conveys my impression better. First, I must tell you how to get here. If you are going from the West, make Spokane your starting point, and if from the East, change cars at Missoula, Mont. It is a trip no one who loves "gods out of doors" should miss, and the wonder to me is that it is not more widely known and advertised. From Spokane, you take the electric express over the Inland Empire. Railway, which whirls you in an hour in palatial coaches over an excellent roadbed, through a wonderful, irrigated country, to the city of Coeur d'Alene in time to connect with the beautiful large steamer "Idaho," which leaves at ten o'clock and takes you for twenty miles up Coeur d'Alene Lake to the little city of Harrison. On the lake trip one has the most entrancing scenery, low-lying mountains covered with trees and bushes, with sandy beaches occupied by hundreds of summer cottages in every little cove. You also pass Driftwood Point, where the big Chautauqua is to be held next year. Harrison is a little lumber town set up on the side of a hill, and quite picturesque from the boat. There you have time to get a bite to eat before the O. R. & N. train for Wallace comes.

You take a seat on the left side of the train, and soon you are off for a 50 mile trip up the valley of the beautiful Coeur d'Alene river, soon passing several small lumbering stations, and not far from the famous old mission church, where services are still held. A most picturesque and eye-resting panorama of mountains covered with natural forest, small towns, and with prospect tunnels everywhere. After thirty-eight miles, you arrive at the cities of Kellogg and Wardner, which are practically one, and where the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines and mills are located. This mine is the largest producer of silver lead ore in the world, and has paid in dividends over ten million dollars. They have over 3,000 acres and three million tons of ore in reserve. There are many other good mines here, such as the Last Chance, Sena-

CEDAR STREET, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING SAMUELS' HOTEL ON LEFT AND FIRE DEPARTMENT ON RIGHT; WALLACE HOSPITAL AT FAR END OF STREET.

tor Stewart and others. Twelve miles farther on you come to the city of Wallace, a veritable little jewel of a city, set snugly in its beautiful velvet case of green-clad hills. It is certainly one of the greatest surprises. A clean, bright, wide-awake little city only about a dozen blocks long and half as wide, but having arms reaching up the gulches which center here, so that it contains between four and five thousand citizens. When you arrive, you will think you are in a place three or four times the size, for you will not have associated such metropolitan airs and up-to-date appearance with a smaller place.

The streets are paved with tailings from the mines which are rolled by a heavy steam roller, making them look like park drives. These tailings would run something like $4 or $5 per ton in lead and silver if carefully treated.

An excellent water system furnishes clear, cold mountain water in abundance. An electric light plant furnishes power and lights. In addition to the arc lights, are incandescents festooned across the business streets, which are lighted on all special occasions and every Saturday night —when special trains bring in hundreds of miners and others from the surrounding towns of Gem, Burke, Black Bear, Frisco, Mace, Mullan, Larson, Kellogg and Wardner, and then the city takes on a regular gala appearance. However, you must not expect any roughness nor rowdyism, for there is none. Wallace has an excellent metropolitan police force, which keeps perfect order, and except for the predominance of the male element, you would not know you were in a small city in a mining district. Their fire department is very efficient, and, size considered, would take a back seat for none. Their horses are beauties and trained to a finish. They also have modern equipment and house. They have here a baseball grounds and park, and the games are free. The citizens raised $15,000 to pay their ball team last season, and they have a good team. There is a league here in the Coeur d'Alenes among the towns, and they play good ball.

There are many beautiful homes here with every modern convenience, and numbers of two and three story brick, stone and concrete business blocks, including three large hotels and the Eagles' and Elks' Halls, but the pride of the city, and of the whole district for that matter, is the new "Samuels Hotel," a modern five-story brick structure that would be a

source of pride to a city of 100,000 people. Mr. H. F. Samuels, the owner and manager, is a shining example of loyalty to the city where his wealth was acquired. Some years ago, Mr. Samuels came here as an attorney, with very little, "and not much of that," but by careful attention to business, and shrewd investments in real estate and mining stocks, and careful management, woke up one day to find himself in the millionaire row. He has been uniformly successful, and has many friends, and when he saw that the city needed a hotel, he decided to build it, and while he was at it to do it well. The hotel is very popular, and nearly always full, and Mr. Judkins, the clerk, knows every traveling man who makes this territory. The building and equipment cost over a quarter million dollars, and has every convenience. There are over 150 rooms, some 25 being en suite, with private bath. Each room has hot and cold water, electric light, steam heat, long distance telephone, open nickel plumbing, brass beds, and, in fact, the best of furnishings in every respect. The office occupying the ground floor is large and light with tiled floor and heavy oak chairs and rockers, and writing tables. Off the office is the barber shop, bar, large passenger elevator to the upper floors and the cafe. The cafe is a model in every way, and furnished elegantly, flowers, cut-glass and excellent service, together with the best of everything in the market including the season's offerings, puts it in the same class with the cafes of the large hotels of Spokane and the coast cities.

The Wallace National Bank, of which Mr. Samuels is president, occupies quarters in the Cedar street side of the hotel. Mr. Norbeck is the cashier, and fast bringing this, the youngest of the three excellent financial institutions of the city, to the front rank. Mr. Samuels, in addition to managing the hotel and being president of the bank, is president of the Mine Makers Association, and manager of several mining propositions and mines. The Mine Makers' Association is a very important institution which deserves especial notice. It was lately formed by some of the leading men of the city and district for the purpose of giving the Coeur d'Alenes the "right kind" of publicity. Mr. Samuels is president, O. A. Wallace vice-president, and Mr. Chilcote, secretary treasurer. They have a membership in excess of one thousand, including the most prominent independent miners of

BANK STREET, WALLACE, IDAHO.

the district, and it is growing fast. Their dues are $1 each per month, and their motto is, "Truth and Publicity, Nothing to Sell," and they will furnish free reliable information on any subject regarding this district. The Coeur d'Alenes is the name applied to the mining district covering the larger part of Shoshone County, Idaho, and Missoula and Sanders Counties, Mont.. and has a production of over 35 per cent of the lead of the United States, besides large quantities of silver, gold zinc, copper, antimony and other metals to a total up to January, 1908, of over 165 million dollars.

the people are generous with their money whenever it is in demand for public purposes. There are several good churches, two fine hospitals, a free library reading room, and the Sunday closing law is better observed than in any city I have been in for a long time. Two telephone systems give the best of service with all outside points. The Coeur d'Alene Hardware Co., of which Mr. Hart is manager, enjoys the distinction of being one of the largest and strongest hardware companies in the West, doing an immense wholesale and retail business covering the whole district and carrying a very large stock.

Pack horses loaded going to mines at Burke, Idaho, 1889. The Heller House was the first hotel in Wallace, built August, 1887. The town of Wallace was destroyed by fire July 27, 1890. This street is now rebuilt, solid, with brick buildings. Photo loaned to Overland Monthly by G. H. Heller, Wallace, Idaho.

Wallace, while the center of this immense, rich district, is one of the cleanest, brightest, most enterprising little burgs in the country. Their public school is situated in the residence district, and is a large brick structure with every late convenience and facility, and they have only the best teachers, for you must know that Wallace is, for its size, one of the wealthiest cities in this United States, and

The Coeur d'Alene Iron Works is another large business which has grown up here. They carry mine machinery, and manufacture it, also, including the Taylor Patent Self Oiling Axle for mine cars. Mr. Taylor, the manager, is a very pleasant gentleman, and the business is growing fast under him. There are several mining engineers located here, and they are all busy. Mr. H. M. Lancaster has been here and

identified with some of the leading properties for years. Moore & Clary is another firm of engineers who are highly thought of. Mr. Moore was formerly chief engineer for the Silver Fissure Mine at Bolaris, Mont., and later with the Blake Elec. Separator at Butte, and is an expert sampler, while Mr. Clary has had a great deal of experience in lead and copper mining in Missouri and old Mexico. Then there is Mr. G. Scott Anderson, who has been here since '87, and is personally acquainted with nearly every mine in the district. He has lately associated his son (a graduate from Stanford) with him.

I nearly forgot to tell how Wallace got its name. Mr. O. B. Wallace, vice-president of the Mine Makers' Association, and a very prominent man here, is also the oldest inhabitant, and yet he is comparatively a young man, especially in appearance. He came into this country by way of the South Fork of the Coeur d'Alene river, with his father, Col. W. R. Wallace, and located the Black Cloud in 83-84, the first silver lead mine in this district. It was after the Colonel, who was a Kentuckian, and laid out the city, that it was named. The Colonel died in 1901, leaving his son, O. B., to perpetuate the family name. O. B.

WALLACE, IDAHO, FROM THE EAST, SHOWING WAREHOUSES OF COEUR D'ALENE HARDWARE CO. IN FOREGROUND. COURT HOUSE AND SAMUELS' HOTEL IN CENTER.

There are others, of course, both business houses and engineers, but I mention only these few whom I met. Of course, if you want to keep track of the mining news of the district, you better subscribe for the Wallace Miner, which is a weekly. Mr. Stoney, the owner and editor, is extremely careful to allow only authentic information to get into his paper. He is one of the biggest boosters here, and believes in good, honest boosting, so his paper is to be depended on.

prospered, and is at present interested in three excellent properties, two of which I am going to tell about, for they will, before long, be in the big producer class. First is the Interstate Mining and Milling Company, of which M. G. Rodermel of Minneapolis, is president, C. M. Crego, of Spokane, vice-president, R. M. Fox, treasurer, and O. B. Wallace, Manager. The company has twenty-four claims on Nine Mile Creek, adjoining the famous Hercules. They have done over 3,000 feet

of tunneling and drifting, showing three large veins, containing lead, silver, copper and gold. They have two water-rights, plenty of timber, and two good wagon roads run through the property to the N. P. track, which is only two miles distant. They will spend over $100,000 this coming year in development before they begin to ship.

The other property is the Ruth Consolidated, which is also a lead and silver proposition, consisting of nine claims on Nine Mile Creek, only three and one-half miles from Wallace, and close to N. P. track. They are developing what promises to be an excellent property, having already 2500 feet of drifting and tunneling showing a large ledge. They also have water rights, plenty of timber, good wagon road, and are now drifting on the lead and tunneling. Mr. Wallace is to be congratulated on being interested in such good properties. There is no stock for sale in these properties. I just mention them as examples. The officers of the Ruth are Mr. C. V. Genoway, President; C. M. Crego, vice-president; Mr. Fox, treasurer, and O. B. Wallace, Manager.

The climate here is very much like Colorado in the summer time, and excellent sleighing all winter. One of the poorest paying business here is the undertaking business, and there are only two drug stores, and not near the number of doctors one would look for, and Providence Hospital is such a good one that no one ever has to stay long to be cured. Among the mining brokerage houses here I want to mention Kratzer & McKinnis, who are young men of excellent standing, and who are heartily interested in the Caledonian, at Wardner. Mr. McKinnis is running for sheriff on the Republican ticket, and is very strong and popular. The Western Investment Co. buy and sell mines, stocks and real estate, and are also developing some meritorious properties. They are well regarded here and doing a large and increasing business. Mr. W. J. Bracking, the president, came to the Coeur d'Alenes in 1899, after several years' practical experience in Colorado, Arizona and Utah. He has devoted his entire time to the mining business ever since, and I venture to say there is no man here knows more about the various mines and prospects than he. Mr. Ollson is a graduate of a school of mines in Germany, and was located in Butte for some time, but visiting this district in 1905, became so impressed with it that he took up his residence here and became identified with the company.

Another company here that attracted my attention is the Amalgamated Stockholding Company. One reason is, that they have a good proposition, and then the officers impressed me favorably as belonging to the solid, substantial element. That boosts for a place in the right way. They buy and sell mines, stocks and securities, take over mines and put them in shape and sell them, pick up blocks of stock cheap and turn them quickly. They also promote good propositions by furnishing the needed capital for a large interest. Judging by the executives, I believe they will not only make good profits for the stockholders in the company, but prove a fine advertisement for the district. G. W. Daugherty, a man of over twenty years' experience in mining and a capitalist, and H. C. Topping, an experienced miner and manager, are the active members, and working with an executive board and three mining engineers, are well qualified to protect the interests of the company and stock-holders.

And still another house is Paris H. Renshaw & Co., who have offices here and in Spokane. Their specialty is taking over a property, putting it on its feet, doing the necessary work to show what it is, and then sell it to a syndicate of investors. They have been very successful, and enjoy a growing business. Mr. E. H. Pattison is the company representing them here and Mr. Renshaw is at Spokane.

The First National Bank is the pioneer, and is one of the leading banks of the State, as it is backed by some of the wealthiest men in the Coeur d'Alenes.

I met a man from the East the other day (and he is not the only one) who was looking round carefully to get some good properties for people he represented. I know of one option he got which will make money for him and his clients, and it is a wonder to me there are not more like him out here than there are, for I know the properties are here. There are any number of good properties that only need capital to make dividend payers. Of

course, one must use some care, but the opportunities are here, and I know of them personally where the investor would stand an excellent show for big profits, and what is more important, he would get an honest deal.

The other day I went with my wife and some friends up to Burke. Burke is the real thing in mining camps, about seven miles from here, up Canyon Creek Gulch. The O. R. & N. & N. P. Railways both have spur tracks up there. We took the 8:30 a. m., and as the grade is about four or five per cent, you know we did not go fast. About four miles from here is Gem, then Frisco, Black Bear, Mace, then Burke, all practically one town, as there is only one street, and houses, mines, mills and prospects nearly all the way. At and near Burke are some of the best mines in the whole Coeur d'Alenes. For instance, the Hercules (the richest silver lead mine in the world) is there. This is one of the mines Mr. Samuels made money in, and is the one in which August Paulson has a large interest. A few years ago, Mr. Paulson was carrying milk and working in the mine to keep up his interest, and now he is just finishing a million dollar office building in Spokane and has other large interests. Mr. Paulson is a very good business man, well thought of here, and a public-spirited and good citizen. Surrounding the Hercules are several good mines and prospects. Out here they call them prospects until they are on a self-supporting basis, and then advance them to the class "mines." Among the dividend paying mines at Burke is the Hecla, which we went through with Mr. McCarthy, the Superintendent, who was very kind and considerate. This entire property once was bought for $500, and is now worth four million, and has paid over one million dollars in dividends. It is one of the best-equipped mines here, and is run by electricity, and by the way, this district gets electricity for power from Spokane, a distance of 107 miles, and uses about 5,000 horsepower. It is a great thing, as it has been the means of doing lots of development that would not otherwise have been done, owing to the expense. The Hecla is a shaft mine, and we went down to the 900 foot level in the electric hoist, which runs as smoothly as an ele-

PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, WALLACE, IDAHO.

vator in a sky-scraper, though it is not quite so elegant. At that level we went for two thousand feet to the heading and saw the big compressed air drills at work and the ore cars going back and forth. The mine is electric lighted, and the trip was very interesting. They are now sinking the shaft to the 1200 foot level, and the ore is improving with depth, as I find is the case in this district. In fact, I have not found an exception to that rule, which is very important from the investors' point of view, as it insures large and continuous returns when once a mine is opened up.

On coming to the surface, we went through their engine rooms and shops. In the hoist house, the big fly wheel is so evenly balanced that it runs an hour and twenty minutes after the current is shut off. They make all their own repairs, and a great deal of their own machinery, and this is indeed a model mine.

After that, we walked about one and one-half miles down the track to the tunnel of the Black Bear Fraction, which, while only a prospect, is pretty near a mine. The tunnel is about half a mile long, and cuts the ore body at a depth of about 2,000 feet. It is being worked by electricity, and looks good to me, and Mr. Eberhardt, who is part owner, seemed quite pleased. He is the gentleman who took us on the trip, and is one of the leading promoters here.

When we had finished that, we came down to the track to wait for Mr. McCarthy, and pretty soon he came in sight on his car. As it is all down grade, one can coast all the way, and all the mine superintendents have those small push cars equipped with a simple hand-brake. We got some empty boxes for seats, and all piled on and away we went, and I have never had a more enjoyable ride in my life. It was better than any Coney Island traveling machine that I have ever tried, for it is miles long, and you go like the wind. The railroad train takes the cars back every day.

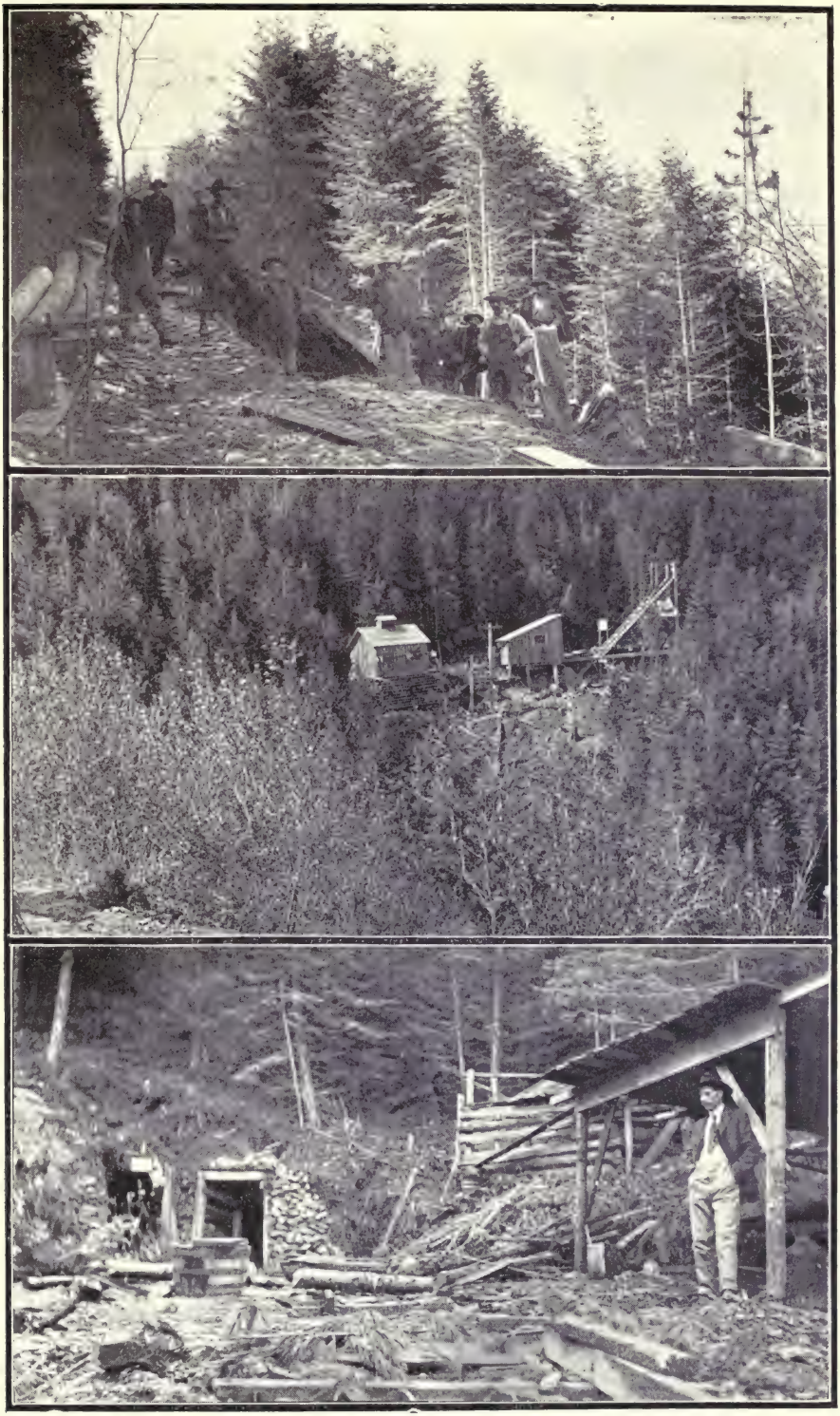
Last Sunday we went up to Anderson Gulch, about half mile from town, on a picnic. It is only one of many ideal places for such purposes. We built a stone oven, and cooked our bacon and steak and sweet potatoes, and it surely tasted good. The big hill all covered with fir, pine, tamarack and cedar of a dozen different kinds, and the scent was delightful. Wallace surely is an ideal place for a vacation trip, for one can go camping and get fish and game and no end of views for the camera enthusiast. Stages will take you in all directions to the little mining towns of the district through the most beautiful scenery imaginable, and while here, one gets hotel accommodations second to none. One particularly beautiful drive is to Murray about 20 miles over on the north fork, where the first gold discoveries were made in 1883. They will have railroad connections by January 1st, as the Idaho Northern is building up through from Enaville, a station about 20 miles west of here on the O. R. & N.

Mullan is seven miles east of here on the N. P. Railway, and there is situated the Morning mine, one-fourth interest in which once sold for $600, and is now worth a million and a half. Also the "Snowstorm," the greatest copper mine in the district, and is paying a dividend of 3 cents per share this month.

The story of the discovery of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine is very strange. In 1885, two men started out to prospect, and up near where Wardner is, they found a burro which they pressed into service to carry their tools. That night when they camped, the burro (or, as they called them then, the jackass) broke loose and went up on the side of the mountain, where he spent the night under a tree stamping and brushing flies off. In the morning, when they discovered him, they also found that he had uncovered the ledge of what proved to be one of the richest mines in the world, and will be for years to come. He is memorized by a gulch and prairie named for him, and a monument erected on his demise.

While I think of it, I want to mention the fact that the formation is entirely different from other parts of the country, and is well treated and illustrated in Report No. 62 by the U. S. Geological Survey.

The other day I went to Kellogg to see the Caledonia, which is a new mine just being opened by Kratzer and McKinnis and F. C. Moore, who is the coming State Mine Inspector. It is opened by an in-



STARTING A NEW SHAFT TO LEAD SILVER MINE IN THE COEUR D'ALENES.
CALEDONIA MINE, WARDNER, IDAHO.
LOCATION TUNNEL TO A SILVER MINE, WARDNER, IDAHO.

clined shaft, and the trip was great. It shows a rich body of ore, and is sure to make a good one. It is the third kind of opening I have seen in mines here, and that's why I mention it in particular. There are many fine prospects and dividend payers here, more than I could mention, but I want to give some examples. If any one who is interested will write to the Mine Makers' Association, they will get reliable details on any subject. I might mention as dividend payers the Mammoth and Standard, which has paid millions; the Last Chance, in which one-quarter sold for 1,000, and is now worth close to a million; The Success and Hercules, two of Mr. Samuels's successes; The Frisco, Gold Hunter and many others, and prospects I know of personally which need only capital to make big mines. It is strange that with so much Eastern capital looking for investment, and so many good things here needing the capital, that they do not get together better. It is all because the district has needed the right kind of publicity, and they are now waking up to it, so that in a few years you will hear of this district as one of the big dividend producers of the world.

One of the business concerns that is to me very unique is the insurance office of Herman J. Rossi, ex-Mayor and capitalist. He represents over seventy-six leading companies, and covers the entire district. He is a member of the Mine Makers' Association, and like almost every man you meet here, a booster, and the right kind. The business men are endeavoring to build a reputation for fair and square dealing for the investor in the Coeur d'Alenes, and frown on any wild-catting. Also, the laws of Idaho are very good in that respect, as if one makes false reports in order to sell property, he is booked for a bunch of trouble.

KELLOGG, IDAHO, WITH WARDNER UP MILO GULCH. BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN MINE ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

I cannot describe the beauties of this little city and surroundings. It is a wonder to me that the railroads do not advertise them for the tourist trade, and my idea is that thousands who go to the big

exposition at Seattle next year will arrange to stop at Spokane and take the trip through here, getting a week's rest en route and connect at Missolua, Mont., with the overland trains. The trip to Missoula is one of the most beautiful in the West. From Larson, the train crosses the mountain face three times in reaching Lookout on the divide between Idaho and Montana, and does the same thing going down the other side to Saltese. The grade is four per cent, and the engineering wonderful. It is here that the famous "S" bridge is located. The views from the train are beyond power to adequately describe, and the natural forest is beautiful beyond words. I stopped off over beyond Saltese to see a property that I had heard a good deal of, which shows remarkable prospects for a big mine. It is called the Swastika, and I found it one of the best I have seen. They are not far from two railroads, plenty of water and timber and buildings, and all the tools necessary for opening it up. They have cut four short prospect tunnels of various lengths from 50 to 240 feet, and all have excellent showings. One tunnel is in over 200 feet in copper, running from 5 per cent to 20 per cent, and another cut some of the prettiest malachite copper I ever saw, while another cut ore that ran something like 35 per cent copper, over 100 oz. silver, and enough gold to pay for the mining, leaving the balance clear.

They are going to run in a tunnel at the foot of the mountain to cut the main body, which old-timers say exists there without any doubt. The ore is of a very superior grade, and in demand at the smelters. They are now erecting a large house to accommodate over 20 men, and expect to push work this winter, and be regular shippers by next year. They now have a good lot of ore ready for shipping. Bixby and Marlow are the fiscal agents for the company, and are located here in Wallace.

KELLOGG, IDAHO. THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN MINE MILLS ON EXTREME RIGHT, CONNECTED BY A TWO MILE TUNNEL TO THE MINE.

I am under many obligations for the enclosed photos of scenes and buildings taken near here to Mr. Gomond, the best photographer here. Mr. Gomond has

been here only a short time, but is fast making a name for himself by the excellence of his work and the care he takes with it.

I might write indefinitely of this beautiful country, and the opportunities that exist here, and still not begin to cover it in any sort of completeness. The only real good way to appreciate it is to come and see for yourself, or if you cannot do that, to write for information and pictures, for there is no place in the Northwest that has the variety of openings for tourist, farmer, miner, homeseeker and investor that is to be found in the Panhandle of Idaho.

THE FATE OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY JOSEPH THORNTON

OME OF those prophetically inclined individuals, especially celebrated in Boston and thereabouts, are again forcing themselves to the front in an effort to attract public attention with their periodical tirades against our colonial policy as applied to the Philippine Islands; and the more clamorous of them, by frenzied speech and denunciatory items in the press, are predicting all sorts of calamities for us if we persist in retaining our sovereignty over the Tagalogs. Their fantastic and fiery protests contain very little that is of new historic interest. Their howls and editorial abortions are distinctly shop-worn and common-place. But while the administration in particular, and the people in general, pay but little heed to these chronic grumblers, their determined antagonism toward our far-Eastern rule has one damaging effect: it creates discontent and unrest among the easily aroused natives, and acts as an impediment, if not a barrier, to our civilizing progress. Without the unreserved confidence of the Filipinos, it will be impossible to prevail upon them to lend their fullest co-operation in the tasks underway, and it is clear beyond argument that the more active and irreconcilable of their own aspiring political agitators lose no opportunity of showing the illiterate multitude that legions of so-called Americans are themselves unalterably opposed to our guardianship over the Filipino people. Thus, although our reign is not forcibly opposed by the discontented elements, it is tolerated more than appreciated, and just as long as the anvil enthusiasts scattered about the New England coast continue to flay the administration and injudiciously sympathize with the natives—characterizing our rule as despotic and tyrannical—just so long will the problem of Americanizing an alien race be foolishly complicated, and partially deterred.

We have made most inspiring progress in the Philippines thus far, and the naturally prolific soil produces an abundance of vegetables and mineral wealth. Ambitious Americans, as a reward for patient, conscientious work, are winning high successes and reaping rich returns in legitimate business pursuits. Railroads stimulate the rice, sugar, tobacco and cocoanut industries; steamship lines lend a golden edge to inter-island traffic, and in Manila, Cebu, Zamboanga and Jolo, Asiatic mediocrity is being rapidly displaced by the latest products and devices of American ingenuity.

We are going to hold the Philippines for many years to come, and in so doing, will demonstrate to the skeptical world that while we may be infants in colonial experiments, American tact and creative genius are equal to all emergencies, and a decade from now the Filipinos themselves will have only expressions of gratitude and appreciation for our liberality, our patience and our rarely benevolent assimilating skill.

WHITTELL BUILDING. SULLIVAN (ROOS BROS.) BUILDING. PHELAN BLOCK.

SAN FRANCISCO, WONDER CITY.—A MARKET STREET SAFETY STATION. LOOKING TOWARD FERRIES FROM FOURTH STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO---WONDER CITY

BY RAOUL DE MONTREALE

WITH EVERY day that passes, San Francisco assumes a different appearance, and with every day it recovers the ground lost through the great fire. The remarkable feature of the regeneration is that in every instance, the buildings that have taken form on the ash heaps are of a superior construction and of a more beautiful architecture than any that have gone before. In the days before the fire, the city of San Francisco, with all its glamor and romance, was a dingy and a dirty place. The present city is a clean and beautiful metropolis. Its buildings, in the down-town business district, are all of them of a newer and more lasting type, and are constructed of steel and iron and of solid brick, stone or concrete. It is an astonishing fact that while the burnt district of San Francisco has not as yet been built over completely, while yet one-third of the vast area remains uncovered by buildings, and, while large tracts remain untenanted, the volume of business is not only larger than it was before the fire, but it shows very healthy signs of increase. Another and very hopeful sign showing the prosperity of the day in San Francisco is the fact that while many of the business houses are finding their way back to the down town district for every one that vacates a store on Fillmore street or

SAN FRANCISCO, WONDER CITY.—KEARNY AND POST STREETS, LOOKING TOWARD MARKET. ALL OF THIS SECTION HAS BEEN REBUILT IN TWO AND A HALF YEARS.

PHOTO LATHE.

Van Ness avenue, another firm takes the place. There are few, if any, vacant stores —and the registration of votes shows that the population of the city has not suffered through the fire, and that those who elected domicile in cities on the other side of the bay have been replaced by strangers. Recently it was shown that something like one hundred and fifty thousand people found their way from Oakland and the cities of Alameda County, from Sausalito and the cities of Marin, to and from San Francisco regularly every morning and evening. Add to this the number coming in by train from down the long and heavily populated San Francisco peninsula, and the number coming and going from the city is estimated at two hundred thousand. The normal population of San Francisco is estimated at about four hundred and eighty thousand. Its future growth will be retarded only by its territorial limitations, and, after the city is once more compactly filled in with business houses and residences, the region will expand in a southerly direction toward San Mateo, San Carlos, Visitacion and beyond.

The city is spreading out in other directions, and the same sentiment that has depopulated certain sections of near-suburban London, has affected San Francisco and other large American cities.

The near-suburbanite has wisely decided that he would take up his home at a greater distance, and own it himself, and such beautiful places as the suburban additions to Oakland, Fruitvale, Elmhurst, Melrose, Alameda, delightful Mill Valley, and the country along the Northwestern Railroads, have been benefited. All suburban San Francisco has grown to even a more phenomenal extent than the metropolis itself. We find that every-

SAN FRANCISCO, WONDER CITY.—THE NEW CHINATOWN IN MODERN SAN FRANCISCO IS MUCH MORE SUBSTANTIAL AND BEAUTIFUL THAN IT EVER WAS IN THE DAYS OF OLD. THE OWNERS HAVE VIED WITH ONE ANOTHER, AND THE WHOLE CHINESE QUARTER HAS A RICH ORIENTAL COLORING, AND THE ARCHITECTURE IS IN KEEPING.

where this growth is manifest, and that the peninsula country has benefited as well as the country across the bay. It is only a question of a very few years when the city of San Francisco will contain more than a million souls, and it will not be necessary to enlarge the territorial limits of the city beyond the peninsula on which San Francisco stands. The idea of a Greater San Francisco, taking in a radius of twenty-five miles, finds opposition in some minds, because of conditions politically, that even a borough system would not eliminate, and it may be some time before the idealists, who are proposing the union of Oakland and San Francisco, are to have their wish, if indeed that consummation is ever achieved. In the expansion toward the south along the lines of natural expansion without delimitation by water, the growth of San Francisco must be constant and in an ever increasing ratio. There is the future continuing city, the imperial mistress of the Balboan seas!

It cannot be denied that San Francisco has benefited in many ways through the fire. New firms have started in business, and new blood has been infused in the business life of San Francisco. It is, in many ways, not the old city, and it has more vim and enterprise than formerly. There is a larger degree of civic pride and less of the deteriorating spirit of *laissez aller*.

This is a most hopeful condition, and it bespeaks a continuance of the present fine business conditions. After the fire it was discovered that San Francisco needed many industries the lack of which had never been noticed before, and as a result the commerce and the manufacturing of the city is much more diversified than formerly. With the advent of new railroads, the business of the city will certainly increase, as there are vast areas of timber and agricultural lands, at no very great distance from San Francisco, that will be opened to settlement.

San Francisco, the Wonder City, is

SAN FRANCISCO, WONDER CITY.—THE OLD DUTCH MILL ON THE CLIFF HOUSE BEACH, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

growing, but what shall we say of the State? Its growth is even on a larger scale in population and products than that of the metropolis. Oakland, right across the bay, is growing at such a rate that enthusiastic residents are many of them of the belief that it will overtake its big rival and become the largest of the bay cities. Los Angeles is making immense strides, and is taking in more and more of the adjacent territory within its limits; in fact, its registration is almost

SAN FRANCISCO, WONDER CITY.

ONE OF THE LARGER CANNERIES IN THE MODERN CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO. FROM THIS AND SIMILAR LARGE, CLEAN AND WELL-AIRED ROOMS, CALIFORNIA FRUIT IS SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

equal at this writing to that of San Francisco.

The population of the country districts, the development of the agricultural sections of the State has also grown phenomenally, but it has been retarded, as the growth of California has always been retarded, by the lack of the necessary labor to gather the crops. In the vineyard, in the raisin fields, in the great wheat fields of the San Joaquin, in the hop fields of the northern part of the State, and in orange and lemon orchards of the southland, the cry has always been for more hands to do the ever increasing work of the fields and the gathering of the products of the generous land. It is not that the East has not sent to the West a regularly increasing number of willing hands to do the work, but it is that development of the fields and the farms has been on such a ratio that the incoming brawn and sinew could not keep up with it. In a measure, this lack of the necessary farm labor has been a factor that has retarded the growth of the wonder city of the world, San Francisco, for when the big city has drawn all the surplus labor of the State in its rebuilding operations it has left the farming sections in a deplorable condition, and has itself never been fully supplied with men to carry out the big

rebuilding projects. The metropolitan section has crippled the country, and the country has, in turn, at times of crop gathering, crippled the big city. California needs many more hands. It needs men who will be willing to take up the work of the fields and the cities under conditions so idealic that they do not obtain elsewhere. California needs tillers of the soil; it needs homeseekers; it needs all kinds of help, and the city of San Francisco needs men of enterprise and capital to develop yet farther an immense commerce on land and sea. The energies that are being devoted to the rebuilding of the city, and the immense capital that is engaged in the thousand and one of the activities of the rebuilding period, must find an outlet in other pursuits, and to this, more than to every other element that makes for enlargement, will be due the energy of its people and the immense expansion of the Wonder City—San Francisco.

THANKSGIVING

BY HENRY WALKER NOYES

He whom doth choose to ever wind
  The broad smooth trail—
No sanctuary shall he find
  When day doth fail.
    We thank Thee, Lord, for this our load
    Along life's narrow stony road!

His way a trackless desert lies,
  A living death—
The hot sand swirling in his eyes
  The desert's breath.
    For reason clear and faultless eye
    We thank Thee ever, God on high!

With weary glance doth he behold
  Fair gates ajar,
Dreaming, "At last! This is my goal—
  The way was far!"
    For humble home and open door
    We thank Thee, Lord, when day is o'er.

A chaos as of worlds adrift
  Around him falls!
His heartstrings feel the old-time lift
  Down Memory's halls.
    Life's peace, and sweet realities—
    We thank Thee, Father, just for these.

But he shall turn from that bright light
  With keen regret
That dreams were made but for the night,
  Then—to forget.
    Lord, in Thanksgiving do we err
    In sharing with a Wanderer?

PRECEDENT

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

EVERY department of life is embarrassed by the worship of some deified humbug whose only claims to respect are age and death; every progress, retarded by the ghost of some antiquated nonsense hallowed by the tinsel of perverted reverence. Most of us think what fitted the past must necessarily fit the present, what guided our grandfathers should lead us. Where one thing is respected for its usefulness, a thousand are worshiped for their antiquity —there is ever a misty halo encircling the dead and gone, always a miasma of glory clouding the old. Every community is infested with a remnant of desolate leftovers, whose mission is passing resolutions of regret on the death of the obsolete and the birth of the practical. A man who persists in tailing the procession should be made to head it in a hearse; there is no compromise with evolution.

Every age thinks it should be progress' last halting place; no generation understands why it should be relegated to yesterday's junk heap; it is a modest father who believes his son can be an improvement on the old man. Those who followed an ideal suited to their time are too prone to forget that an old ideal is a new will-o'-the-wisp. Yesterday's rainbow is below to-day's horizon, and the necessary vision of yore is but a pleasing dream. The age that cannot provide its own encouragements is the mere refuse of what has gone before. The useless is always allied with sentiment, and faith in the immortality of the no 'count is the most emphasized of our infatuations. Who discovers if he can remember, who greets the rising sun if he can weep over the setting? Glorification should end with usefulness, after the funeral compliment should be left to the obituary, flattery to the epitaph.

Think of the sentiment wasted upon the dead, the adulation showered upon those whose only proof of immortality is a box of bones in a six-foot hole. I quarrel with no theory of future permanency, arraign no man's idea of coming bliss. But dying to get a better hold on life irresistibly recalls the Irishman's hanging from the ledge of a third story window who let go to spit on his hands. If the defunct has come to a full stop, why grieve so long over the irremediable? If he has made schedule time to glory, why lament his arrival? I censure no one for shedding tears over the bier of a loved one, but I cannot understand this apotheosis of the dead. Death is a necessary offset to birth. Every town is suffering from an attack of over-production and an epidemic of longevity. Precedent says: "Be fruitful and multiply." Expediency says: "Don't subtract from the multiplied, but let up on the multiplication." Respect the memory of the dead, yes. But why permit morbid retrospection born of stupid custom to exploit the dead at the expense of the living. Why go to a cemetery for inspiration; why worship an echo? What this world needs to-day is a well directed thinning out. Mawkish sentiment keeps our asylums and penitentiaries full to bursting. Conservatism fosters degeneracy by prolonging the lives of those whose functions are begetting idiots and criminals. Another thing, this "hallowed *ashes*" talk is over-done, it takes a mighty good record to detract from its suggestiveness in a Presbyterian funeral sermon.

Here in San Francisco are hundreds of acres, every acre worth a Mayor's bribe, devoted rent free to those occupying mansions in the skies, while monopolizing valuable dirt here, twanging harps in the regions of the blessed, holding down terrestrial territory and real estate on the jump! These cemeteries are almost in the heart of the city, and their founders evi-

dently figured on resurrection's getting here before the town grew up to them. Merely a race between judgment day and San Francisco enterprise. And the result, the fairest part of our city unbuilt because we have been taught that after a man is unable to move, it is a sin to move him. What has balked cremation but this hide-bound adherence to archaic nonsense?

What causes so much mortality but keeping those who don't need fresh air among those who do? In my judgment, a man who has been "cut off" is no more sacred than an arm that has been cut off. Who looks forward to meeting a leg in heaven? Who banks on the blessed immortality of a foot! All we know about a dead man is, he's dead! And our ancestors from whom we inherit our post mortem views knew no more than we. Do they now? I don't know!

Now for the legal profession. Why should a man of profound genius hesitate to voice a conviction until permission is granted him from the tomb? Why should we consult Sir Matthew Hale, who burnt witches, as an authority for an age that imprisons a man for scaling live fish? Law is the slave of precedent, even its vexatious delays and absurd technicalities bespeak its obsequious worship of what should be forgotten. No judge wants to rule save on lines laid down by a predecessor or begets a precedent if he can adopt one, or follows his conscience if he can follow somebody who, perhaps, had none to follow. What is there in common between Sir Edward Coke, who, from the bench, branded the pure and blameless Raleigh as "a spider of hell!" and a United States Chief Justice? Yet is Coke hungrily cited. They borrow from everybody but Jeffreys, and I suppose at a pinch they would levy on him. Consider our legal papers! Do you know of a more cumbrous, involved tissue of gibberish outside of "Science and Health" or "An Appeal to Reason?" Ask any lawyer the cause, and he will tell you that while a change is needed, nobody wants to risk making it. Thus are we "bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes of the dead." Thus it is in every walk of life. We dare make no move until we have gone to the cemetery for a precedent or to a preacher for permission.

Don't you know unlearning is more difficult than learning, forgetting harder than acquiring? What we should unlearn was born with us, is a part of us, an inherited disease. Few want to acknowledge having been mistaken all their lives, to own to having been natural born fools. Reason has no hold on the people, and expecting them to follow only the rational is like expecting them to eat and drink only the wholesome. Mental food, like physical food, is selected rather to please the taste than to satisfy the digestion. With them, nothing but the legendary is sacred, only the inherited beyond doubt. That any absurdity has escaped investigation thus far is sufficient proof of its infallibility. Few question what their parents masqueraded as fact. This satisfied spirit accounts for every ridiculous fashion that has monopolized the worship of humanity, for every venerable lie that keeps man where he is. There never was an improvement that wasn't made in spite of general protest.

I remember when criminals were branded. This humane practice had descended to us sanctioned by the most enlightened jurists. The thief was decorated with a "T," the pick-pocket ornamented with a "P," and so on. Every court session used up the alphabet. The victim's arm was lashed, palm up, to the rail fronting the judge's desk. Then the sheriff approached with a red hot iron, which he pressed upon the hand, keeping it there till the culprit said "God save the State!" three times. Needless to say that if the recipient of these attentions stuttered, he enjoyed a torrid experience. One man had been sentenced to branding for confounding the ownership in some hogs. As the iron touched him, he ejaculated: "God save the State! God save the State! God save the State!" Then biting out his recently acquired monogram while the fumes and smoke of roasting flesh filled the court-room, and spitting it into the sheriff's face, "God damn the State!" But he stole no more hogs!

Now, nobody but the party most interested saw anything wrong in these thermal demonstrations. There was a unanimity of opinion that while branding is not without its discomforts, the initial letter of the offense on the offender's hand

was a continuous reminder to him and a warning to his friends. The difficulty of explaining the presence of the chirography to those upon whom he desired to make a favorable impression when seeking employment was not considered. So it was with slavery. As scripture had expressly sentenced Ham, his heirs and assigns, to perpetual servitude, slavery was right as long as it paid. When it stopped paying in the North, the Yankees' pockets and hearts were touched simultaneously, and they freed their niggers. When the cotton crop failed in the South two years running—'32-'3 (?)—there was talk of the sin of owning slaves, and people wondered if the prophecy concerning Ham and his brunette progeny had not been distorted. But the ensuing year gave such an enormous crop that everybody was convinced that slavery had been founded by God to Christianize the nigger. Thus was the prestige of the precedent re-established. The best people see no wrong in sinning with the majority. It's a tender conscience that cannot be soothed with the fiat of fashion. Sophistry is logic in the mouth of custom. What everyone says generally "goes." I am not ashamed to say my father owned a hundred and fifty niggers, but I should under existing conditions be ashamed to own one. I don't object to being in the minority to a certain degree, but I object to carrying lonesomeness to an excess. What the best people did fifty years ago the worst would blush to do now.

Custom is a tyrant whose ruin is wrought gradually. Revolution is the resort of the majority, not of the few, and as custom finds its staunchest defenders among the ignorant, its destruction is uphill work. Truth will prevail, but she wants time. First, fools must be taught to think. Now, as most of us are fools, the trouble begins right there. Next, they must be taught to think correctly. Of course, the chief obstacle is surmounted when they are made to *think at all.* Yet persuading a man to use his first idea to advantage is no easy task. But the man who assails established precedent hammer and tongs, although he may be assailing the false, is assailing what the majority believe to be true. And an old lie backed up by all the damn fools in God's creation is too much for a new truth any time.

When Darwin's "Descent of Man" appeared, the world was convulsed. The intelligent would not surrender Adam or Eve while the masses naturally fought the very logical conclusion that they are descended from apes. I am surprised that those who have had an opportunity to study the lower classes should have been so long solving the problem of their origin. If the average imported voter is not a lineal result of a monkey, what in God's name is responsible for him? The ancestor, not the posterity, should kick. Everybody knew Darwin is wrong, because the Bible says so; that the Bible is right because the clergy said so. Now even every preacher who is scared to say Darwin is right knows he is. At any rate, they buried the man who said God was off in his biology, in Westminster Abbey.

Apropos of this, they have refused Herbert Spencer a grave in the Abbey. Spencer shattered too many humbugs; he was altogether too "raw." But listen! "When Westminster Abbey is forgot," when the attrition of old ocean has relegated England to the rank of the mythical "Atlantis," Herbert Spencer will be a synonym of truth, a beacon light to those who are striving to pierce the Cimerian darkness of superstition. Compare Spencer with the royal compost that poisons the soil of that venerable fane. Think of excluding the author of "Synthetic Philosophy" because his dust is not good enough to mingle with that consecrated carrion known as England's Royal Line. How many Georges would it take to make one Spencer? I wonder where they will bury the man who refused Spencer burial there.

How long is it since the medical profession preferred killing according to established canon to curing according to reason? Physicians a few years back emulated the mistakes of Abernethy, and the blunders of Sir Astley Cooper, as if there were inspiration in the absurdities of the illustrious dead. Those men were big for an age in which fever patients invariably died of thirst, and were indiscriminately harpooned. What would they be to-day, when opening the abdomen is child's play, removing the vermiform appendix nothing serious, and sewing up a wound in the

pericardium not unknown? What knew they of the science of bacteria, sterilizing of instruments? What can any physician know of biology in an age in which the pineal gland is said to be the seat of the soul? About as much as we know of the soul. What modern cow doctor doesn't know that the pineal gland is a rudimentary eye? It took a long time to shelve these blood-letting, blistering old precedents, but they are shelved all right. All honor to them for the good they did, and to their patients who recovered in spite of them. But the practitioner of to-day cares little for the past; his guide is experiment.

For a thousand years, the human brain was entangled in the metaphysics bequeathed by Aristotle to the schoolmen. The classic philosophers were more profound than the Baconians. But empiricism being virtually unknown, they argued from hypothetical premises. Reasoned profoundly on what they took for granted, and carried conviction on what was born of sophistry and sworn to by dogmatism. And the schoolmen followed in their tracks. As long as deductive reasoning was a precedent, the metaphysician was in his glory.

"There was enough harrowing and reaping, but the garners contained only smut and stubble." Even the great Kant was in his late years a dupe of this metaphysical rubbish, as was Virchow, the discoverer of cellular pathology. Most of the so-called psychologists are of this transcendental breed. Consider the great men who have ignored empirical philosophy, and the great law of substance to follow the fiat of ancestral superstition. If such men as Kant, Virchow and Agassiz scout fact for popular fable, what may be expected from the rest of us? The metaphysician is a soarer, never roosts if he can find an excuse to get off his perch. The old Greek philosopher said: "I assert nothing, nay, not even that I assert nothing!" Listen, no sooner do we quit solid earth, no sooner do we rely on inherited and baseless precedent in contradistinction to modern evidence, than we forsake "the clear discernment of truth for the exquisite enjoyment of fiction." There is but one test of truth, the proof born of material experiment. We all acknowledge this as far as the inorganic is concerned; how long before we shall rely on evidence to solve the mystery of human life?

The majority of us are inveigled by the speciousness of the unknown, which, with most of us, passes for the unknowable. The old and absurd seems to fit in a department of the brain as in a matrix. The very tentacles of our being entwine themselves about that, without which we should be as gods. As the delirious patient sees the non-existent in his delirium, as the dying man beholds the angels he was taught to believe in, or the devil that is a re-enforcement to his Trinity, so do we hug to our breast the corpse of dead and useless precedent. Truth to man is what has come down to him as truth, not what he has subjected to the laboratory of his reason. There can be no greater insult to him than a request for proof of what he has been taught to believe. Better impugn his veracity on the known and possible than his faith on the unknown and impossible. Every sacred idiocy is hedged about with sanctity. Do you know the chief and most faithful guardian of all this? Woman! There is something in majestic nonsense that appeals to her emotions. There are no consecrated monkey-shines in superstition's service that would not collapse without her self-sacrifice and fanatical zeal. Don't you know that? No? Ah, indeed.

People are moral cowards withholding not only their own opinions, but their favorable opinions of him who dares to voice their own. Every crank voices the belief of thousands of his detractors. All of our conventionalities rest upon precedent, and if you would know their strength be unconventional. Some fruit falls when ripe, some when decayed, some only with the tree.

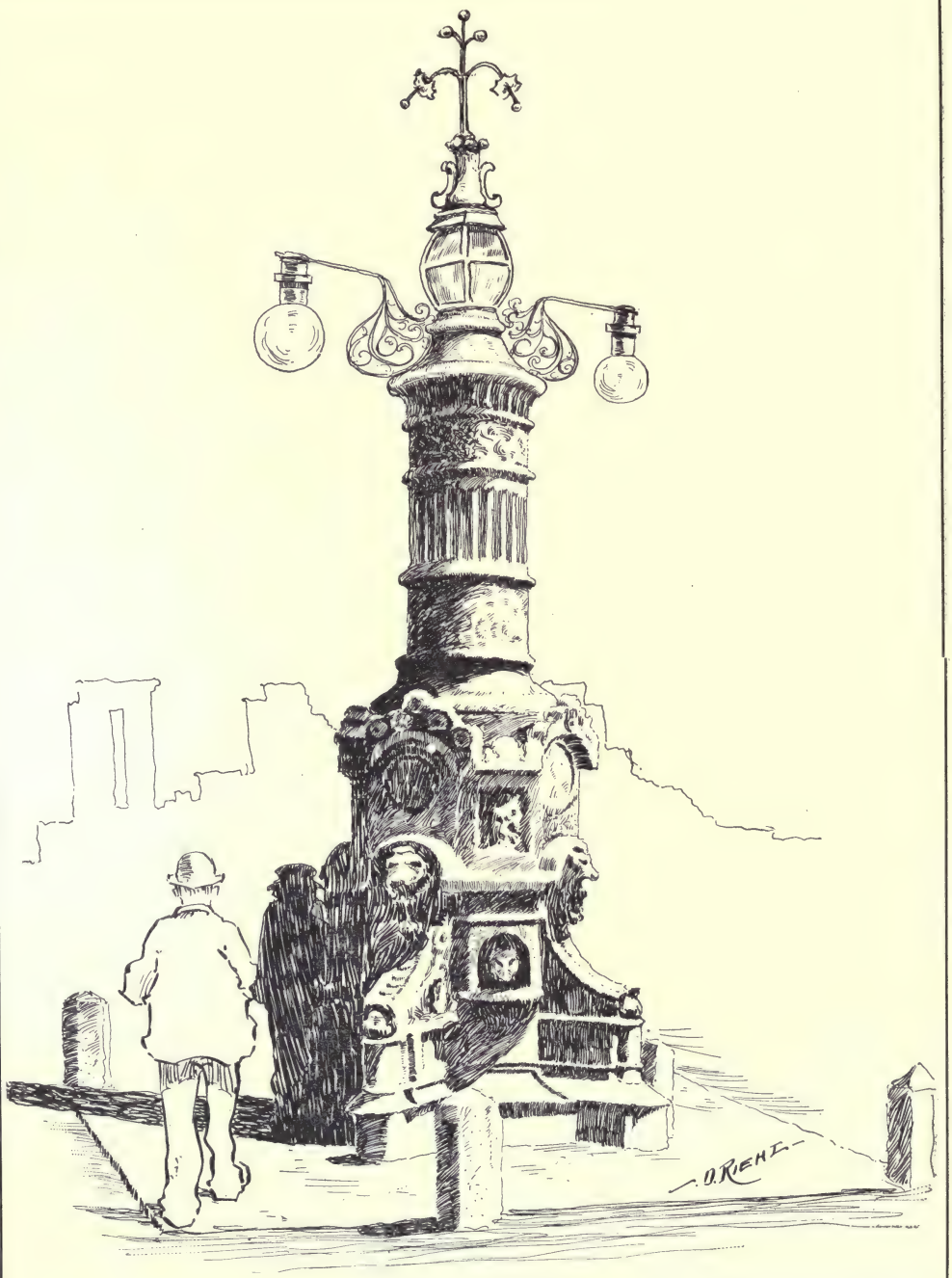
Marriage is peculiarly cursed with the dicta of the past. Until lately, this union was for the sole purpose of adding to the population. Celibacy in a woman was a target for scorn, and barrenness a curse. The value of a wife was regulated by her fertility, and the more prolific she was, the more she was hailed "Blessed art thou among women!" Of late, we consider the unmarried and the childless as sacred as the mother. Marriage for Platonic companionship sake we recognize as necessary

as the alliance born of sentimental love. Woman has discovered that if she would be helped she must help herself, that man in power is what woman would be in power, that it is not the individual, the creed or the political party that makes the tyrant, but the opportunity to tyrannize. She has found out that while chivalry is very beautiful, it does little to set aside the verdict of the past. What has woman been all these years? A fool who has traded off solid advantages for the empty blandishments of him who has kept one hand on his heart and the other on her pocket book. If she has been aught else, the poor house, the insane asylum and the social evil lie.

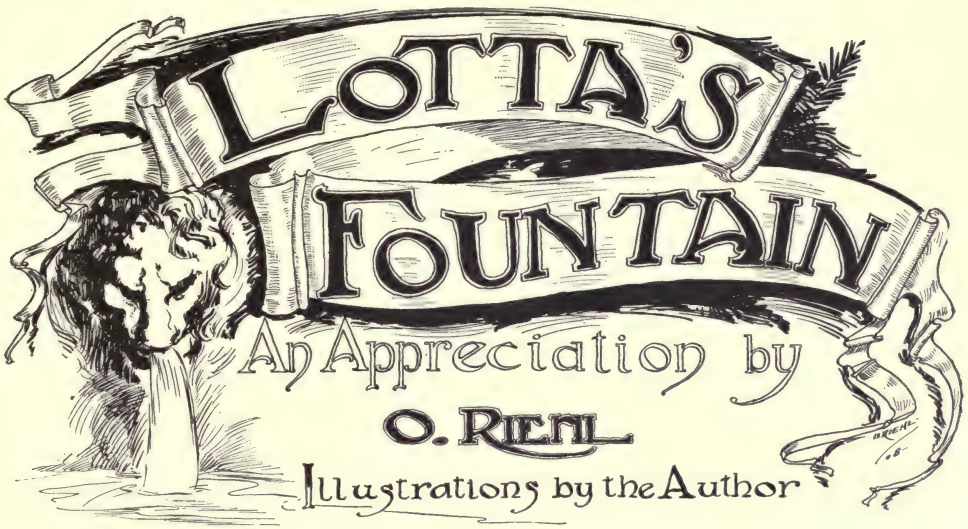
Few of us understand that, while the world moves, we must move with it. Change of date is change of state. The old is but the foundation for the new. We have nothing worth having that was not born on the death bed of some cherished ideal. Unborn future blessings are stirring in the womb of the present. We know not whither we go nor when, but a few days will suffice to consign us to oblivion. May we take with us all that will hamper by its example those that follow.

I believe some people would rather die of appendicitis than sacrifice the rudimentary heirloom that caused it. There is a familiarity about the practical present fraught with contempt. Who appreciates propinquity with its possibilities if he can invoke the past through memory, history or tradition? What a pitiable object is the reactionist! Who was the English bishop who strove to retain the "s" that looks so much like an "f?" And the distinguished Frenchman who wished a law passed to prevent the natural change that the French, like other tongues, must undergo? What did that Gallic apostle of stagnation know of comparative philology? About as much as Galen knew of comparative anatomy. Did he know that the inspired words of Shakespeare were born in the mouths of filthy baboons and were improved by adaptation until they are fit to paint the despair of Lear the misanthropy of Timon, and the passion of Romeo and Juliet? That the luxuriant and flexible Greek, the clear-cut Latin, the philosophic German, the very version of Wycliffe, are but the inheritance of gibbering, grinning apes? This generation is not to be complimented so much on what it knows as on what it knows it doesn't know. Never before in the history of intellectual development has the little man knows seemed to him so little, and the much he doesn't know so much.

The modern scientist, who is not so modest as persistent, is a *rara avis*. The world, thanks to science, is in a state of rapid transition before never dreamed of. We are confronted with a few old inherited scare-crows, but evolution is marching on. The origin of life is almost known —our descent from the lower animals known. Man wants but breathing time to show what is in him, a longer interval between wars and reciprocal throat-cutting to shake off the chains of custom and the shackels of rusty precedent.



LOTTA'S FOUNTAIN. Pen drawing by Otto Riehl.



SAN FRANCISCO will never be what it was." How the old argonauts love to dwell on this theme and recall the scenes and incidents that have made the "good old days" so pleasant a recollection. The new "Palace" will not be like the old hotel, the relics of pioneer days and the landmarks of the city that was, have all been swept away in the fiery flood. Their eyes see nothing in the great steel-ribbed structures that rear themselves into the heavens above; the churning of the cement-mixer brings no song of hope and promise to their ears, for it is all too new, too literal, and jars the thought of the early days.

What a flood of tender memories the ashes hold in store; what tragedies have the brick-piles covered; how many hopes have faded away in the smouldering embers, for beneath the ruins there lies the record of trifles and the serious arts of life. The dust of forgetfulness has fallen over the good and the bad, and in a few short years facts and fancies will mingle together, and the age of tradition will have commenced.

The "What Cheer" House, the famous hostelry of early times, has crumbled to earth, and not a stone is left one upon the other to mark its site. The register of guests is closed forever, and the illustrious names that were once upon its pages have long since passed out of mind. The city of Bret Harte and Col. Starbottle has made way for, shall we say, a better order of things? Fort Gunnybags is no longer marked with a bronze tablet to save it from oblivion. Leidesdorf street is changed. The sun seemed to shine with more warmth and good cheer at this favored nook than in other parts of the city. The old Comstock plungers no longer collect in familiar knots in the sunlight and doze away the happy hours. The Exempt Fire House on Portsmouth Square is leveled to the ground, and the old "machine" and the "boys" who tugged at the ropes have passed into the Great Beyond.

The re-inforced sky-scraper has taken the place of the modest brick building of former times. The steel and stone buildings have raised themselves Phoenix-like from the ashes of the wood and corrugated iron buildings, and a city of new ideals has come to stay.

For the lover of things as they were, for the traditions of the good days that have gone by, there is here and there a familiar spot that the devastating fire has so kindly spared.

A BOON TO THE THIRSTY WAYFARER.

What a wealth of pleasant recollections Lotta's Fountain brings into play. Who of us has not made it a trysting place, resting in its cooling and refreshing shadow? How many generations, having entered upon the active duties of life, have in a measure forgotten the old landmark? It has stood these many years a true and faithful friend. How carefully do we guard the mementoes that bring the past and present together. The grains of sand run more freely in their course, and one age is happily joined to the next. Who has not stood at the site of that once noble building, the Forum at Rome, and viewed the few remaining stones, while his mind conjured up before him the scene of its former splendor. A thousand years roll past in the wink of an eye, and instead of a broken arch and crumbling pedestal, the whole structure springs from the dust. The Acropolis at Athens has so far withstood the dilapidations of time and the ravages of barbarous violence, though no longer possessed of its ancient beauty, is still a reminder of the golden era of Greek art. The age of Phidias looms up prominently from the haze of obscurity, and how easy it is to step back a hundred generations when the eye rests upon such a priceless monument of antique art.

We cannot show the works of ancestors who labored and wrought so long ago. As Californians we are proud of our missions, and justly so, and we guard them with a watchful and tender care, for Time has already exacted its toll by overthrowing several of the finest arches. We must therefore watch with a loyal interest what has been left. When the fire had run its measure and everything seemed lost and had gone the way of the dust, how reassuring it was to our unsteady nerve to see the old fountain standing in the warm April sunshine, staunchly upright, a guarding spirit amidst the blackened ruins. It has often been painted and re-guilded; the brass drinking cups glistened in the noonday sun, polished by the clutch of the tired traveler as he tarried to quench his thirst.

Was it less welcome and friendly after the battle because it bore the scars of the terrible conflict?

It filled us with new hope and determination, when gloom and despair had temporarily settled upon the city, for its cooling waters bubbled with the sparkle of new life. The process of re-building has been going on with undiminished vigor, and men pass by as in the former days, answering the call of their work just as hurriedly and busily as ever. The new buildings are going up on every side, and the dream of a better and more beautiful city has partially come true.

Let us not forget our old friends, the friends who had a good and cheering word to say in the dark hour of our adversity, and as we go about the streets admiring the many handsome structures that are the wonder and admiration of the builders' art, let us have a kind thought for Lotta's

OLDEN DAYS IN LEIDESDORF ALLEY.

Fountain. It is the relic that connects the old with the new—the bridge by which imagination joins our thoughts of the city of pioneer days with the city that is to be, grander and more magnificent than all that came before, and let us offer a prayer that our progress may go on for ages and ages!

INJUN

BY FRANCIS HILL

Rider of the copper skin;
Brother with the Claw and Fin;
To the white man never kin.

Centaur-naked, painted, free;
Warring each for mastery—
Sioux or Blackfoot, Crow or Cree.

Then the files of bison ran
Longer than the tongue of man:
Fire, and food, and robes to tan.

Beaver plied within the stream,
Fat and silent, eyes a-gleam.
Mighty totem, it should seem.

Ah, but when the bison strayed
On the trail the fire-horse made—
Then the sateless Curse was laid.

Beaver, bison, freedom, life,
Work for arrow, play for knife;
Rider, gods put down that strife.

Naked rider, proud and bold,
Strike your tepee. Time is old.
Set your face toward the cold.

IN DEFENSE OF MRS. GARRETT

BY HARRY WALSWORTH KINNEY

THIS RECORD of events was written principally to show the elect of Honolulu that Mrs. Garrett was in the main a good woman. For it has too often been said, with some measure of truth, perhaps, but with more malice and prejudice, that she was selfish and designing, and delighted in turning the lives of men, when she could, into the channels she had cut for them. Mrs. Garrett needs no help, especially now that she has left Honolulu to conquer new worlds. But it is well that her good deeds be recorded, as her evil deeds have been, and, as it has often been said, openly by men and more secretly by women, that she had no heart, at least, there is one instance to prove that this is a calumny.

Most of the facts come from Wilkie. He may not like this publicity, but he is now in Manila seeking new fortunes, and even if this should reach him, he is rendered harmless by distance. Some of the facts are common gossip in Honolulu, and others were gleaned from the talk in newspaper offices after the papers had gone to press. All these, with some personal observations, have formed the links in the complete chain, which should, in justice, be gilded and placed around Mrs. Garrett's adorable neck to the everlasting envy of her detractors.

The rolling ball of events was set in motion when old Keawenui, the old-fashioned and venerable Nestor of the Hawaiian bar, helpless in his distress, set out to seek Wilkie. He found him under a palm tree in the Palace grounds, where Wilkie was fond of sitting in the evening when the band played at the Hawaiian Hotel, and where he could enjoy the music at a distance, undistracted by the crowd. And while the waves of melody floated softly through the foliage and the moonlight sifted through the waving tops of the cocoanut trees, old Keawenui told Wilkie the cause of his sorrows.

"I have fed him and clothed him from the time when he first lay naked and helpless in his mother's arm. My hair has grown white under my toil for him, while other men rested in the evening of their life. To give him the skill of the white man, and his knowledge, I have slaved with hope in my heart. He has studied with the children of white men and has learned their craft and their tongue. And all this I have done for him and for our race, that he might uphold it with his knowledge, and protect it against those of the white men who are evil. And now —he who should have been one of the pride of our youths, to stand like the reef against the ocean to preserve our race— he has become but a tool of the Haole, and a toy for white women. I have worked hard for him, and my hopes have built for him a high place, but I am old, and my years of sorrow will be few. But there is Leialoha. She is young, and he is causing her beauty to fade like a hillside in the dry season. He has blown his breath on the fire of her love with soft words and sweet songs. And now he is casting it all aside for the smiles of white women to whom he is but a toy."

The old native lawyer's voice trembled with excitement, and his long white hair and patriarchal beard fairly quivered as he waved his hands unconsciously in the eloquent gestures he employed before juries.

"That is the reason why I came to you, Wilkie. You are a newspaperman, and you know the ways of men and women. You are a child of Hawaii, even if your skin is white. I can speak to you in my own tongue the things which are in my heart, as I could not express them in English. I ask for your help, for myself, but still more for Leialoha. Yesterday morn-

ing she strung him a lei of ilima flowers. At noon she saw it around the neck of a white woman. Before, in the evenings, when the air was cool and fragrant with the breath of ginger blossoms, he would sit with his guitar and sing to her the sweet songs of our own people. And their hearts were melted together. Now he sings the songs of your race, which are cunningly wrought, but have no sweetness, and in the evenings she sits alone and the guitar is silent. Her heart is withering within her, and you are the only one to whom we can look for help."

The story was new to Wilkie, but as he decided to step into the plot and swing the tide of events, if he could, he resolved in the same flash of thought to see Mrs. Garrett.

Mrs. Garrett held a unique position in Honolulu society. Without riches or anying to recommend her but her own personal charms and her cleverness, both of which, however, were far above the average, she had conquered an elevated position among the elect from the minute when the grimy planks of the Oceanic wharf first knew the touch of her dainty foot. Furthermore, she had held it, in spite of all assaults of the enemy. Mr. Garrett was an unknown quantity in Honolulu, but it was understood that Mrs. Garrett's sinews of war came mainly from this mysterious source in regular monthly remittances. It was also whispered that Mrs. Garrett swelled her treasury by drawing commissions from milliners, dressmakers, voice culture artists, etc., to whom she sent patrons. But these things, as well as such terms as "Becky Sharp" and "adventuress" were whispered only at the very most intimate of afternoon teas. For the few, whose sayings of that order had reached Mrs. Garrett, had met with retribution in some form as swift as it was complete. Of Mrs. Garrett's deeds of evil and acts of wickedness, volumes could be written, but this tale shall deal exclusively with an act of self-denial and unrewarded generosity.

The number of those who went to Mrs. Garrett for advice was legion, but Wilkie had a special claim on her. When the crash of the sugar boom had left him stranded, after a life of leisure and pleasure, fighting in the general wreckage with no other assets than a college education and a good taste in things musical, artistic and literary, it was she who had inspired him with a self-confidence which was as new to him as it was necessary, and had started him as society man on the Honolulu Herald. The first year after that event had converted a mere pleasant acquaintance into a friendship, almost a conspiracy.

Mrs. Garrett had exerted herself for Wilkie, as she did in everything to which she gave the initiative, and was, in a large measure, responsible for his initial success. She supplied him with inside information, gleaned from the flotsam of society's gossip, often containing tips of big business deals, which were to have remained secret from the public gaze.

In return, Wilkie, in a tactful way, saw to it that the Herald became the ally of Mrs. Garrett in her social campaigns. Even after he had graduated from the society columns to more important spheres he was careful that her interests were not forgotten.

So Wilkie comforted the heartbroken patriarch and elicited from him such facts as he knew, which were few, beyond that Philip had suddenly become an amateur operatic star, and had announced his intention to abandon his legal studies for a more dazzling career on the stage. The old man was sure that some white woman was the cause, but who he knew not. Then Wilkie went to the opera house, where he knew Mrs. Garrett must be.

Philip Keawenui held the center of the stage, where the flower of Honolulu's youth was struggling to present a fair imitation of "Carmen." Philip was singing the famous toreador song, and the critical look had almost faded from the face of Mrs. Garrett, who, seated in an empty box, superintended the rehearsal with her usual energy.

"Wilkie, it is a success," she said enthusiastically, as he seated himself beside her. "I have staked my reputation on this thing, and behold!"

The newspaperman shrugged his shoulders. "Tell me, Fanny," he said, "did you ever stake your reputation on anything that you knew might not be a success? You never did. You're not a gambler at chance, and you know it. You

seem to be playing the game, and you always hold all the aces. That is the very secret of your success."

"You should not display your ignorance on subjects that are too deep for you," said Mrs. Garrett lightly. "Then you would seem wiser. But just look at that boy! How could I ever know that I was to make such a discovery? He is a perfect toreador. He has the figure and the face—very light for a Hawaiian, is he not? And then his absolutely natural grace. See the verve with which he carries himself! Watch his gestures! See how his eyes flash! He carries that costume as if he had never worn anything else in his life. He lives that part. He does not know that he is acting. You know that I am by no means an enthusiast, but I know that I am going to make that boy. There is a fortune for him on the stage. 'The Hawaiian Tenor,' think of the hit that would make! And he is my discovery."

"So you are Mephisto." said Wilkie dryly. "That's really too bad. Still, there's no help for it, and you must do the trick."

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Garrett. The chorus had fallen in, loudly and enthusiastically, and the stage commanded every one's attention. "You have something on your mind, Wilkie, and you might as well make a clean breast of it."

Mrs. Garrett leaned slightly closer to him, and he warmed to the telling of his story with more eloquence than he usually commanded.

"And what you wish is, that I defeat my own plans, since you cannot do so yourself, is it not?" asked Mrs. Garrett, when he had finished.

"I have put the case to you fairly," said Wilkie, stoutly. "Even if your plans are successful, you'll make nothing of him but an effete matinee idol. That will be unsatisfactory to you, and eventually to him. Leave him where he is, and he will become a useful, contented wheel in the universal machinery. Throw into the balance the happiness of the girl and the old man, and you'll see that the satisfaction of your whim is not worth the price. If you wish, I'll make this a personal matter and ask it as a favor to myself, and I know you won't refuse."

"You practically force me in the most unfair way, but that is what I have learned to expect from men," said Mrs. Garrett. "I'll see what I can do to cut the pinions of this soaring fledgling that he may remain in the blissful content of the family barnyard. Well, now, I must really attend to this rehearsal, so run along, and you can drop in for tea next Friday, just *entre nous,* you know, and we'll see how your problem is progressing."

During the next few days, Wilkie watched events strictly as a spectator, but none the less with great interest. Twice he met Mrs. Garrett in the street with Philip. On the night of the performance of the opera the boy received an ovation, which was far from pleasing to Wilkie. Furthermore, an enormous bouquet was thrown to him from one of the boxes after his singing of the Toreador song, and this, Wilkie heard, had the card of Mrs. Garrett attached to it. Wilkie could not ward off a suspicion that Mrs. Garrett was not playing fair, and looked forward with expectation to the tete-a-tete on Friday, when matters would be explained.

Wilkie went to Mrs. Garrett's house on Friday afternoon, only to find Philip there. The youth was stretched easily on a pile of cushions on the floor idly strumming a guitar, striking soft, lazy minor chords, with his eyes half-closed in indolent well-being. Mrs. Garrett was sitting above him on a couch. She almost seemed to lean over him, and a feeling came over Wilkie that she had been passing her hands through his hair. The picture flashed before him of the soft, black locks curling around and caressing the slim white fingers as they moved slowly and lingeringly through them. He was irritated, and his vexation rose by observing the indolent grace of the boy, as he played and sang at Mrs. Garrett's bidding, with an intense expression in the tender Hawaiian words, as were he almost openly directing them to her. She seemed to enter into the spirit of it, and the expression of intimacy between them so worked on Wilkie's nerves that he became taciturn, almost rude. But this seemed to pass unnoticed, as the songs went on, and the languid chords of the guitar, and the soft, low laugh of Mrs. Garrett. So Wilkie left,

his departure being unprotested, and his indignation was beyond expression. During the next few days, he felt inclined to believe considerable of what was said about Mrs. Garrett by those whom he considered her detractors.

About a week after this, Wilkie received a telephone message from Mrs. Garrett. "Come to my house at once," was all she said, and the click as she hung up the receiver precluded questioning. Curiosity overpowered Wilkie's disgust and he went. The Japanese maid ushered him into the sitting room and closed the door behind him. No one was in the room, and he stepped forward to enter the sanctum, which was separated from it by a heavy portiere, when the sound of Philip's voice on the other side held him back.

"And I love you, Fanny," the soft, musical voice rose, swelling with love and quivering with passion. "All that is sweet in my songs is for you. What I sing of the deep, dark blue of the ocean is your eyes. The evening breeze, filled with the fragrance of maile and ginger, is your breath. The gold of the sunrise is your hair. All that is sweetness, all that is color, all that is melody, it is all yours. When I have sung to you I have willed that my songs were breathing on your heart, and that the tones should linger and vibrate in your dreams. You and I together, the endless wealth of beauty and music and love shall be ours. Your lips are like the Ohia on the mountain, ripening red, and wet with dew, and I shall reach them, and——"

"Philip Keawenui, you are a fool," Mrs. Garrett's voice was hard. "Your youth is but a small excuse for your presumption. How dare you speak to me like this. I have liked your songs and I have petted you, but that has been all. Because I have flattered your vanity you demand the impossible like a spoiled child, crying for the moon. I noticed your foolish vanity, but how could I imagine it would ever culminate in this insult. How could you ever dream in your wildest dreams that you could aspire to me—a white woman. Remember that for you, even were you on the heights of the fame of your dreams, there would always be a barrier. Were it not for the very enormity of your behavior, I could almost pity you. Now, go, and never dare to enter my house again."

There was silence for a moment. The curtains of the portiere parted, and with a groaning sob Philip Keawenui rushed out through the room. A moment later, Mrs. Garrett appeared.

"You came just a little earlier than I expected, but it may be as well. You have heard me play my little part; are you satisfied now?" Mrs. Garrett spoke quickly and nervously. Her voice was raised, almost imperceptibly, above its usual key. It seemed unnatural to Wilkie.

"Why, you did excellently," he assured her. "In fact, that little speech of yours was the very thing. It was exactly what was wanted. It was almost dramatic."

"Why don't you say theatrical?" said Mrs. Garrett scornfully. "That would be closer to it. Could you not feel the unnatural ring of false sentimentality through it all? I had rehearsed the whole thing. I had thought it out word for word. I am not a dramatist, but it seemed good to me, until I said it. Then it sounded like a discord against the words of that boy. He gave me all the golden poetry of his soul. He laid the innermost nerves of his heart bare to me. And I sat there with a dissecting knife and cut them and slashed them. He offered me the golden coin of his young, hot love, and I paid him with glittering brass."

Mrs. Garrett's voice had fallen almost to a whisper. She sank down on the couch and sat looking down with a fixed gaze, her hands clasped over her knees, her body swaying slowly to and fro.

There was a pause.

Suddenly she threw herself back and looked full into Wilkie's face. All conventionality had left her, and he was struck with her new beauty in her ecstatic excitement.

"You are satisfied, are you not?" her voice rang with the quiver of a fine metal string suddenly snapped. "But what about the boy? Yes, of course, he will get over it and return to his native sweetheart. It is hard for him while it lasts, but youth recovers. It is well. But what about me? You never thought of that, did you? Of course not. I am a frivolous woman, and a light woman. Oh, you

all know that so well. But did it ever occur to you that I, too, might have a heart?

"No, of course not. But I am going to tell you something that may make you understand that the game may be played with brass counters, but sometimes one of us throws in a gold piece, and it is won, or it is lost.

"Yes, I have played with men's loves and I have toyed with men's loves. I have placed them under the magnifying glass and examined them and seen the worthlessness of them all. I have weighed them, like a coin in a banker's scale, and the stamp was fine, and the gilt was bright but the weight was small and the ring was not true. Men gave me beautiful words they cunningly wrought with their brains, but they said, they rang from their hearts. And I smiled, and I played with my glittering, worthless counterfeit coins, and while their shrill, false ring filled my ears I laughed, and I let on as if I thought them all gold.

"Then you threw in my way a poor little coin with no glittering brightness among the sparkle of all the others. It was thrown to me only to pass on to one who cared for such a poor little thing, and to whom it could be given because it was unsightly among all the rest. And I took it, lightly enough, and I played with it. And then I heard it ring clear and true, and I knew that I had found one golden coin amongst all the brass. And this poor little dull coin was the one of them all which I must not keep.

"That boy loved me, Wilkie. He knew what love was. With him it was the true cry of nature. He called to me as the grey wolf bays in the starlight night for his mate. And my heart leapt with joy, and my arms longed to take him and press him to my breast. And I thirsted to feel his hot breath on my cheek, but I must not answer his call. He would sit there and sing to me, songs of his own people, swelling with tears and passion like the rise and fall of the winds that sweep in from the sea. With his whole heart and soul, the thoughts of his brain and the desire of his manhood, all melted in one in the heat of his youth, he overpowered me and overwhelmed me, so that I seemed like a fragment of seaweed tossed in the surging, swirling whirl of the breakers on the coral reef.

"And then, at times, his songs were heavy with sadness and sweetness and hopelessness, soft like the strokes of the wing of the fish-hawk as it sweeps home over the rice-fields in the sunset, sweet as the faintest whisper of the wind, when it wakes in the morning. And I felt faint, as if my senses were being wafted away deep in an ocean of fragrance of flowers.

"These were the times when I was like a leaf in the wind before his will, but he did not know it, and that was what made me be cruel and false. You think that you know what it is for a woman to be false, and you do not. But I do. It is not the promises that she makes and the vows that she breaks, for all these count for nothing. It is when a woman loves, and her tongue denies her love, which her heart is crying out within her, it is then she is false, for she betrays the love which is the cause of her being.

"But I felt and I knew that it could not be. The likes of you and me, Wilkie, we are dwarfed and crippled by custom, conventionality and prejudice, and the light of love is not for us. I have seen it and I dared not possess it, but still I am far richer than the many who have never even seen. He had all his wealth of love and youth and joy of living, and he offered me it all without stint or reservation. But I knew that it could not be mine, for I had nothing of its value to offer in return.

"So he has gone, and he will forget me —quickly, I know, for I turned the tide of his passion into hate by the sting of my words. And he will find in the heart of that poor little Hawaiian girl the treasures I had not to offer him."

* * * *

A few months later, Wilkie went to spend an evening with old Keawenui. The old man was sitting in a corner of the dark veranda. He motioned Wilkie to walk softly, and he approached cautiously to his seat. The patriarch bent over to him with a youthful twinkle in his eyes.

"Listen," he whispered. "This makes my old heart feel young again."

From under the massive bank of foliage, which rose like a dark green wave from

the turf below, curving over the veranda, came the sound of low voices.

"It is true," said a clear young voice. "I love you alone, Leialoha. You are the only one I ever really loved with the true, great love, which is the only one. Once a great madness came over me, when the white woman crazed my senses with her cunning, and I was like one intoxicated with awa. But all that was madness. For you, my love is lasting as are the mountains. You are my only one, you, Leialoha."

"I know it, I believe you," the second voice was so soft it could hardly be heard above the rustle of the leaves. "How could a white woman love! Their love is like their flowers, tied up and trimmed and shown how they must grow. My love for you is the strong wild vine. It clings to you, and holds you tight, and twists and winds itself about you, so that we can never part."

There was a silence. Then a soft guitar chord, and the two voices arose, blending in the rise and fall, in the tenderness and softness and sadness of Hawaiian melody.

THE LURE OF THE SOLITUDES

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

IT IS SAID that on the vast reaches of the desert, when the stars are shining brightly through the frosty air and the giant peaks appear dimly on the dark horizon, the silence becomes so oppressive at times that even the wild horses, standing with lowered heads, are seized with a sense of uneasiness and stampede madly they know not where.

The cheep of a cricket, the snapping of a twig or the hoot of a night owl would be welcomed by the prospector in these solitudes. The only companionship he can depend on is that of his burro, browsing on the desert shrubs, and the occasional bray of that camel of the American Sahara sounds like music in his ears.

I met one of these men the other day. He had sold a hole in the desert for a tidy sum, and had returned for the first time in fifteen years to the abodes of civilization. Our acquaintance, made at the house of a mutual friend rapidly ripened into friendship, and at his invitation I accompanied him to the Van Ness Theatre.

My host gazed curiously around at the richly dressed ladies and their well-attired escorts. He watched the unfoldment of the comedy, "Caught in the Rain," and listened to the contagious humor of Willie Collier without the ghost of a smile. He gazed at me reproachfully, when I occasionally gave way to paroxysms of laughter, and behaved as if relieved when the performance came to an end.

We dropped into a newly opened cafe, resplendent with lights and pulsating with good fellowship. The orchestra was rendering the "Bohemian Girl," and the place was a veritable hive of fair women and handsome men. The waiter anticipated our every want, and rendered faultless service. My friend ordered extravagantly and then informed me that he preferred the bacon and beans of his desert lunch. He puffed on a most fragrant Havana, and added that he would not give his old corn cob for a thousand of them.

He sampled liquors fit for the gods and sighed for the tarantula juice of the solitudes.

I tried to rally him on his affectation. I told him that in a few weeks he would not forfeit his present life of Sybaritic luxury for all the deserts in existence. I informed him that such a life as he was now able to indulge was the one grand prize for which the struggling thousands

parading the streets were fighting, and that it represented the very acme of success to most of those who glimpsed its pleasures from the sidewalk.

He looked at me with a quiet smile, and then walked on in silence, evidently wrapped in self-communion. A few days later I received a note to the effect that he had returned to the desert.

That was some weeks ago, and yet, though our acquaintance was but casual, I sometimes even now, while sitting at my desk, see him with the eye of imagination, slowly trailing his burro through the dreadful solitudes, or cooking his eternal beans by the aid of a few desert twigs, or wrapping himself on the hard ground in his rough blanket, and at such moments I incline to the belief that we are all more or less mad. One man stands ready to forfeit honor, friends, prospects, all that he hath save his life, for that which another, already having, throws to the winds.

Some one has advanced the idea that, by a mysterious provision of nature, we all experience approximating ratios of pleasure and pain; that in the long run Fate strikes the balance about even; and that the sweet and the sour in our individual existences are mixed in the same general proportion. These optimists aver that the naked savage of Tierra del Fuego, shivering in the Antarctic blasts; the poverty-stricken shirt-maker of our tenement districts, working to assuage the prick of hunger, or the coolie of Cochin China, with his scanty rice bowl, each, according to his social or mental capacity, derives in the final analysis as much pleasure out of existence as the millionaire who proclaims that the world is his. Perhaps it is so. Perhaps the Igorrote enjoys his uncooked dog, the Esquimaux his raw whale blubber, or the desert wanderer his beans, as well as the gourmand does an Epicurean repast; but "I hae my douts."

PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA. A NEW ROAD IN REDWOODS. ON THE LINE OF THE CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY. PHOTO LATHE.

THE MISCHIEF OF THE MOON

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS

"The Devil's in the moon for mischief." —BYRON.

IF YOU HAVE been in Guaymas, you know the Plaza. It is the one touch of color that the Sonora seaport boasts. Artificially, a tropical oasis has been created there, and if one looks only at the palms and oleanders and forgets the adobe town beyond, he can well imagine himself to be anywhere below Cancer, in Mazatlan, perhaps, or even in Mexico City, the old *ciudad*.

Jack Morton, the young manager of the American Railroad, came to the plaza on the night in question. He was something of a dreamer, and liked the exotic tropical surroundings. Also, he liked to listen to the band that interpreted grand opera selections with an understanding and warmth that would have brought many a more critical audience to its feet. But most of all, be it admitted, he liked to watch the parade for which band-night was always made the excuse. It is a charming custom, and if you ever go to Guaymas, you are likely to acquire the habit. At any rate, you will not fail to appreciate its picturesqueness. In the plaza there are two walks shaped very much like a figure 8, or, it would be more correct to say, like two slightly elongated circles which touch each other, and almost form a figure 8. One of these circles is reserved for the maidens, the other for the men; but at regular intervals at the point where the paths run parallel, the paraders of both sexes walk side by side. It is then that the young men throw across a shower of flowers, and, openly defying all duenas, ask and receive favors from the hands of their mistresses.

Morton leaned back and watched through half-closed eyelids. The band was playing, "La Noche Blanca," and it seemed to him that something of the spirit of that seductive air had entered into the procession of Mexican girls. Surely their motions had never before been so graceful, their figures so lissom, their black eyes and hair shown to better advantage from beneath the lace *mantillas*. There was one whom his gaze followed persistently. He could not have explained why, but he decided there and then that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

She was so slender, so piquante, and, unusual circumstance in Mexico, she was alone.

After a moment of hesitation, Morton rose and slipped into a place among the men. It was the first time he had ever taken an active part in the parade, and a certain shyness led him to walk round the circle three times with barely a glance across at the maidens as they received their lovers' advances with affected indifference. The fourth time his eyes met those of the girl who had so impressed him. She was barely six feet away, and his heart throbbed, as for the fraction of a second the velvety depths of her black eyes returned his gaze. Then a blush mantled her cheek, and with the faintest of faint smiles she looked away.

A little Mexican boy with a basket of flowers came running by.

"Flores, Senor!" he cried. "Lindas rosas!"

Feeling for a coin, Morton gave it to him and received in return a bunch of white and red roses. Hastily separating them, he selected a red bud and threw it with a sure aim. It brushed her cheek and fell upon her bosom, between the folds of her black *mantilla*. She started, and her hand went to her heart, but the next minute she was carried out of his sight by the moving throng.

Morton's head was in a whirl. He

knew the Mexican custom well enough. If she still had the rose when he saw her again she accepted his advances with favor. In anticipation of this he took his card and crushed it round the stem of another flower. Nor was he disappointed. His rose nestled above her ear when next they came opposite to each other. The second reached safely the same sweet haven that the first had found, and in due course his card fluttered back almost mysteriously from the folds of her dress, and fell on the pavement within easy reach.

On it were scribbled a few words in Spanish, which, being translated, said: "What wantest thou?" "And his answer went back: "Meet me when the plaza is empty and the band has gone."

Morton was amazed at his own daring. He did not seriously believe that she would keep the appointment, for Mexican etiquette is very strict. But then, she had been alone. There must be some reason for that.

Therefore, in the plaza, he sat and waited. The band broke up early, the electric lights were switched off, and the crowd proceeded to disperse slowly. The witchery of the moonlight was all powerful. It was indeed "La Noche Blanca," the white night of Mexico, such as only those who have been in Spanish America can understand.

He watched the women's faces as they passed him, but she was not among them. Did she resent his presumption? Apparently, for the plaza was soon deserted, and still she had not come.

Morton cursed himself softly and produced a cigar, but before he could light it, it fell from his fingers and he sprang to his feet. With a warning rustle of silk she had stepped from behind a fountain and stood before him, with delicious hesitancy.

"Senorita!" he cried.

"Senora!" she corrected. "Senora Peralta." And he understood. This, then, was the reason for her being at the band concert without a duena.

To Morton, the ways of Mexico were not new, and, disconcerting as was the information he had just received, he plunged still further. If nothing were ventured, most certainly would nothing be had.

"I longed to know you, to be your friend, the moment my eyes rested upon you. Can you blame me?" he said softly.

"Is it your custom in America to seek a woman's friendship in this way? A rose, that is a little thing. Your card, that told me your name, nothing more. But, you asked me to meet you here. Do you know how much I risk, Senor, I who am married?"

Spanish when spoken by a beautiful woman amid a setting of palms that shimmer in the moonlight, has an intoxicating quality known to no other language. Senora Peralta's words may have implied reproof, but there ran through them a soft undertone that sent the blood tingling in every vein of Morton's body.

"But you came," he said, drawing nearer.

"Yes, I came—ah, what would you do?"

Passionately, his arms had sought her waist. She struggled for a moment, and then every muscle relaxed and she sank into his arms. His lips sought hers, and he kissed her a dozen times.

Later, they found a bench that was almost hidden by a clump of oleanders, and he drew her down on to his breast. The flower above her ear, the rose that he had given her, crushed against his coat, and its perfume mingled with the faint odor of her hair.

Morton experienced a world of new sensations on that night of nights. He had never before been caressed by a woman of the Latin race, and he discovered, like many another good man before him, that the art they practice is one to which the daughters of the colder North cannot lay claim.

But even in Mexico, the first flush of passion does not last forever, and eventually the situation straightened itself out in his mind. He remembered facts which perhaps he would have been wiser never to forget.

"Your husband, *querida?*" he questioned. "What of him? He may notice your absence, and if this should lead you into trouble, I shall never forgive myself."

She opened her eyes languidly.

"My husband? Ah, he is so cruel, so hard, now that he can find no work to do. But he will never know where I have been.

He thinks that I have gone to see a friend."

"What work can he do?" asked Morton with a sudden inspiration.

"He is a railroad man. He was discharged three months ago, and he sits idle in the hotel all day and frets—ah, the dull pig!" She hid her face upon his breast, as though to shut out an ugly picture.

Morton reflected for a few moments. A vile thought had come to him, and to his credit be it said that he tried to fight it down. However, he at last said, slowly:

"I could send him away, if he would go. You know that I am the manager of the railroad. We need a man at Culiacan. If he will go there, will you stay behind in Guaymas? We could see each other every day then. What say you?"

Now, as this is a true story, it must be recorded that Senora Peralta struggled out of his arms and rose to her feet at the suggestion. Her dainty little figure beside the oleander shrub was at first stiff and uncompromising. Then she seemed to relent, and at last turned to him again.

"Be it so," she said softly. "He will go; he has looked for work long and has not found it. And I, well, meet me here again to-morrow night. Is not that answer enough?"

Then, as the American prudently separated from her ere they reached the open street, she glanced upwards.

"Ah, the moon!" she said softly. "The mad moon! It smiled on us, and we will remember this night forever, you and I."

"Until death, beloved," said Morton fervently, and he admits nowadays that the Senora had prophesied wisely. For he sent Peralta to Culiacan the next day, and in the evening waited by the oleanders.

The moon sailed benignly above the palms, but still she did not come. Presently a Mexican boy approached, peering to right and left.

"*El Caballero, Senor Don Juan Morton,*" he piped, and held out a letter.

Morton seized it eagerly and tore it open. Holding it to the light he read as follows:

"Amigo—In the plaza at Culiacan, the band plays every night. You, who love the music and the moonlight, will not fail to visit us, and when you come, my husband and I will welcome you with all our hearts. Senor Peralta knows nothing about a railroad, but he will learn, and I do not think you will dismiss him. In his name and mine, I thank you. *Adios!* Rosalia Peralta."

SUCCESS

BY STACY E. BAKER

Success! A golden diadem to wear
When one has reached the ending of the way;
The fitting final prize of energy;
The culmination of an earnest prayer.
Success is but a rose, embedded where
The thorns are thickest. Blooming bright and gay,
And dew-bedecked, it gives itself to-day
To those who would achieve—to those who dare.

Success is but a mooring place, to pass
The few contented years which we will know;
A maiden fair of form and bright of dress—
A dainty and a most seductive lass,
With blushing cheeks and lashes hanging low—
All these my definitions of success!

THE MAKING OF CRIMINALS THROUGH THE RACE TRACK

THE NECESSITY FOR ACTION AT THE COMING ELECTION

BY DR. T. B. WILSON

Recently the New York Evening Post saw fit to publish a rather clever article on the "introductory feature" in the magazines, and notably in the Overland Monthly, devoting nearly a column of its valuable space to this critique. The article commences: "O! Make me more like a newspaper every day," and then goes on to suggest that the magazine editor, in order to give weight to his utterances, or in an attempt at the original, has strayed far away from tradition and routine, and has adopted the "freak" ideas of the newspaper man. The monthly magazine has no desire to be "more like a newspaper every day!" I do not agree with the writer of the article in question, as the trend of the most modern of the yellow dailies is to FOLLOW in the public footsteps, and not to LEAD. To lead would mean loss of circulation. To fight for a principle is a duty that has come to be second nature to the weekly newspaper and the magazine, for to fight for a principle might mean the loss of advertising patronage, and the daily newspapers, big and little, base their morality, with but very few exceptions, ON THE RESULTS IN THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT! If it PAYS to issue a yellow supplement, every Sunday, which goes far to give small children a most vicious understanding of life, the great daily paper will cheerfully issue that supplement. If it PAYS to issue an extra giving the results of horse races, the daily newspaper will gladly issue that extra. If it PAYS to publish the details of a bloody prize-fight or a brutal murder, the daily newspaper will enthusiastically issue these details and chortle and gloat over its scoops in immorality.

In San Francisco, the hub of California's social life, the most deteriorating influence is the race-track.

The San Francisco newspapers will publish the advertisements of the race-track, the advertisements of the hand-book artists and the pool room men, and yet the proprietors of these newspapers are "honorable men," in the most meanly common acceptation of the term. They have seen a weekly newspaper in their city wage a war, which bids fair to be a successful one, for eight to nine years against the track evil; they have never lifted a hand or made a scratch of a pen to help the cause along, and they have never chosen to make the fight their fight because, in this case, they might LOSE PRESTIGE AND CIRCULATION! They found themselves face to face with the rich man at one end of the game, growing richer through this racing game iniquity, and the poor man, at the other, who felt that to take away his free ticket to the penitentiary, his daughter's pass to the house of prostitution, his boy's diploma in the school of petty and grand larceny, is an infringement of a divine prerogative!

It has ever been known that the laws of the State of California are so worded as to prohibit pool selling and gambling, but that this wording is so ambiguous, SO MISCHIEVOUSLY AND CUNNINGLY DEVISED that, instead of being an instrument of punishment, the law becomes in the hands of unscrupulous attorneys and supine judges a protection for the gambler and swindler.

The time has now come for the State of California to redeem herself from the odium of the race track, and this may only be done by the enactment of new laws by men pledged in advance to carry out the people's will, in this matter. Every citizen of California should now make it his duty to pledge the legislative candidates personally to the obliteration of the race-track evil.—P. N. BERINGER, Editor Overland Monthly.

THE CALIFORNIA Jockey Club, better known, perhaps, as the Emeryville School for Crime, is preparing for the greatest racing season in the history of the State. There will be from seven hundred to one thousand more horses entered than ever before, and it is expected that the attendance will average fully, if not over, five thousand daily during the entire season, which commences early in November next, and continues until June of next year—a grand total of more than 1,000,000 track-side patrons for the season; there will be six races every day, with an average of about twelve horses participating in each race. To take care of the several stables and conduct the several departments of the business, the services of at least two thousand employees will be required, and judging by former seasons, the daily betting will aggregate from two hundred to three hundred thousand dollars, including the outside pool rooms in the Bay cities and throughout the State. Perhaps it is safe to say that these estimates of the aggregate of the sums of money wagered in California on the Emeryville races each day are all of twenty-five per cent too low, and when it is remembered that nearly every trade center of importance in the United States maintains one or more pool rooms, with special telegraphic service with the race-track, some idea will be had of the influence for evil the Emeryville racing season exerts upon the whole country.

There should be a vehement and persistent demand all over California for the abolition of the Emeryville race track, not only for the sake of the good name of the State of California, but because the people of this commonwealth owe it to the country at large to refuse longer to permit the maintenance of the California Jockey Club's School for Crime—an institution that encourages crime of all degrees and states of degradation in men and women and boys and girls. The people of the other States have the right to measure the moral status and the standard of character of social California by the legal aid and comfort of the legal prohibition it throws about Emeryville's open gates and influence for the encouragement of crime and social debauchery. The road to Emeryville leads to the most hurtful moral influence, many times over, than any other dozen temptations to the youth of the State, and the roads from it lead to every known crime, and it applies in a general way to young men and young girls in like manner as it does to older persons. Emeryville is an ever-acting and persistent temptation to every one of its patrons to quit the paths of virtue, business integrity, and home ties. It may be said without fear of contradition that not ten per cent of the young men and girls who become enamored of the excitement of the Emeryville race track ever return unspotted, mentally, certainly, to social purity and honest business conduct. The history of Emeryville recites little else as the consequence of its influence upon the public, or its patrons, rather. But it is permitted by public sentiment to go on undisturbed from year to year. That is to say, the public does not rise in its might and destroy it root and branch. Is the public indifferent whether or not a school for crime is maintained publicly to educate the youth of the community in the ways of vice? At its last analysis, that is the all-absorbing question, for the answer is necessarily the measure of the moral sense of the people.

This much is true in any event; no person, young or old, man or woman, could become a devotee, or even an occasional spectator of the events at Emeryville and long maintain his or her self-respect. Everything there tends to lead the mind to lower levels, lower ideals, and lower standards of conduct of life, nor is one restraining influence to be found that is born of wholesome domestic or home or commercial life. Only vice is seen in the events of the hour, and such influences as plead for still greater moral degradation are the only arguments in justification of the track and the performances thereupon. That is so because it is a school for crime, and for nothing else, for its very life depends upon the successful closing of all avenues through which an awakening might come and a sense of the inner meaning of it all be

realized. Objection is made in some quarters to calling the Emeryville race-track a "School for Crime," but is it a school for ethical culture? Does the book-maker warn his customer that dishonest races are the order? Does anyone connected with the school try to impress upon young men that they should not rob their employers to secure money to "play the races?" Who tells the young girl that she should not barter her soul for cash with which to buy pools? Are lectures given on business integrity or on virtue or on trustworthiness or on faithfulness to trusts or on commercial honesty or on home purity? All such questions are barred out of the Emeryville School for Crime. Only the beauty of crime, moral debauchery, home wrecking and all other paths to personal degredation are pointed out and descanted upon in the school, for it lives and thrives upon blackened character, wrecked homes and all the other ways of vice, crime and debauchery. They all contribute to the school's permanency and in turn it sends recruits to the highways of evil that they may be kept full to overflowing.

The people of California are not in ignorance of the mission of the Emeryville race track in their State. Moreover, they have it in their power to utterly remove it from the face of the commonwealth, and at the coming election they will be asked, and perforce, they will have to answer before all the world whether they want the school perpetuated or blotted out of existence. The Emeryville race track is known in every land to be the wickedest and foulest public resort above ground. It is known to have no equal as a destroyer of character and for creating criminals out of young men who, but for the influence of the school, would travel the paths of business honesty and social uprightness. This "Crime Factory," as many prefer to call it, is here and is permitted to continue to make criminals because no legislature can be convened that has the manhood or the honesty to legislate the iniquity into its coffin. Yet the people are rather more to blame than their representatives in the law-making department of the State. In the absence of positive and unalterable commands from them to their Legislative representatives to leave no stone unturned to destroy this breeder of criminals it will not be seriously disturbed because "it has money to burn" in its own interest when danger threatens. Now, the issue is not one of politics nor of religion nor of temperance nor of prohibition. It is simply a question of protecting the youth of the State from this open-mouthed and seductive invention of the devil to educate by object lessons by the young blood of the commonwealth to where crime will appeal in stronger terms than honesty for life's conduct. If, therefore, voters will exact a solemn pledge from those who aspire to sit in the Legislature that in any event they will enact legislation prohibiting the maintenance of horse-racing tracks, such as are conducted at Emeryville, California would be rid of the damnable evil before the present racing season is half over. But it should not be forgotten that the Emeryville Crime Factory has a net profit every racing season of more than $1,000,000, and could afford to spend fabulous sums of money to prevent hostile legislation. However, if all candidates were pledged in advance to vote against the continuance of Emeryville, they would then have no political or party obligation to vote otherwise, and he who did not hold fast to his promise would have to confess that he accepted money to betray his constituency, which would brand him as a man rather more infamous than an accredited graduate of the Emeryville School for Crime.

If the Legislative electors of California could be made to understand that the question of blotting out the Emeryville race track is of more importance than any other one issue, the commonwealth has had to deal with since it put on Statehood, no doubt every Legislator would go to the capital under a sacred pledge to lose no time in legislating it out of existence. But it is as true now as it was ages ago that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and hence the danger lies in the lack of personal interest on the part of the electors. It certainly is true that the Emeryville method of giving exhibitions of high-bred horses is a snare and a delusion. The question of high or low-bred horses is not considered, nor is it a question of running

fast or slow, but wholly a question of how to *throw* races to swindle the public. No race called, or rather no race is started, that one or more of the inside combines does not know exactly which horses will win and which will lose, and it is equally true that by a system of "confidential tips," the public generally finds when the race is over it happens to have bet on the wrong horses.

If the foregoing presentation of the evil does not sufficiently appeal to the moral sense of the people of California to arouse them to a sense of their duty in the premises, perhaps when they are told that the Emeryville race track and its immediate environments are merely the base of the evil, and that in their wide field of their ramifications will be found most of their victims. What is meant is that in the bay cities alone, beyond the confines of the race track grounds, more than one thousand persons will be found on every day of the racing season ready and prepared to "accommodate" any one who may want to "pick a favorite." The worst of this feature of the business is to be found in the operations of what are called "hand-book makers," and there are hundreds of them. The hand-book maker haunts industrial establishments, business houses, car barns—everywhere, in fact, where men and women and boys and girls in large numbers are employed—and upon the credulity of such his oily tongue plays and persuades. He is not a "clever" hand-book maker who does not average $250 to $300 a day in total gross receipts to be placed on "favorites" of those who risk their money. Strange as it may seem that, although there are hundreds of them, there is no report of one ever having defaulted or "played crooked." They settle promptly, but of course the odds are nearly all in their favor; besides, it is understood that big winnings by a customer are to be cut from 40 to 60 per cent. The book accepts bets from 25 cents up, but the average is not over $5. In connection with this class of patrons of race-track gambling, one who is curious enough to watch the operation of cause and effect will see a man here and a boy there, and perhaps a young girl over there, a bettor who has made a small winning on several successive days "taking a day off" to go to the track side, where he or she may conduct betting according as his or her judgment suggests. Win or lose, they will return the next day. If it be a loss, they return to get even. If it be a winning, their fortune is made, *and race track gambling becomes a profession.* From that point, the road to vice and shame runs across lots.

Although the 500 or 600, more or less, hand-book makers in the bay cities do not handle in the aggregate a very great sum of money on any one day, they deal with a class of people—nearly all wage-earners—who cannot afford the losses they are bound to sustain, but aside from that, the Emeryville race track is the most demoralizing influence that the employee in every occupation in California is confronted by, and it reaches from the confidential cashier in the city to the remotest farm laborer. Emeryville's "lay-out" is the most seductive get-rich-quick scheme that was ever presented to the public because, and only because, it is hidden behind "the noble horse." Next to liberty, the horse is made to veneer more treason, rascality and crime than any other invention or creation. But the hundreds of hand-book makers do not constitute the army of outside book-makers. A very large per cent of the cigar stands and saloons either run a book or some one close by has a private room where money may be placed on "favorites." There are scores of "club rooms"—club rooms that have no furnishing other than a desk and a few chairs—where a "friend" is always at liberty to "introduce a friend." Betting in these places very often reaches a high mark. But there are still other places where merchants and other men of capital may step in and "take a flyer." Here the betting is in round sums. But the most pernicious, degrading and devilish of all the devices to encourage the spread of the Emeryville species of crime, which really includes everything the law forbids, are to be found in the parlors of certain social sets. First, there is betting a few nickels, "just for fun;" then a dollar or so "just to make it interesting, don't you know." Sharp on the heels of this, beer and wine introduce themselves, followed sooner or later by wrecked homes. General Sherman said, "War is hell," but the

Emeryville School for Crime is far worse —for it is hell's most enticing recruiting station. There is not in all America another such a school for crime—one whose influence for evil extends over so wide a field. This is known to be true by every voter in the State, and if the iniquity is not legislated out of existence, the fault will be our own—we, the voters of California, nor will we as a people have the right to complain if we are judged as to our business integrity and standard of social ethics by the methods and morals of the California Jockey Club, as given in glaring colors at Emeryville during six months of every year if we permit it to continue under the sanction of law. There is, in fact, no middle ground or room for compromise. Either Emeryville, with all its devices and influences for making criminals, must be closed forever, or given even greater scope under fewer restrictions. The people of California are now fully conversant with the issue, and the next Legislature will voice their wishes in the premises. Let the people ask themselves if it is well to maintain such an influence for evil as is the Emeryville race track upon ground adjoining the State's greatest institution of learning, where more than three thousand of the young men and young women of the commonwealth are assembled to acquire what we are pleased to call "higher education?" For no other reason, if there were no other reasons, there should not be a voice in all the State lifted up in defense of the race track. But will the people be equal to the emergency? And it is an emergency case, for the time has come for all the world to know if really the Emeryville race track iniquity reflects the moral sense and social standard of the people of California.

A CRY OF THE SOUL

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

O! Future, in whose pressing years,
Victory is mine; through strife and tears
I see, and almost grasp the prize
Of self-achievement—Paradise.

O! Fate, I laugh thy whims to scorn
Though thou hast left me weak, forlorn,
I steer my course, and I alone
Nor vouchsafe Thee one yielding groan.

The consciousness that face to face,
And man to man, I've kept the pace,
Nor favors asked, nor bent the knee,
Means more than Midas' wealth to me.

'Tis well, be Life a nightmared dream,
Or but a grim malefic scheme,
Conceived by Him, who in the shade
Is hidden—I am unafraid.

'Tis well, be Life a rigid test
Devised by One who knows the best,
To force the strong and kill the weak,
I will not cringe, or mercy seek.

Let those who will, on bended knee,
Wail into space for sympathy,
Bound by the bigotry of sect,
But as for me, I'll stand erect.

"FRISK"

BY ANNIE LOUISE MORRISON

E FIRST became a family possession when about four weeks old. Mr. Norris Palmer, a very lady-like old bachelor, presented him to the son of the house, and he speedily sprawled and tumbled himself into our affections.

What a delightful puppy he was. His curly brown coat had glints of red in it. His dumpy tail wagged hilariously. His gait reminded one of Bret Harte's "Baby Sylvester," the little grizzly whose hind feet always out-ran the fore ones, but he took his tumbles so sweetly that we never wished them fewer. Fat! Why, a Texas baby advertising the only food for infants was no comparison, but the most noticeable thing about him was his eyes. Here hereditary had an inning. From his father, "Boss Tweed," he inherited one gleaming brown eye, and from his blonde mother, "Blue-eyed Marthy," whose business it was to chaperon Mr. Palmer's goats while they clambered rocks and nibbled brush, he got the other, an innocent baby-blue orb that in time became almost white.

From his father, also, came the hunting instinct. Before he was six months old he had killed dozens of squirrels and rabbits, worried coyotes, tusseled with a wild cat bigger than himself, until a man and a gun relieved him, and crowning feat of valor, treed a mountain lion. At least he was leaping and snarling at the foot of the old weather-beaten white oak, while the great, tawny beast crouched far out on a bleached and deadened branch, when the man and the gun again came into play. That pelt is doing duty as a hearth rug and represents the climax of Frisk's hunting.

The father also bequeathed to his son less noble traits. Boss Tweed finally went to his grave by the shot-gun route for killing a neighboring rancher's hogs, and when Frisk was about a year old, he began to worry pigs. A waddling old sow was irresistible, a saucy shote not to be tolerated. Whipping was useless. Like Bull, "Ef he once took holt, heaven and yearth couldn't make him let go." Consequently Frisk lost patches of hide and the free lances of the great Huasna Ranch lost ears and pieces of curly tails.

When I left the Huasna for the winter vacation, I had been teaching there for nearly four years, I persuaded the children to leave Frisk with a neighbor, for in town he turned his attention to trains. He had been flung from a cow-catcher time and time again, while madly pursuing a train, and had narrowly escaped being drawn under the rushing wheels. The mountains seemed safer, especially as most of the hogs had been shipped.

More than two months passed before we returned to the little school. Frisk had left. One man claimed to have seen him over on the Los Berros more than twenty miles away. Another said he was out at "Old Man Adam's t'other side of the range." Sunday evening a joyous yell brought me to the door. Coming up the trail in leaps and bounds was "The bully boy with a crockery eye." Such transports, such leapings and barking! He would roll over and over, leap upon his hind legs, rest his fore-paws upon Robert's shoulder, and lick his face. Then squat upon his haunches in front of me, thumping the porch floor with joyous tail, while a grin lost itself behind his twitching ears.

To say I was remorseful doesn't tell it. After his abandonment by me and no doubt cruel tramp's experiences of the winter, to be thus forgiven, nay, taken back into his affections. I realized that no human friend had ever shown a like disposition.

The next evening a half-breed, Injun Pete, came to the cabin and said he wanted his dog, pointing to Frisk. Inquiry as to his rights of possession elicited the fact that Bill Lane had given the dog to Pete some weeks before. Bill Lane farmed on the Upper Huasna, and between sprees Injun Pete cooked for him. It was almost dark and more than half a mile to a neighbor's. Not knowing whether Pete was drunk or sober, I dared not refuse him the dog, so Frisk, whining and protesting, was lifted into the old ramshackle buggy, Pete and the pinto pony faded away into the evening haze. I went inside, bolted the door, and crept forlornly to bed, comforting the small boy as best I could.

A coyote howled; that set the orchestra going, and soon a full chorus was making night hideous. Between the acts an owl hooted. Listen! The wild cry of a mountain lion far up the canyon. Then, oh, blessed sound, a dog's deep baying, a sudden hush of coyotes' shriekings, a leap upon the porch, padding steps, then a contented tail thumping just outside my bed-room window.

In the morning, while we sat at breakfast there was a snarling rush from the porch steps. I hastened to the door to see Injun Pete retreating towards the fence, while Frisk, with bristling back and bared teeth stood at bay. This was adding insult to injury, and in Frisk's opinion the time had come for asserting his doghood and protecting a foolish woman against her own weakness. Pete was easily persuaded to go. I don't think he wanted the dog just then. He said that Frisk had been locked up in the blacksmith shop the night before, and had jumped through a window to escape.

The pigs came grunting to the line fence, but no notice was taken of them. Instead of chasing hogs, he graciously consented to be harnessed to a cart and draw a small boy. Had hard luck and absence from his family regenerated him, or was it a case of wild oats sown and a steady life in the future!

The gleaming dark eye and the mild blue one seemed to control him by turns, but the blue one was in the ascendency now.

Summer came and vacation took us back to town. Frisk contentedly dragged the sled with the boy atop, paid no heed to rushing trains, nipped the heels of overbold tramps, and seemed thoroughly reformed and settled down.

One morning he was missing. All efforts failed to trace him. Months passed.

A big band of cattle from the Huasna country was driven into San Luis Obispo for shipment.

One of the vaqueros gave me news of Frisk. Thirty or forty miles across the range, over in the Avanals, old man Dormie, father of Injun Pete, had a cabin. Ranging the hills with him, chasing hogs, killing coyotes, wild cats and mountain lions, fierce, unkempt, gone to the dogs generally, was a big, shaggy creature, with one fierce dark eye and one pale blue one. The dark eye was having the last inning. "Boss Tweed" survived, but "Blue-Eyed Marthy" was gone forever.

ARRIBA! ARRIBA!

BY FRED A. HUNT

IT IS NARRATED by the Calendar Ali ben Munchausen that a Californian died, and, antithetical to the usual procedure, went to Paradise. Naturally, he wandered around, that he might become accustomed to his unusual environment. Admiring the beauty of the groves and dells, the sparkling waters of the ever-living streams, the luxuriance of the flowers and fruits, he at length arrived at a sequestered nook where were segregated a number of people, and, most wonderful of all, attached to each was a heavy ball and chain. Marveling at the incongruity of such appendages in a locality that is presumptively the haven of all the truly good, he sought for information why these inhabitants should be thus restrained of their motive power, and was informed that the beneficent St. Peter could, and would, illuminate his density on the subject.

Seeking the good saint, he went with him to the melancholy contingent, and again asked the reason for their hampered state.

"Oh, those," rejoined St. Peter, "that bunch are Californians, and if we didn't chain 'em they would go back to California!"

Having had some experience with the glowing imagery and superlative hyperbole of Californians when descanting upon the beauty and fertility of their native State, the writer was disposed to take the narrative of Ben Munchausen with a large quantity of chloride of sodium, and estimate it as but another of the perfervid eulogies anent the Golden State.

Some little time since, however, it was the duty and luxury of the writer to attend the State encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Santa Ana, Orange County, in the course whereof he traveled quite extensively through the marvelously beautiful and fertile country of that southland, and came to the conclusion that the Californians in the valley of Atlantis might well experience some feelings of homesickness for their native land. The writer has not been in the theological Paradise; he has been in the land of the olive and the vine in Southern California, and, being of limited imagination, cannot conceive of either a mythical Paradise or an actual Canaan as excelling in beauty the Californian country. It is questionable whether, if Joshua and Caleb had been deputed to ascertain the arability and productiveness of the country, they would have returned; they would, likely, have been the argonaut predecessors of the thousands who went to examine and remained there to live in an affluence of comfort, peace and prosperity.

The climate is equable and balmy beyond description; the soil productive in the maximum, with a comparative minimum of tillage; the products themselves luxuriant to the verge of fable, and comprehending all semi-tropical and tropical fruits; the one unavoidable necessity in some districts being water, and that is rapidly being supplied by magnificent irrigation systems and canals.

Remunerative? One company operates a single vineyard of 7,500 acres, and it is hardly reasonably presumptive that the company maintains that immense tract for the hygienic advantage derivable from its cultivation, and at Riverside, one 5-acre orange orchard yields its owner $1,800 per annum, and for that comfortable little homestead the proprietor has repeatedly refused $15,000.

Ben Munchausen is also stated to have narrated that on the stony hillside farms of many sections of New England the geese have their bills filed to a point, that they may adequately dig and probe be-

tween the abundant rocks and stones for the infrequent blades of grass; were these Bedouin foragers turned loose in a California alfalfa field (producing from three to five lush crops yearly), their gluttony would probably lead to their engorgement and untimely demise.

Traveling through the peninsula of Northern Michigan, some years since, the writer was in a quandary as to whether the farmers were cultivating stumps or corn, for there seemed a parity of both products on the quasi-farms. The cornstalks were of all heights, manifesting anything save unanimity of sentiment as to the time they should reach their proper altitude and maturity, and also displaying the strenuous struggle they had had against adverse climate and soil. Ten feet is no unusual height for California cornstalks, and they grow in a forest as dense as the cultivator will permit. The assessor of Orange County reported that 3,500 acres planted to corn produced 3,000 tons, valued at $75,000.

It only seems possible that the farmers of the Eastern States remain in an inhospitable climate, on an unfriendly soil, and where life is an unmitigated struggle against repellent conditions when they may come to California and her millions of arable acres and temperate climate, solely because of their ignorance of the reasonable possibilities this State proffers, and this dissertation is calmly written in the author's autumn of life that those who read it may mark and inwardly digest it, and by transferring the scenes of their activities, revel in California abundance, California unfaltering prosperity and California happiness. By thus migrating and realizing the verity of this desultory article, they will rise up in their contentment of the future and call the writer blessed, and deem that Ben Munchausen in an allegory came very near the truth, for actual happiness is always preferable to problematical luxury. So, if any reader is content with the eighteen hours' farm work of the East and Middle West, with its mediocre results, let him stay and vegetate there; if he wants the maximum of productiveness with the reasonable minimum of labor and taxed energy, let him come to California, and realize that one can make plenty of money on a farm without leading the life of a Sisyphus in working it.

Facts are stubborn things, and here are a few stubs.:

Assessor's Report of Orange County (a Comparatively Recently Settled County).

		Yearly Product	
	Acres Cultivated	in tons	Value
Wheat	18,000	9,000	$225,000
Barley	38,500	19,000	385,000
Oats	1,500	750	17,259
Alfalfa Hay	7,500	37,500	262,000
Barley Hay	21,000	31,000	189,000
Beans	6,500	321	23,400
Beet Sugar	3,750	6,800	660,000

Of the citrus fruit crop and its magnificent returns no statistics are given in this article; it is well to reserve the great advantage of tilling California soil to the actual inspection and realization of the prospector. Wherefore, hard-worked and illy-remunerated farmer of inhospitable regions, come out and look at California, and, following the expedient example of thousands of others, stay here. You will know what comfort and prosperity mean then.

TO THE KING

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF THE FRENCH COURT.

BY ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

AS I WRITE these memoirs now, my hair tinged with gray, it seems as if the light-hearted girl at the court of Louis XV must have been some other person than I; but even old age cannot rob me of the keen recollection of that exciting moment when I gave the toast and drank "To the King!"

I knew the King was said to be more immoral than his predecessor, Louis XIV, and though at times I had a feeling of revulsion towards him, still he was King—the King of France—and I thought France the greatest country in the world. Indeed, I cannot forget the glories of that court, and even here, in this old chateau, with its faded draperies and dull, gray walls, I can close my eyelids and in fancy see the grand palace, the gaily gowned ladies and maids of honor to the Queen, myself one of the fairest of the group, and sometimes the eyes of the King bent in admiration upon me. Indeed, now that I know what a shameless man he was, I wonder that I did not shudder and scream at the admiration and glances of the King. But truth to tell, I was flattered by it. Not that I ever thought for a minute of being untrue to my own, dear Francis, Duke of Beaufort, to whom I was engaged, but then it was somewhat of a conquest, light as it was, to be admired by the King. Francis had more than once resented this openly expressed admiration of his sovereign, and had somewhat rudely insisted that I should not wear the string of pearls our monarch had given me, and I knew that my lover, the Duke, was jealous of the slightest gaze of admiration from our monarch. Perhaps that was one reason why the King's admiration pleased me!

Dear Father Beaucaris! How he comes back to my mind! Poor old soul, long since gone to his rest. He was unaffected by the pomp and ceremony of the court, unsullied by its sin.

The great Richelieu rather looked on the humble father as a nonentity, but I did truly love and appreciate him. He was ever ready to speak a kind word, and the plots and counterplots, so tempting to most of us, priest and laity, passed by the good Father Beaucaris. And once when the King had bent low over my hand and kissed it, the Father, who entered the ante-room, just in time to see this interesting little episode, said, when the King had left: "Mademoiselle, the King's lips are not pure enough to touch your hand; they have pressed many hands. The lips, Mademoiselle, of the Duke are purer."

"Ah, but you would not have me rude to the King. Why, it would be almost treason."

"And Mademoiselle is not a *traitor.*" There was a slight curl to his lips, usually so kind in expression. This hurt me, and I said:

"Father, you are not kind. You are sarcastic to-day."

"Nay, my dear child, but I fear to see the lily sullied in this court; guard well your purity as you would guard your soul; the influences here are contaminating, so beware; and let your thoughts rise often above. I will be ever your friend, Mademoiselle, and I think you are fortunate to have as a lover so good and great a gentleman as the Duke," and he added, "have the Duke with you as much as possible, and your eyes keen for Moranette." And pressing my hand warmly, he left.

Francis, I could see, was worried, and changing signs with some of the courtiers, one in especial, Moranette, of whom Father Beaucaris had warned me, and whom I never trusted. At odd times I noticed Francis and him whispering, but never when the King was near. This aroused my suspicions, and I was not a little worried.

After the play, or King's entertainment, the ladies and gentlemen of the court would usually go into a room where wine and refreshments were left for us, and there our daily doings were dis-

cussed. It was in this room the scandals and intrigues were told; it was here State secrets were whispered in groups; these groups separated, each type to its own. Indeed, love making and plighting of troth was many times made here. Sometimes the King joined us, when it pleased him to do so—and occasionally he deigned to sup with us at our informal midnight banquet.

One night in particular, I had noticed Francis and the Count Emile Moranette more serious than usual. I was worried, for I had observed a gravity of countenance among a certain number that made my heart somewhat fearful. The crowd thinned out. It was after one o'clock, still Francis and Sir Moranette and five other gentlemen and a few ladies remained; three others besides myself; and we had stayed because our lovers had! Moranette stepped forward to the table, poured a glass of wine for each, and said: "We have something to say to you"—glancing at us four ladies—"you have stayed probably because we did—it is well. A man's wife, or she who is soon to become so, should stay with her husband no matter through what path he chooses to take her." I did not quite like this sentiment, it made us too subservient to husbands; but we watched Count Moranette, and no one interrupted him. He continued: "The time has come for France to lift its head and shake off the insolent, tyrannical foot of Louis!"

Mademoiselle Gauthier interrupted excitedly: "You forget yourself, sir; we are now in the King's palace: this is *treason!* And if he heard it this minute, your head should to-morrow pay the forfeit for the fool brain that is in it."

"Mademoiselle forgets herself; *her* head may yet pay the forfeit for the fool brain that is in *it*. Louis will not long be King—some other feet may climb the dais to his throne, and Mademoiselle should be careful. She knows not *whose* feet it may be."

Mademoiselle Gauthier's lover resented a word said to her, and with a reluctant apology, Count Moranette continued. I could see his fiancee was in the plot, and her eyes glistened with anticipation and excitement. Could it be possible, I wondered, if he really thought that if Louis were killed or dethroned, that he, daring intriguer as he was, could be King? He unfolded his plot, which needed some women to help—the reason we had been permitted to remain. To my horror, Francis was in this plot. Louis, he declared, was a brute and a libertine; a monster of cruelty. He seemed to hate him with such intensity that I feared for his life. My vanity at the King's admiration was nothing now. My love for Francis was paramount to everything. I did not think of myself, but of Francis, guilty of treason.

I glanced at my face in the mirror opposite; it was white and strained and strange looking, scarcely the face of the girl I knew for Mademoiselle, the youngest daughter of D'Orville, one of the bravest soldiers of the King's service.

Just then Moranette raised the glass of wine to his lips, and every one else but myself did likewise.

"Mademoiselle D'Orville will not drink?" he said. "Then the toast shall go without her!"

At that moment I glanced into the mirror opposite, which reflected the mirror in the hall, which in turn reflected—the King! He was walking down the hall coming towards us. Moranette raised his glass and said: "The toast shall be drunk just the same. Success attend the plot!" He dared not say it loud, but spoke in a defiant hiss. I raised my glass with the others, and with spirit and a courage born of desperation, said loudly: "To the King!" And Louis entered the room! He came forward, and taking the glass from me, said: "Let me drain the dregs of Mademoiselle's toast, and another to her." And pouring another glass, he drank, and said: "May all men admire Mademoiselle D'Orville as much as does her King!"

I cast one hurried glance at Moranette; he was white and shaking, but the King did not notice, and he who had barely escaped being caught in high treason soon left the room. Nor from that day to this have I ever heard one word mentioned of that plot, only what Francis told me, except that the King boasted the following morning how he accidentally came upon his faithful subjects who were lovingly thinking of him and drinking a toast "To the King!"

DRY LAND FARMING IN THE WEST

BY EDWARD M. TUCKER

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The importance of dry land farming in the West is evidenced by the following Associated Press despatch:

> *"Salt Lake, Jan. 22.—With scores of delegates present and many others on the way, with a large attendance of visitors and with the good wishes of prominent men all over the land expressed in letters and telegrams, the Transmissouri Dry Farming Congress began its second annual meeting here to-day."*

The first dry land congress was held in the city of Denver in January of last year. Along the line of organization the distinction Denver shares and justly claims is rare. For it was in Denver that the National Irrigation Congress, the Mississippi Commercial Congress, the National Live Stock Association, the American Mining Congress and the Trans-Missouri Dry Farming Congress came into existence. All of these organizations have brought results far beyond the most ardent expectations, and every one of them will be of marked and lasting benefit in its peculiar sphere. But it is safe to say that in none of these institutions are reposed such great opportunities and vast possibilities as that pertaining to dry land farming.

IN ALL OF the Western States large irrigation projects have been completed while many others are under way and many others are to follow. Millions of acres are and will have been reclaimed. Still, there are vast areas in many of the Western States upon which artificial water will never be gotten. Such being the case, the only way that this land may be reclaimed and be of the most benefit to mankind is under the system of dry land farming.

That vast country known as the semi-arid belt extends from Canada on the north far into Texas, and from the Missouri river and across that river, easterly through the Dakotas and into Western Minnesota, and extends westward beyond the Rockies into portions of Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California. The first settlements were made in the Dakotas and Western Minnesota about twenty years ago. The experiences of the people who lived in that country of great plains until recent years have been varied in the extreme. They had years of partial and years of total failure, and occasionally a year of good crops. Alternate hope and despair filled the settlers' minds. Had it not been for a few cows, some chickens and a small garden, with the wind-mill as an irrigator, much of this great section would long ago have been de-populated and abandoned as an agricultural country. Up until about ten years ago, very little, if any, attention had been given to preparing the soil to ensure crops. Farmers coming from the East pursued the same methods as when in the East, where suffi-

cient rains came to ensure crops, and under those methods expected to reap bountifully. But as often as this was practiced, great disappointments were usually attendant. Not until the subject of the storage and conservation of the natural rainfall in the soil began to be comprehended did any real light or hope for the successful solution of this perplexing problem come. During the last ten years, investigations have been made along a given line of thought and theory, namely, the preservation of the moisture by proper cultivation. The result is, that green grain is now waving where only a few years ago the wild winds and their brothers, the coyotes, sang together. What were heretofore barren plains are now beginning to bloom and thrive and teem with people, herds and flocks. Dry land farming is still in its infancy. The experience of every year lends more knowledge to the work, not only in the study of the physical conditions of the soil, but in the way of improved farming machinery. It is not the aim of this article to go fully into the subject of dry land farming. To do so it would be necessary to write a book. It is rather the aim of this article to mention a few of our immediate Western States, within the boundaries of which large areas of arid lands lie, and to give an idea as to some of the possibilities regarding the occupation of such lands.

In the last five years the demand for land has no doubt exceeded that of an entire quarter of a century. The next two years will have exceeded that of the last five. Such is especially the case in the West, and from all authorities it is equally so throughout the entire United States. The reason for this is obvious. This is an era of home building. Not only that, but this is an era in which America is witnessing two very important changes. In years past, the American people have been flocking town-ward; they are now seeking green fields. And, too, there are our foreign brothers. They have heard of our prosperity in America. They, too, are seeking land. Regarding them, Frank P.

THIS WHHITE HULL-LESS BARLEY WAS GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION.

FIELD SHOWING THE WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT OF TURKEY RED WHEAT, GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION.

Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration and Naturalization, in his 1907 report, has to say:

"An army of 1,325,840 souls has come —drawn hither by the free institutions and the marvelous prosperity of our country, the chance here afforded every honest toiler to gain a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, or the exercise of his intelligence —surpassing in numbers the records of all preceding years."

Under the existing conditions, we will soon find every foot of land occupied. On the passing of the buffalo, the long-horned steer became monarch of the Western plains and uplands. Now we are witnessing the passing of those days when hundreds of men in Colorado, Montana, Wyoming and other Western States proclaim themselves owners of thousands of cattle on a thousand hills. It is now becoming recognized by stockmen that the days of the free, open range, the days of large live stock holdings, are passing away. Until recently, there was little, if any, investment beyond that of cattle or sheep. No provision was made for a dry season or a hard winter. When the season was good, the profits were very large, but with adverse conditions, the losses were also very large. It was a risky business. We are coming to a time when the range will have to be handled on a very different basis. Dry land methods of soil cultivation are going to help solve the range problems. The range stock business will be put on a safe and conservative basis. The profits may not be as large, but the yearly losses will be very largely eliminated. The dry land farm is going to provide winter quarters and winter feed for the live stock of the range. More than that, these quarters and that feed will be where the stock is—right on the range. The largest amount of success on the dry farm will come to those who make live stock the main market crop of their farms, the adjoining range providing the summer and the farm the winter feed.

The States which have the largest area of arid or dry lands are Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. In Eastern Colo-

rado alone there are more than 12,000,000 acres of available dry lands. In a recent bulletin on "Irrigation in Montana," issued by the Irrigation Division of the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture, Montana is given as containing from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 acres of farming land upon which artificial water can never be gotten. All of such lands must finally be utilized in the system of dry land farming in order that the largest possible revenue shall be received by the people and by the State. In a publication, "Dry Farming in Wyoming," published under supervision of the State Dry Farming Commission, it is said: "Of the total area of Wyoming approximately one-half is still Government land open to entry, and it seems that about twenty million acres of the State can be brought under cultivation and made to produce profitable crops without artificial irrigation. Not only is the rainfall sufficient, if the moisture can be properly conserved, but it comes at a time when most needed by crops, which must add materially to the success of the farmer."

Dry land farming, like every new enterprise, is looked upon by some as being a system of farming which exists only in theory, and not in fact. From the Tenth Report of the Bureau of "Agriculture, Labor and Industry" of the State of Montana, is taken the following:

"Less than ten years ago, a colony of farmers settled in Summit Valley in Madison County, and began raising winter wheat without irrigation. They were successful, and raised large crops. Then they began the real work of home-building, setting out fruit trees, which grew and thrived, and now large quantities of golden and rosy cheeked apples are raised each year in that locality. These experiments are spreading over all sections of Montana. Over in Fergus County, thousands of bushels of wheat were raised this year without any irrigation. A person needs to ride over some of these bench

THIS CORN HAS HEADED MOST BEAUTIFULLY AND HAS GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION.

lands to get an idea of the future possibilities of Montana as a grain-producing State. The introduction of desert plants, the acclimation of grain to desert land conditions, and the adaptability of large areas to growing macaroni wheat are factors in the solution of the arid land problem. If we have as much to learn as we have learned, it is reasonable to predict that within the present generation all of the bench lands of Montana will be brought under cultivation."

Dry farm tests are being conducted in all of the Western States. These experiments are carried on under the supervision of the State Agricultural Colleges. The methods which are accepted as having proved the best in the way of bringing about crop returns, and which are taken from bulletin number 63, "Dry Farming in Montana," prepared by the State Agricultural College of Montana, are the following:

(a) The formation of a deep seed bed to act as a soil moisture reservoir.

(b) Careful packing of the soil to establish the contact of soil particles and assist in the rise of moisture from the lower layers.

(c) Constant surface cultivation of the soil when possible, to prevent the escape of the moisture.

(d) Summer fallowing each alternate year and by summer cultivation storing the moisture for the succeeding crop.

(e) Growing hardy strains of the different crops, so that the largest possible percentage of the moisture present will be utilized.

(f) Growing fall and early ripening strains of spring grain in order that growth may be attained during the growing months, i. e., April, May, June and July.

(g) Thin seeding so that the moisture may not be wasted in producing numerous stems, and none be present to ripen the grain.

(h) Growing intertilled crops like corn and potatoes as the possible constant cultivation retains the moisture for growth.

(i) Growing some nitrogen gathering

THESE WATER MELONS WERE GROWN WITHOUT THE AID OF IRRIGATION. THE PICTURE IS ONE THAT PLEASES THE EYE AND SUGGESTS A COOL CORNER OF A VERANDA.

MACARONI WHEAT GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION. THE GROUND IN THE FRONT OF THE PICTURE HAS BEEN CLEARED, SO AS TO GIVE AN IDEA OF THE HEIGHT OF THIS WHEAT. NOTE THE MAN AND THE HORSE FOR COMPARISON.

crop occasionally to keep up the supply of this element in the soil.

The expense of dry farming is much less than when irrigation is practiced. There are no ditches to make, and, after having been made, to be repaired year after year. More than that, there are no irrigators to hire. As a matter of fact, it is an open question as to whether farming on non-irrigated lands is not a better-paying proposition than that of irrigated lands, when practiced on a large scale. From forty to eighty acres of irrigated land is the most one man can farm profitably, while under the dry land system large tracts of land can be handled, especially if sown to small grain and alfalfa.

The cost of farming in one section may differ from that of another. In bulletin number 100, "Arid Farming Investigations," prepared by the State Agricultural College of Utah, which is situated at Logan, it is said:

"The cost of producing a crop of wheat, oats or barley should not exceed four dollars per acre, after the land has been once cropped. When the farmer uses his own implements and teams, the cost per acre should be about as shown below in first column, and where the work is let by contract, the cost would be about as shown in second column:

Plowing	$0.90	$1.75
Disking	.30	.60
Harrowing and Seeding	.40	.75
Harvesting	.80	1.25
	$2.40	$4.35

These figures were obtained from the Grace Bros., Nephi, Utah, who are practical and successful dry farmers, and who employ up-to-date machinery and methods in farming."

Mr. W. B. Forbes, an expert in dry farming, who lives near Denver, Colorado, gives these figures:

640 acres at $2.25 per acre....	$1600.00
Plowing and seeding, $2.00 per acre	1280.00
Harvesting, at $1 per acre....	640.00
Threshing, at 5c., bushel.....	1000.00
Hauling to Market, 3c. bushel.	600.00
Total cost, including investment	$5120.00
30 bushels per acre, 19200 bushels, at $1 per cwt.	$11520.00
Net income first year.....	6400.00

These figures may seem large to people living in the East. If so, it is because they do not realize that on the arid lands of the West larger yields are gotten every year than are gotten in the Eastern States when crops are their very best. Regarding these statements, a clipping from a leading newspaper of Montana is of interest:

"Michael Flynn has a grain yield this year from a tract of land that he bought from the Worden estate a while ago that is attracting considerable attention from those who are interested in farming. Mr. Flynn planted 36 acres of this tract. Thirty acres he sowed to wheat and six acres were in oats; the wheat yielded him 1300 bushels, and he got 620 bushels of oats. This, considering that it was 'dry' farming, is considered as a remarkable yield. 'There are crops in this valley every year,' said a veteran farmer, speaking of this case, 'that would surprise the Easterners if they knew about them. I don't think they would believe a lot of the figures that we can show. And we beat their best records each year.'"

By way of conclusion, I have to say that dry land farming has been tried; it has proven a success; it is here to stay, to spread forth, to flourish and bloom.

THERE IS NO MORE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE THAN ONE TAKEN FROM A FIELD OF THESE UNIRRIGATED POTATOES.

THE INDIAN WHO WAS A WHITE MAN

BY MARY ALDEN CARVER

ILENT PETE was a surly, unpopular giant in the Cedar Lake Camp. He had a strong taint of Indian blood in his veins.

Adolph St. Claire, the jolliest, liveliest man of the crew, was his exact opposite.

St. Claire was an excellent story-teller, and although the men did not always credit everything he told them, they would nevertheless sit around the dingy little shanty evenings, and listen attentively to every word that he breathed forth into the cloud of tobacco smoke that ascended from six dozen pipes. Silent Pete always smiled contemptuously at the enthusiasm of his companions when St. Claire was relating stories.

One evening St. Claire grew confidential, and related a personal experience, a romance of the previous summer when he had gone down the Menomonie River with a crew of drivers. Near the little village of Chetek he had met a brown-haired, brown-eyed maiden, and they had walked and talked together.

"A month later," he concluded, "I went back that way to pick up stray logs that had broken away from the others while floating down the river. I saw the girl again. Ah, she was different from other girls! I was proud when she told me that she cared for me.

"I told her that I would return for her in the spring, and she said I would find her expecting me and waiting for me when the camp broke and winter had gone.

"This is the last winter that I will spend as a 'lumber-jack.' Nora does not like the woods, and she did not want me to return to them this winter. She tried to persuade me to stay away from camp, but I hated to break a contract I had already made with our foreman. Just as soon as my work here is over I will start for Chetek. I needed the forest this one season more, but I'll never spend another winter in the woods!"

Adolph St. Claire knocked the ashes from his pipe, and stumbled away to his bunk. The men smiled and winked slyly at one another. They did not believe that he had any sweetheart.

Silent Pete was the only member of the crew who had no doubts. He had been with St. Claire on the drive, and he, too, loved the brown-eyed girl. He guarded his secret well, however, and a day or so after he had listened to St. Claire's story the half-breed left camp. He was gone a week. His mother was sick, the foreman explained, but St. Claire had no mother. He visited the girl at Chetek—his sweetheart and St. Claire's. After his return to camp, he was more disagreeable and quarrelsome than ever. It was noticeable that St. Claire was the principal victim of his evil temper, although no one suspected why.

One morning near spring, St. Claire and some others were at work on a roll-way near camp, when it became necessary to change the position of a huge bass-wood log. Silent Pete and St. Claire ran down with their cant-hooks, and—no one knows just what did happen next, but after a moment of deafening noise, a mighty thundering of logs upon trembling, crackling ice, the roll-way was demolished. Logs were scattered widely in all directions, and far out, several rods from shore, lay Adolph St. Claire, with the butt of a gigantic hemlock across his chest. One arm was doubled helplessly beneath his body.

Silent Pete was the only man present who did not rush to the unfortunate man's relief. The half-breed made his way sullenly back to camp.

St. Claire's companions removed the log. They improvised a rude stretcher, upon which they gently placed the bruised

and battered body, and carried it back to camp. He was mercifully unconscious all the way. But when they reached the shanties, the little Frenchman opened his eyes. He recognized the men standing about him and smiled. He tried to sit up, but sank back with a moan of pain. Then he thrust his left arm, the right was fractured in two or three places, inside his rough Mackinaw blouse and drew forth a small parcel. They helped him to untie it, and out tumbled a soft curl of dark brown hair and the photograph of a graceful, slender figure with a laughing, girlish face.

Silent Pete muttered an oath between set teeth and left the room.

St. Claire gazed long and wistfully at the picture. He held the curl caressingly and placed it reverently to his lips. For awhile he slept, a fitful, feverish stupor. Then he stirred feebly and unconsciously made the sign of the cross, while his lips moved silently. Once he murmured "Nora." After this, he lay perfectly quiet as though he had fallen peacefully asleep. They feared it was the everlasting sleep.

No one knew anything about his home or history. So, Adolph St. Claire rested in the dreary camp in the heart of the forest—the camp that had been so much more cheery all winter because of his genial presence there. The woodsmen recalled his words, "I needed the forest this winter more, but I'll never spend another winter in the woods." And here it seemed he was to remain—a part of the forest forever. Perhaps Nora would never know, for no one knew who she was nor where she lived. No doubt she would think him faithless—there were many, many false-hearted lovers in the woods.

Twenty-four hours elapsed, and St. Claire was still alive. Some one suggested that he be taken where he could be given better care, but the doctor who had been summoned from a neighboring village said the fellow was too weak to be removed from camp.

Because every one was thinking of St. Claire, no one missed Silent Pete, nor wondered at his absence from camp. The dark-browed, surly man left his bruised comrade with unuttered curses in his heart and staggered forth into Gethsemane. The hot blood of his red ancestors coursed fiercely through his veins. He clenched his fingers viciously and swore impotently because the throat of his rival was not within his clutch.

The thought of the brown curl and the photograph resting all winter in St. Claire's bosom maddened him. Gradually, however, he grew calmer. He seemed to see reproachful brown eyes grow pleadingly eloquent while a sweet young voice queried: "Is it so bad, then, to spoil a life? And shall more than one life be spoiled?" He remembered gentle words that followed: "If I can ever help you I will gladly do so. I will remember that you are my strong, true friend always." She had offered no resistance when he snatched a frenzied kiss from her soft cheek, and as he hurried from her he knew that she watched him sorrowfully and tenderly.

Now St. Claire would die and she would be free, free, free! And because he had the training of a white man he sank upon his knees to offer up a prayer of gratitude. Then the horrible blasphemy of this act smote his intelligence, and he arose to find himself alone in the desolate "slashings" with the pitiless winds hurling lances of sleet against his throbbing temples. He threw himself upon the ground and groveled in the snow. He cried aloud in weakness and fear—a fear of himself, a fear of the evil, great and tangible, that his mother's Indian ancestors made him less ready to cope with. Finally in the strength of his white man's might he stood with muscles taught and burning eyes. He faced toward the south.

All night he strode onward, until a little village livery stable made it possible for him to secure a team. Then he hastened feverishly down the river. Before noon, haggard and disheveled, he appeared before a shy, country girl, and delivered one coherent speech, "St. Claire is dying. Come!"

Through the long, frosty drive back to the camp on Red Cedar Lake he spoke not a word. Shortly after the early twilight he pushed open a frail door and entered a rude shanty. "Boys, she is here," he muttered. He saw that St. Claire still lived, for a restless hand was moving slightly above the rough blanket spread over the crushed body.

As Nora went forward to the injured man's bedside, the lumbermen stood reverently aside. The kindly doctor watched closely as the girl pressed her lips to St. Claire's pale cheek and his clustering curls. She gently breathed his name. The little Frenchman heard and opened his eyes dreamily. A light of understanding shone in their depths. The doctor was holding a little phial. He placed a few drops of its contents between St. Claire's parched lips. He noted the man's pulse, stronger and steadier, and exclaimed softly: "There is a chance that he may recover."

Silent Pete felt the walls swaying about him. He heard some one say, "He looks tired!" "He is sick," observed another. He was sick and tired—but his weariness and suffering were of the mind and heart. It is difficult to alleviate such maladies. The woodsmen were kind and solicitous, and Silent Pete allowed them to minister to him.

A few days passed and Nora nursed and inspired St. Claire to a realization of life and a desire to take up the thread of existence once more. At last the doctor said: "It is quite certain that he may recover if he is placed where he may be better cared for. He is strong enough to be removed to a hospital now."

There was great rejoicing at the Cedar Lake Camp the evening before Adolph St. Claire was to be taken away. Homesick hearts grew tender at the thought of Nora's departure and rough hands furtively wiped shining drops from eyes long unaccustomed to moisture, although warm hearts were glad that St. Claire and his sweetheart were to be spared to one another.

Before retiring, each man contributed in no beggarly fashion a generous portion of his meagre earnings for the benefit of the Frenchman and Nora. Each man made a donation except Silent Pete. He was seated near the door when the first man made his offering. A fever crept into the blood of the Indian-white and a dizziness overpowered his senses for a moment. He glided from the shanty and the frosty darkness of the winter night encompassed him.

He had heard the whole plan of departure. In the morning the young couple would go. St. Claire lying on a cot was to be taken slowly out of the wilderness. Nora was to be driven quickly by a shorter but rougher route, so as to reach the city before the Frenchman's party arrived. She was to have all arrangements made for his reception when he reached the hospital. Silent Pete knew that the route St. Claire would traverse passed along a logging road. From this logging road a branch of an old public highway led off at right angles, winding around the foot of a hill and dipping into a tiny ravine where a small bridge spanned Roaring Creek.

The light of a maniac's eyes danced in the black eyes of the half-breed and he smiled grimly as he recalled each fragment of this forest roadway. He grasped a sharp, double-bitted axe and strode down a trail that led to the shaky bridge above the deep, turbulent waters. His breath came in dry, heavy sobs as he paced along. At the bridge he leaned upon the low railing and gazed long and silently into the black, rushing water. A foaming eddy was seething at his feet. A laugh, wild and demoniac, rang from his parched lips as he examined the edge of his axe carefully and assured himself that to-morrow night he would have no rival.

Then he fell to his task rapidly and silently. Two hours later he left the little bridge and trudged back to camp. He had accomplished nothing that the eye would detect by his swift, noiseless labor —merely a weakened timber at one point and a wrecked sleeper at another. Still he knew positively that the bridge would not stand the weight of the first team that ventured along the unfrequented road the next morning. He bared his head to the cool night air and breathed deep, while a sinister smile curled itself about his lips. He tossed the axe aside and flung his arms aloft. Then he folded them tightly across his breast. Ah, they were empty, empty, to-night, but——

Further reverie was interrupted by the lights from the lumbermen's quarters bursting into view. Pacing to and fro beneath a large maple tree was the restless form of an impatient woman. Soft flakes of snow sifted lazily downward and rested caressingly upon her wavy brown hair.

Silent Pete paused abruptly. Dear God, how he loved her! He boldly stepped beside her and grasped her hand tightly. It was a slender little hand, and it felt hot and feverish to-night.

"I have been waiting for you," she said cordially. "I couldn't leave without a word with you alone. I feel that I owe so much to you. You have made it possible for me to realize a greater happiness than I ever dreamed could be mine. Had it not been for you, Adolph would never have recovered. Then the world would have been all blackness and loneliness for me forever."

Silent Pete attempted to interrupt her but she continued earnestly:

"I wonder if you know how it feels to be so happy. The gladness in my heart almost hurts—it crowds so. It is wonderful to be noble and good. My dear, true friend, your heart must be very, very large, or else you could never do so much for me—when it leaves you out in the dreary aloneness of life."

Big tears trickled down her cheeks. She gently withdrew her hand from Silent Pete's rude clasp, and reaching up, caressed his rugged, unshaven cheek.

"I wanted to see you alone," she concluded. "I wanted to see you all alone and thank you—tell you that I appreciate and understand. I think God places angels here and there upon earth to help him with his work. I believe that you belong to such a band.

"And now good-bye, my friend, my dear, big friend—my more than brother. May heaven bless you and keep you always. May you receive at last a just reward."

She turned swiftly and was gone. A moment later she resumed her watch at the bedside of the suffering woodsman.

Silent Pete stood motionless and bewildered. Beads of cold perspiration gathered upon his temples. He shuddered as he thought of her words of benediction. He to receive a blessing while traveling far on the devil's highway!

No one witnessed the struggle when Silent Pete's angel wrestled with the Indian. He did not himself realize which way the encounter was turning until he found himself retracing the path to the little wooden bridge across Roaring Creek, while he cried aloud like a frightened child. Long and patient and noiseless was his labor. Here he strengthened a plank, there he re-inforced a weak support. All night long he toiled, and when he left the scene of his patient vigil, the little bridge was firmer than it had been for many months. He paused en route to the camp by way of the logging road to level a rough spot on the hillside. Here and there he threw a little snow upon spots where the road was bare and sandy.

He came into camp just as the first early stragglers were beginning to stir about in the morning. His face was haggard and gray, and his eyes still shone with an unnatural light.

"I have been fixing up the old logging road a little," he responded to inquiring glances. "It will be easier to travel now, I think."

The men exchanged significant glances. "We never thought of that," exclaimed one. "All night!" gasped another.

Silent Pete did not witness the departure. He slunk away to the stables until the little band had started. He knew his limitations and did not wish to trust himself too far. At length he sauntered forth just in time to catch a glimpse of Nora's face as it vanished from his sight forever. There was a flutter of a slender white hand, and Silent Pete knew that she had vanished from his life as she had gone from his vision, except her memory—that would always remain with him, thank God!

With the stoicism of a full-blooded Indian hiding the tumultuous throbbing of his turbulent heart, Silent Pete stood forth before his companions and secretly exulted, as he realized that throughout his gigantic stature he was every inch a white man after all.

ALASKA'S GREAT COAL RESERVE

The question of the conservation of America's natural resources is not a new subject. The drain upon the resources and the necessity for their economic utilization were recognized by many who made a study of them long before their probable exhaustion had been reduced to terms of decades and years. It needed, however, the energetic action of just such an overshadowing personality as that of President Roosevelt to bring the whole question into the national prominence which it has lately attained. In a recent statement, the U. S. Geological Survey estimates the total exhaustion of easily mined coal, at the present rate of increase in production and consumption as likely to occur in the century following the present one, providing new large coal fields are not in the meantime discovered. At the same time, the Survey is doing its best to make just such discoveries as will upset these figures. Outside of the investigations of the coal deposits of the United States the Survey has for some years been making a study of the coal supply of the world, and over six years ago began a definite examination of coal in Alaska. The result of the latter investigation has been an excellent showing of coal in that territory, a score or more of large coal fields being shown on the coal map must be published in Survey Bulletin 335. The combined area of these fields is very great, although small in comparison with the immense area of the territory. Furthermore, it is not possible, even with the large amount of work accomplished that all of the coal areas of Alaska should be known by this time. Additional exploration and investigation may be rich in results.

Extensive Exploration Required.

FULLY ONE-FOURTH of Alaska, or approximately 150,000 square miles, is little more than an unopened book to us, so far as its precious and useful minerals are concerned," said Alfred H. Brooks, the chief geologist of the Alaskan Division of the U. S. Geological Survey, just before leaving Washington for his annual "swing round the circle" in the big Northwestern Territory. "We know that there is coal in this little-explored area. Possibly there are large coal fields which will form an important part of the ultimate coal reserve of Alaska. The Cape Lisburne coal field represents the western end of what is probably a large coal area not yet determined. It is not impossible that the area of lignite and low-grade bituminous coal may be double the present known coal area in the territory, which is over 12,000 square miles. The coal of Alaska ranges in quality from lignite to coal that compares favorably with the famous Pocahontas coal of West Virginia. Some of the bituminous coals make good coke. Coking is the severest test of a soft coal, and gives it especial value in a metalliferous region. Some of the coal seams of the territory are of great thickness. I have observed 'swells' in seams that were 60 feet of solid coal."

Professor W. A. Atwood, a geologist of the Survey is this year finishing up investigation of Alaska coal preparatory to writing a summary of the present knowledge of the coal reserve of the territory, based upon his and other previous survey investigations.

Progress of Coal Investigations.

"As far back as 1902," said Mr. Brooks, "the Geological Survey began a systematic study of Alaska coal fields, commencing with a geologic reconnaissance of the low grade bituminous and lignite coals of the

Yukon region. In 1902, 1903, 1904 and 1905, investigations were made of the Nenana fields near Fairbanks. In 1903, work was begun on the coal fields of the Controller Bay region, and in 1905 the Matsanuska field was studied in geologic detail. In these two fields there are 100 square miles of lands underlain by workable coals containing anthracite and bituminous fuels of the highest grade. In 1902 the Herendeen Bay bituminous coal region was studied by Survey geologists. In 1903 coal investigations were made of the Southeastern Alaska coal fields, which have not, however, proved of economic importance. In 1904 the geologic study of the Cape Lisburne coal region was commenced. This is a bituminous coal field containing soft coal that ranges from low to high grade and at present its boundaries are only partially known. In 1904, Survey work was commenced in the large lignite fields of the Kenai Peninsula."

The work of the Geological Survey is thus being carried out along definite lines of determining the coal resources of Alaska, not only with relation to local consumption, but with reference to their effect upon the total coal reserve of the country. The work is of special importance, and the showing highly satisfactory because of the comparative lack of large developed coal supplies which are now available on the Pacific Coast of the United States proper.

"The Alaska coal field," said Mr. Brooks, "particularly those carrying a high grade fuel, like the Controller Bay and the Matsanuska fields, are destined to play an important part in the advancement of industry on the entire Pacific seaboard of the North American continent.

"The minable coal, in the ground, in Alaska, has not yet been definitely estimated, and whatever estimates are made, for some years to come, will doubtless be subject to wide expansion as further geological explorations are carried forward; but it is proper to say that the coal resources of the territory are very great, and that they will be figured in hundreds of millions and even billions of tons."

AUTUMN'S PEACE

BY A. H. C.

Look where the russet colored leaves release
Their dying hold on gently swaying boughs,
Fall to the earth and nestle on her breast,
Or borne away on swiftly running stream
To twist and turn in ever-eddying pools
Formed by its restless flow, whose silvery course
Lies marked through miles of gorgeous autumn woods.
The setting sun's soft rays illumine all,
And through the avenue of stately trees
Her shafts of light fantastic shadows weave.
Ghostlike the solemn horned owl now flits
Questing his prey. Ceased are the song birds' notes
And safe sweet warblers nest in ivied oak.
The forest flowers their modest colors hide
In folded petals. Nought of other sound
Disturbs the peace of sylvan solitude,
Save the wind's sighing, and the murmuring stream.

SOME PREHISTORIC PEOPLES OF THE SOUTHWEST

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

In the upper parts of the Gila and Salt rivers in New Mexico and Arizona, at a time before white men ever visited that region, there lived, flourished and disappeared many tribes of peoples, about whom all that is known has been gleaned from a study of what they left behind them. They dwelt in stone and mud pueblos, in cliff dwellings, in caves, and in subterranean houses dug from the solid earth. They had a civilization more advanced in many respects than that of the modern Indians, enabling them without mechanical means or beasts of burden to construct an irrigation earthwork five and one-half miles long and nearly twenty-five feet high. The following article is based upon the results of a recent exploring expedition, which visited a hundred and seventy-four dwellings and shrines, and brought back for scientific purposes between four and five thousand relics. There is given here a general account of some of the things known about these prehistoric Americans.

IT IS NOT merely because they were unearthed in a sacred cave of a prehistoric people in New Mexico, a mummified turkey and whole eggs of this bird, or because there were brought to light large circular subterranean houses of a sort never before discovered by modern white man, that a general summary by Dr. Walter Hough, of the United States National Museum, of the results of an expedition to the valleys of the upper Gila and Salt rivers is important and interesting. In fact, besides these finds, the party visited a hundred and seventy-four caves, cliff dwellings, pueblos, shrines and monuments of these forgotten peoples and brought back four or five thousand stone implements, specimens of pottery, bones and other relics. But the results of this expedition are important because of the accurate story that may be built up around these proofs of a certain degree of civilization, the picture of the life, habits, arts and industries of pre-historic tribes, that all this material outlines to the archaeologist and ethnologist.

Dr. Hough's account of the results of this trip is just published as a bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution under the direction of which institution the National Museum is also conducted.

The region tranversed is in southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona. Most of it for a number of years has been carefully guarded by the Government in four forest reserves and an Indian reservation. It is a very uneven country. Mountains ranging over 9,000 feet above sea level, covered with a dense growth of pine constituting part of the greatest virgin forest remaining in the United States, slope down in less than 60 miles to cactus-covered plains. The roughness of the region, rendering communication difficult, probably had much to do with the many different varieties of culture represented by the remnants of dwellings and the specimens of handiwork found there.

Before White Men Came.

It is believed that the region was deserted by its inhabitants long before the middle of the sixteenth century, when the gold-seeking expedition of Coronado and his adventurers passed by these ancient caves and pueblos. Many generations afterwards roving bands of Apaches scoured the territory, probably keeping away many possible settlers, and in fact it was not until 1886, twenty-two years, that these

renegade tribes were pacified through the establishment of military posts.

It is not known that the traditions or myths of any of the surviving Pueblo Indians refer to these early peoples. From a comparison of their arts with those of later tribes, it seems likely from data at hand that they were distinct from any of their neighbors, and sprang from an original local source.

What Became of the People?

It is also a matter of conjecture as to what became of all the people whose villages are so numerous. The climate is generally healthy, except for occasional fevers that are not serious. Exploration of the ruins, so far as this has been accomplished, shows that the pueblos were not abandoned on account of internal warfare or attacks from outside enemies. There is reason to believe that failures of food supply were less prevalent in early times than since occupancy by white men, but starvation may have been a factor in the decline in population in certain localities. The most potent cause, however, is believed to have existed in the social organization of the people, which in that isolated country may have prohibited marriage within the clan, as is the case among the existing Pueblo tribes.

In several pueblos on the San Francisco river, a branch of the Gila, there was silent evidence of the gradual decline of the race. The exploring party examined the cemetery, which was built as usual outside the walls of the pueblo village. Going into the pueblo, they found burials in the outer rooms. Penetrating still farther, they came upon other burials in inner rooms, shown to have been made at a later time by the lack of offerings of pottery or trinkets placed with the dead. Still farther in, other rooms, the need of them gone, had evidently been given over to sheltering the departed members of the clan. "We have here," says Dr. Hough, "what seems to be the life history of this pueblo from its culmination to its extinction, the gradually enlarging zone of room burials being an index of the decrease of the inhabitants. The evidence invariably shows that no sudden cataclysm overwhelmed the pueblos, no hasty, disorganized abandonment took place, no wars decimated them, but rather that, like a tree, they passed through the successive stages of growth, decline and decay to final extinction."

As to the nature of these peoples, there may well have been in the whole region of the Gila and Salt rivers several tribes distinct in language and arts. Roving clans crossed the territory, local populations inhabited almost inaccessible valleys, and there were displacements of one tribe by another. Very generally, however, the arts of all are enough alike to be placed in one class. What differences there were in their manners of living were naturally determined by the elevation, and the varied mineral, vegetal and animal resources.

Their Resources.

They all had at hand many different kinds of stones with which to build their houses, heavy volcanic rocks for the walls, strong, creamy-white stone for floors, lintels, and fire boxes, many minerals suitable for axes and other implements, clays for pottery, pigments for its decoration, and materials for painting ceremonial paraphernalia and weapons. There is no evidence that they knew how to work metals. There were trees of many sorts to furnish fire-wood, bows, arrows, baskets, sticks, etc. The bark served for bedding, tying, preserving the fire, cordage and costumes. Reeds were made into arrow shafts and flutes, tule was woven into mats, and willow grass and other plants turned into sandals, baskets and mats. Fiber, food, drinks, medicine and dyes were derived from wild plants; and corn, beans, squashes and gourds were cultivated for means of subsistence. Cotton was grown in the warmer localities for clothing and sacred purposes.

The animals of the region at that time, including the elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain lion, turkey, grouse and pigeon, furnished them with skins, plumage, antlers, claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, bones and sinews for all sorts of purposes, besides supplying them with the little meat that they ate.

Their Dwellings.

The dwellings of the region were of different sorts, and it is principally by the type of dwelling that the different peoples may be distinguished.

In the open country, on the plateaus, and in the wide river valleys, these early Indians, if Indians they were, built pueblos of stone or of mud. These pueblos consisted either of collections of houses and plazas outlined with walls, or in the higher, colder country of more compact masses of rooms. The various rooms were furnished with a fire box in the middle, sometimes a low bench around the wall, and very small openings leading into communicating rooms. When the pueblos were built of mud, the walls were usually strengthened by a core of river stones.

Up in the mountains and along the steep banks of the rivers, generally in the narrow canyons near the head waters, peoples very similar to the pueblo tribes dug cliff dwellings, which are now blackened with smoke and filled with implements, refuse and sometimes burials. Single houses were often placed in niches or fissures in the rocks. Scarcely any pocket large enough to shelter a human being but shows evidence of occupation, mostly temporary, perhaps, though frequently these places, too, are blackened with smoke and contain much refuse.

Near Luna, New Mexico, in excavating the plaza of a rectangular stone pueblo, Dr. Hough came upon a series of deep, circular constructions. They were about fifteen feet across, with vertical sides, a square fire-box in the center of the floor, and traces of wooden posts. Scattered about were bones of animals, flint chips, roofing clay, and near by was a burial. Here at one time was a village of subterranean houses occupied by people about whom all that is definitely known is that they made coarse brown undecorated pottery. Although other subterranean structures have been disclosed by previous explorers in this region, and although Dr. Hough himself came upon other isolated pits probably used as ceremonial places or lodge rooms, there is no record of any previous discovery of a whole village of underground dwellings such as this. Since over this site had been built a stone pueblo, these sub-surface houses may have served to shelter a tribe even earlier than the prehistoric pueblo builders. The ruin covers many acres, and is evidently of great antiquity.

In connection with this, not far away there was unearthed a human skeleton. It lay in a bed of clean gravel, eight feet below the surface, and underneath a layer of hard-jointed clay, which is strong geological evidence of great age. With the skeleton were fragments of deer bones and rude flint chips.

All through the region the party came upon open air kivas or lodge houses, shrines, either in the form of caves, sacred springs, rock piles, or stone rings, and series of large depressions which it is supposed are the remains of reservoirs or ancient quarries.

How They Lived.

The great supply of the material gathered from the region gives as reliable an idea as can be gotten of what these ancient peoples wore, how they furnished their houses, what their occupations were, how they amused themselves, what their religion was like, and to a certain extent the nature of their language.

Throughout the whole district these former inhabitants wore necklaces of stone or shell beads, armlets, wristlets and finger rings of shell, anklets of shell and pendants of stone, and in the mountains they went so far as to decorate themselves with ornaments of feathers and fur, portions of insects, dyed cords and other objects. In the lower country the clothing consisted of front and back fringed skirts of cords, tiny facsimiles of which were found as offerings to their gods. Small cotton blankets were thrown over the shoulders and larger ones probably served when there was occasion to wrap the whole body. Fibre sandals protected the feet. In the mountain districts there was need of something warmer. Here pelts of animals were used, and even the downy feathers of the turkey were wound about cords in such a way as to be woven into blankets and jackets. Short skirts were also worn, probably by the women, and large robes of fur cord wrapped the whole body. Sandals and a kind of coarse woven sock covered their feet.

The interiors of their houses were not very different from those of the modern Pueblo Indians. All sorts of stone and clay vessels for cooking, mixing and holding food, for containing salt and different courses of the meal, and for transporting,

storing and distributing water, were found. Stone knives, bark platters, baskets and nets, torches and gourds made up part of the household furnishings. For beds, heaps of softened grass held by a net of leaves, and for pillows, grass leaves were used. Bunches of corn blades folded over and tied, and new corn ears, strung on cord, were hung about the cliff-houses, and beans and maize were stored in jars or mat baskets.

Arts and Industries.

Among the specimens brought back, showing what sort of arts and industries these Gila peoples practiced, there are stone axes, hammers and rubbing stones, and disks of all sorts, shell ornaments for the purposes mentioned above, bone implements and decorations, usually colored with pigments, wooden ceremonial apparatus, bows and arrows, fibre cloth dyed in various colors, baskets of a number of intricate weaves and pottery of many shapes and hues, bowls, platters and small figures.

How they amused themselves is shown by a number of rude reed and bone dice, and reed and yucca flutes, and wooden and gourd drums and rattles.

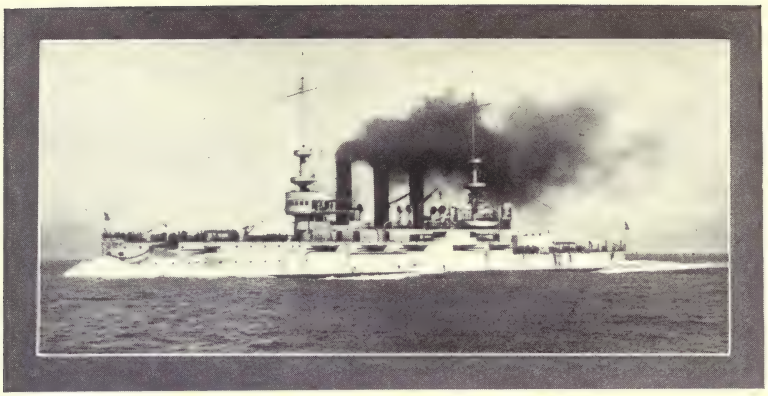
Although it is impossible to tell the sound of their spoken language, picture writings of human and animal figures, tracks of bears and turkeys, symbols of the sun, water and stars, geometric designs, and rudely drawn realistic scenes of hunting, show that they had something in common with later Indians.

By examining many pieces of ceremonial paraphernalia and offerings of beads, stones, crystals, etc., from the shrines, and by comparing these with the offerings of more modern Indians, some idea may be obtained of their religious beliefs and practices.

Dr. Hough does not attempt a complete report on the religion and everything that may be gleaned from the surviving evidences of this long-forgotten culture. He gives merely the main features of each of the separate ruins and monuments in the upper parts of the Gila and Salt valleys.

As to the general degree of efficiency reached by the peoples of the whole region, he calls attention to a great prehistoric dam in Grant County, New Mexico, first discovered by the engineers on the survey of the international boundary line between the United States and Mexico. He says: "It consists of a gigantic earthwork five and one-half miles long and 22 to 24 feet high, involving in its building the handling of from eight to ten million cubic yards of material. The purpose of this earthwork, which is undoubtedly of an artificial character, was to impound water for irrigation, and the work is comparable to that found in the irrigation systems of the ancient inhabitants of the Gila and Salado Valleys, Arizona.

How such an engineering feat, rivaling the projects of modern land reclamation, was accomplished, in view of the fact that these people not only did not know the rudiments of mechanical transportation, but could not even work metal, and had no beasts of burden whatsoever, must still remain a matter for vague conjecture.



CALIFORNIANS IN THE NAVY

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON, LATE LIEUTENANT, U. S. N.

Of the 2708 commissioned officers and midshipmen on the active list of the United States Navy, and the 271 in the Marine Corps, only about two per cent are Californians. For many years, despite the important part played by the navy in the acquisition of the Golden State, the service was seemingly not very popular with Californians, although since the Spanish-American war, in fact, for the past seventeen years, during which the rehabilitation of the fleet has taken giant strides, California has furnished many officers and men to the navy.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT WAS NOT, indeed, until after the Civil War that California contributed a single officer to the Navy, and this officer is Captain Thomas Slidell Phelps, at present commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard. Captain Phelps is one of the best-known officers of the service, and has earned an enviable professional record. He is a son of the late Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps, who made California his home from an early date. Captain Phelps, his son, was born in Virginia, while his father was temporarily on duty there, but he is no more a Virginian than Ensign Edward F. Greene, of Illinois, who was born in Japan, is a Japanese. Captain Phelps is an ardent Californian, and he was made the first commanding officer of the new armored cruiser California.

There are 62 naval officers who are Native Sons of the Golden West. The senior of these is Captain John C. Fremont, now commanding the new battleship Mississippi, on the Atlantic. Captain Fremont, who was born in California April 19, 1851, is a son of General Fremont, "the Pathfinder," so intimately associated with California's development under American rule. Captain Phelps entered the navy July 26, 1865, and Captain Fremont June 25, 1868.

Captain E. B. Underwood followed Captain Fremont into the service June 26, 1869. He was born in California March 5, 1853.

Besides the officers of high rank named, the Navy contains one commander, one Lieutenant-Commander, thirteen Lieutenants, five Ensigns, five Midshipmen at sea, together with 15 Midshipmen at the Annapolis Naval Academy; seven officers of the Medical Corps, thirteen of the Pay Corps, and one of the Construction Corps, all of whom are natives of California. Their names, dates of entry into the service, and total amount of sea service to their credit at the beginning of the present year, may be found in the accompanying table.

NAVAL OFFICERS BORN IN CALIFORNIA.

Name and Rank	Entered Service	Total Sea Service Yrs.	Mos.
Captain J. C. Fremont	June 25, 1868	20	2
Captain E. B. Underwood	June 26, 1869	20	10
Commander J. H. Glennon	September 24, 1874	16	6
Lieutenant-Commander C. T. Vogelgesang	September 6, 1886	13	0
Lieutenant D. W. Todd	September 8, 1891	9	10
Lieutenant W. H. Standley	September 7, 1891	10	3
Lieutenant T. T. Craven	September 19, 1892	9	8
Lieutenant W. R. White	September 6, 1893	8	2
Lieutenant V. S. Houston	September 22, 1893	9	7
Lieutenant C. S. Kempff	May 19, 1893	9	6
Lieutenant Edward Woods	May 19, 1894	9	6
Lieutenant B. A. Long	September 10, 1897	5	0
Lieutenant C. S. Kerrick	September 11, 1897	6	2
Lieutenant M. S. Davis	September 7, 1899	5	6
Lieutenant J. S. Abbott	September 12, 1899	5	4
Lieutenant M. K. Metcalf	September 12, 1899	4	10
Lieutenant D. McD. Le Breton	July 7, 1900	3	5
Ensign S. C. Hooper	August 31, 1901	3	3
Ensign W. L. Culbertson, Jr.	September 7, 1901	3	7
Ensign J. E. Pond	September 7, 1901	3	4
Ensign W. A. Glassford, Jr.	August 30, 1902	2	6
Ensign V. N. Metcalf	September 23, 1902	1	2
Midshipman R. A. Theobald	June 11, 1903	1	8
Midshipman F. T. Stevenson	November 22, 1902	1	1
Midshipman P. O. Griffiths	June 26, 1903	1	1
Midshipman Kenneth Heron	May 6, 1903	0	4
Midshipman C. C. Thomas	July 7, 1904	0	4

Midshipmen at Annapolis: V. J. Dixon, F. E. Johnson, J. B. Oldendorf, B. F. Tilley, W. P. Vetter, E. L. Barr, W. E. Baughman, J. P. Bowden, D. J. Callaghan, T. E. Hammond, H. W. Hill, L. A. Jones, W. H. Jouett, T. Starr King, W. M. Perkins.

Surgeon George Rothganger	May 24, 1889	8	9
Surgeon C. P. Kindleberger	July 9, 1894	8	3
Surgeon F. E. McCullough	August 10, 1898	6	3
Passed Assistant Surgeon A. E. Peck	March 27, 1901	4	11
Passed Assistant Surgeon W. A. Angwin	June 2, 1904	2	3
Passed Assistant Surgeon M. E. Lando	October 26, 1904	1	8
Assistant Surgeon A. E. Lee	May 9, 1906	0	5
Pay Director E. B. Rogers	March 3, 1879	13	10
Paymaster F. K. Perkins	June 17, 1898	4	7
Paymaster T. W. Leutze	April 15, 1899	6	5
Paymaster F. B. Colby	February 28, 1901	6	3
Paymaster H. de F. Mel	November 1, 1902	3	0
Passed Assistant Paymaster E. A. McMillan	March 12, 1903	4	3
Passed Assistant Paymaster E. H. Tricou	March 13, 1903	4	0
Passed Assistant Paymaster J. A. Bull	May 29, 1903	2	10
Passed Assistant Paymaster J. F. Kutz	July 24, 1903	2	1
Passed Assistant Paymaster A. S. Brown	July 24, 1903	3	2
Assistant Paymaster E. R. Wilson	July 8, 1905	2	3
Assistant Paymaster J. F. Luchsinger, Jr.	July 8, 1905	2	2
Assistant Paymaster D. B. Wainwright, Jr.	July 10, 1906	1	2
Naval Constructor L. S. Adams	September 26, 1890	1	10

There are three Californian-born officers on the retired list of the navy, Ensign B. C. Dent, Passed Assistant Surgeon R. G. Broderick and Assistant Engineer C. W. Livermore, and one on the retired list of the Marine Corps, Major R. McM. Dutton.

None of the naval chaplains, professors of mathematics or civil engineers are Californians by birth.

Among the warrant officers who hold a position midway between the enlisted men and the commissioned officers, there are five boatswains, nine carpenters, and five warrant machinists from California, but no gunners or sailmakers.

Coming to the Marine Corps, it is found that it has only five native Californians among its commissioned officers. They are Major John H. Russell, Captains R. M. Cutts, R. S. Hooker and D. C. McDougal, and First Lieutenant Thomas C. Turner.

For many years, enlistments in the navy from California were by no means commensurate with the size, population or importance of the State, but of recent years this has been changed, and now there is a large number of native sons among the man-of-warsmen, and the recent arrival of the great battleship fleet in the Pacific Ocean has lured hundreds of boys from the Sierras, the valleys and seaports of California, to the decks of the warships. The local recruiting officers say that applications for enlistments are now pouring in as never before.

The crew of the armored cruiser California contains a larger percentage of native born Californians. Of her officers, Lieutenant Martin K. Metcalf, Midshipman F. T. Stevenson, Paymaster F. K. Perkins, and First Lieutenant of Marines Thomas C. Turner were all born in the State, after which the ship is named.

California has long been popular with naval officers from elsewhere in the country, and when they retire from active service they look to "the land of sunshine, fruits and flowers" as their abode for the rest of their days. In fact, next to the District of Columbia, California is the home of more retired naval officers than any other State or territory of the union. Its charm appeals to these men who have roamed the world over and they select it as the ideal place for their permanent abode.

At the present time, besides the native-born Californians residing permanently in the State, there are no less than thirty-five retired naval officers who have moved to California and there made their homes. They are:

Retired Naval Officers Settled in California.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, San Francisco.
Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, Berkeley.
Rear-Admiral Oscar W. Farenholt, San Francisco.
Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, Santa Barbara.
Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, Berkeley.
Rear-Admiral Joseph Trilley, San Francisco.
Commodore H. N. Stevenson, San Francisco.
Commodore C. G. Bowman, Redlands.
Commodore J. H. Bull, Santa Barbara.
Captain J. F. Moser, San Francisco.
Captain J. J. Brice, Oakville.
Captain J. C. Morong, San Francisco.
Captain A. W. Dodd, Vallejo.
Commander G. K. Haswell, Santa Barbara.
Commander A. C. Almy, San Diego.
Lieut.-Commander W. D. A. Rose, San Francisco.
Lieutenant C. A. Clarke, La Jolla.
Lieutenant S. L. Graham, Vallejo.
Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, San Francisco.
Lieutenant F. H. Le Favor, San Rafael.
Ensign C. P. Welch, Oakland.
Ensign D. W. Beswick, Los Angeles.
Medical Director J. A. Hawke, Calistoga.
Medical Director J. W. Ross, Pasadena.
Medical Inspector William Martin, San Francisco.
Assistant Surgeon J. J. Page, Pomona.
Assistant Surgeon M. V. Stone, Healdsburg.
Pay Director A. W. Bacon, Santa Barbara.
Pay Inspector J. R. Stanton, San Francisco.
Chief Engineer G. F. Kutz, Oakland.
Chief Engineer J. W. Holihan, Oakland.
Chief Engineer W. B. Dunning, San Francisco.
Passed Assistant Engineer L. W. Wooster, Los Angeles.
Assistant Engineer, W. S. Smith, Berkeley.
Chaplain J. K. Lewis, Santa Barbara.

Now that it has been officially recognized in Washington, and popularly recognized throughout the country, that the Pacific Ocean is to be the great naval theatre of the future, it is likely that more and more naval officers and men will be produced by California, and more of them will make their homes in the Golden West.

THE LUCKY BAG

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

Late Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

EXTREME tidiness is one of the most pronounced characteristics of American men-of-war, and one of the most effective ways of maintaining it is the time-honored institution known as "the lucky bag," an institution which is perhaps as old as the navy itself.

The lucky bag is the receptacle for all articles found lying out of place around the ship, "articles adrift," as the nautical phraseology puts it. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is one of the cardinal naval precepts, and woe be to the forgetful, careless sailor who leaves anything belonging to him where it should not be. The watchful eye of the master-at-arms, who is the ship's chief of police, will quickly detect the stray article, and into the lucky bag it goes.

To have an article in the lucky bag is a misdemeanor in the navy. To redeem it the owner must acknowledge ownership, whereupon it is restored to him, but with the restoration goes a punishment of some kind. This punishment, which may be in the form of extra duties, a light fine, or a reduction in conduct grade, is the price of recovering the article. If the owner does not wish to pay this price, he may leave his property in the lucky bag, the contents of which are sold at auction once every three months, when all unclaimed articles are disposed of to the highest bidder, the proceeds going to the commissary fund or some other fund for the benefit of the crew.

The title of this institution is derived from the bag that was originally used in picking up "articles adrift," but with the new ships, their big crews and ample storage facilities, the lucky bag is nowadays usually a large locker or even a room, kept under lock and key, although a small bag may be used to convey the articles to the locker or room.

The exhibition of the things that find their way into the lucky bag is interesting. There are knives and toilet articles; caps, underwear, clothing, rubber boots; books and sewing materials; even hammocks and "ditty-boxes." The loss of hammock or "ditty-box" is a severe one. The latter is the box in which the sailor keeps all of his small pieces of property, such as stationery, curios, sewing material, letters, pictures, brush and comb, razor and the like. He is pretty apt to redeem the stray "ditty-box" promptly.

Acquaintance with the lucky bag comes early in the career of the naval recruit, and its existence quickly teaches him, unless he is hopelessly shiftless and careless, that he must care for his own property and the ship's neatness at all times. The lucky bag is sometimes a costly teacher, but always an efficient one.

THE MAHALA OF "DANDY JIM"

BY E. HOWELL NEUMANN

LIKE A FLASH, Tutoch-a-nu-ca turned in his saddle. His eyes searched long through the rising mist of the river, flowing far beneath him, to the rolling hills beyond. His little brown pony hugged close the bare wall of granite back of him, and save for the quivering nostrils of the bronco, huge Indian and sturdy mount might have been statuary in bronze set in an audacious mood of Nature's on her pinnacle of marble.

Far in the valley below the air stirred, a dot emerged, blackened and increased into manikin toys, into two horsemen riding rapidly. The face of the Indian was pensive, and he gazed with melancholy at the approaching horsemen, at the lovely valley below, then of a sudden dug in his spurs and horse and rider vanished, like the genii from the flask of the fisherman.

Shortly, Tutochanuca emerged from a well-concealed cavern in the mountain's bulk, followed by a very material squaw, who sat her pony as gracefully as a sack of oats might ride. Like two flies clinging to a naked wall, the horses proceeded down the precipice over-verging Lake Tanaya.

II.

"Reck" Bronson, his crippled right arm hanging limp, swung himself clear of his saddle, and slid to the ground.

"I said once yer was a fool, Jim."

"What the ——" answered his companion.

"Hain't you got eyes to see, ears to hear an' a nose to smell? My cayuse 'lone tells me there's somethin' followin' us, close an' steady."

Jim Dann swore, spat, then swore again, as he pricked up his ears.

"H——!" t'ain't the sheriff gang. We beat 'em a day's start. They skinned down Bear Valley, I tell yer. Gawd! these doan know."

"Jim, ole stall, I hung together this long; my arm's gone; the blood in my throat chokes me; I ain't good for a fight, but we'll keep the swag tight." He drove the spurs into his limp animal, and as his horse groaned and lurched forward with hopeless striving gait, "Reck" winced with pity for the beast.

The pursuers drew nearer.

"H——! Injuns; the dirty, murderous red skulks!" Reck snorted with disgust.

He turned but to gaze into the business end of a six-chambered revolver of formidable pattern. "A squaw!" he ejaculated, as the shots rang true. "I'm done fer now!" Reck cried. He sprang desperately to grip the Indian, and man and man rolled down the stony slide.

The squaw flew to peer over the incline. Jim crawled back in the thick brush, delirious with agony from a bullet wound.

The Indian returned alone, dragged Jim out, lifted him on his own stout horse, and, securely strapping him, with many a guttural "Ugh!" turned the horses' heads back.

Jim Dann lay slung over the nag, cursing the torture he knew awaited him. Every step was agony as they slowly proceeded down mountain and up mountain.

It was years till he awoke next morning. He was lying on a mud floor, a sack for a pillow, bound hand and foot, and a throbbing pain in his side. The ceaseless grumbling of the squaw and Tutochanuca's retorts aroused him to understanding.

The Indian was at his side. Jim turned defiant eyes upon him. The Indian blurted brokenly:

"No kill. Me get mahala for you." He gesticulated, hurried away, and returned with a mud-streaked picture of a stiff Indian girl, leaning on crutches. "Tepiwa,

me Lottie, great mahala school. I like Tepiwa marry same white squaw. She must white man and land. She marry, mar-ree." He pronounced the words impressively, as if they laid solemnly on his savage soul.

Jim laughed. "Gawd! a red gell!"

"Me get now," Tutochanuca said.

He bent and lightly touched the heavy riata binding Jim's wrists, and glanced satisfied at the horse hobbles doing duty on his ankles. A grunt and yell at his squaw, and he was gone for the Indian school.

Jim, girlish "Dandy Jim," lay back on his dirty pallet and grinned at his lucky escape. "Reck's death will be paid for," he vowed with an oath. Desperate Jim Dann, with his curly, yellow locks, his white, fastidious hands, new from the city, from his enviable position there, a scrap of silk in the ragbag of criminal looters, and a silly, grinning squaw! Jim turned his face to the other wall. There, the picture of a sheriff, hat pulled low over eyes that Jim knew were big and determined, and bulging like a bull-dog's; something shining from hip-pockets, and all coming fiercer, nearer, closer, till his imagination heard the sound of the quick hoof-beats of the sheriff's mount. Jim's eyes returned, to glower sullenly at the dusty tintype resting on its small rock shelf. A little fawn tripped timidly towards him. He saw it was lame.

III.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

The girl read it dreamily, with all the beautiful poetry in her dusky eyes. "To me this is the most graceful, Miss Patton," she said. She turned and met the approval in her teacher's eyes. She was an Indian girl, but soft and subtle as the moonlight night you have loved in.

A slouching of feet, and the dirty yet splendid form of Tutochanuca stood in the door, leering in at the rows of regulation checkered dresses, spotlessly neat, and brown, square faces watching the tall Indian girl reading before them.

"Tepiwa, me Lottie," he mumbled, then skulked embarrassedly to the end of the hall.

Lottie came and held out her arms to her father as she had observed that white daughters did. He drew back, looking at her with curiosity mingled with superstitious awe.

"Me catch man, white coyote, Tepiwa. Come!" He contorted his face in his expressive savagery of illustration.

Alert in her sense of right and wrong, she would return with him at once. He danced the snake dance, poached, thieved, arrayed himself in wampum and feathers, but he must not overstep the bounds of the law; she could prevent that. "I'll come," she answered.

* * * *

Jimmy Dann stirred uneasily in his tight bondage as he heard footsteps without. The shadow of Tutochanuca darkened the entrance. His daughter slipped from his side with an exclamation of dismay. Slightly limping, she sprang to the prisoner, and her lithe, strong hands unbound his fetters.

Jim stared in dumb amazement at the slender, brown girl that effaced a grimy picture of a heavy, thick squaw. Then he lay back in pure animal enjoyment of freedom, stretched his aching limbs, and closed his eyes with physical ecstasy, till the pain in every muscle throbbed with its mere release. He feigned weakness and lay quietly, while she alternately nursed him and scolded Tutochanuca. The latter, as father and savage, having procured the bridegroom, awaited with folded arms and supreme dignity the fulfillment of his labors. But the girl's heart was unconscious and burdened itself alone with Jim's injuries and her father's responsibility.

Assisting Jim to his feet, she commanded Tutochanuca to aid him. Leaning his light weight on the grave Indian, his lighter fancies tending towards his girlish protector, Jim's weakness vanished, and the little procession started down the blind trail and virgin forest towards the Government settlement.

They reached the school, and Tutochanuca, with a series of grunts, left his little party at the gateway while he stalked majestically into the building.

The girl waited in doubt as how best

to shield her parent from punishment, how to protect the man from further injury.

Shortly, Tutochanuca appeared, the dignity of accomplishment lighting his bronze features, raising his shoulders serenely to the skies and his waiting, uneasy companions. Close behind him fluttered the quaint figure of Miss Patton.

"Lottie," she cried chidingly to the girl, "you never told me, dear. But you shall be married at once as you wish," and the woman bustled around like the queer little hen she was, and puzzled at the heart of her duckling.

No shadow of surprise darkened the face of the girl. Maybe 'twas the solution of immunity for her father, perhaps 'twas the charmed spirit of youth or the sparkling blue eyes of the stranger.

But Jimmy Dann was not a patient listener. His adventurous eye had followed in keen joy the loveliness of Tapiwa, the turn of her arm and the curve of her lips, how the corners turned up in joy with living, and the dark witcheries of her eyes lured his fancy on for conquest. But a savage life, a father-in-law of such persuasive manners, the squaw, the cave—and the nose of Jim tip-tilted. On the contrary, he dared not betray his identity, dared not object when objections quickened time for a sheriff's coming.

So when the school chaplain came, the two stood up together, Lottie, her eloquent face full of dreams, and Jim's alit with fire and new venture. He took her little, dark hand in his pilfering white one, and the old words were said simply, in the old way. Then back into the mountains and its life went that little procession, Jimmy Dann and the Indian Lottie following the towering form of the Indian.

The day passed, and another. She added little touches of civilization, and longed for her former studious life. Tutochanuca and Jim supplied her with the wonders and crafts of nature's world. Gradually she shifted down to the native life, and she and the captive fawn seemed one in heart and soul.

Jim was as one lost to himself. "Reck" was forgotten, the gold was forgotten, the great whirling world was forgotten; only an Indian girl remained like a dashing silvery river, sweet and cool, yet with dark, wondrous depths, and at times turbulent, then placid pools; and through his hard clay nature this river of love flowed, fertilizing and softening in gentlest cascades. Unconscious was her influence, and she always fled before him as the waters that vanish in subterranean passages.

Time went on. He wearied of the wild life, and his nature longed for a chair or a bench, a hat-peg, or the voices of his kind; longed to seize the girl and run off with her and his happiness.

Tutochanuca called a great meeting of the surrounding Mono Indians. On this night, Jim planned to escape.

He knew she slept in the farthest dugout of the cavern and the deer with her. He worried lest the outcry of the deer would arouse Tutochanuca, for she was the one star of light in his red and thirsty career.

Civilization, the old life, books and comfort, he felt would allure her. He remembered those first days when she had so scorned ignorance and dirt and the old tribal habits.

As it grew darker, Tutochanuca and his squaw wandered down into the valley to drag in a few more logs for the great fire dance. This was Jim's opportunity. He ran to the turn of the cavern. Lottie was gone. He searched quickly, silently, but in vain; neither girl nor deer was near. He finally called Tutochanuca, who startled him by his immediate answer, so noiselessly had he returned. Tutochanuca did not know nor appear to care. Jim searched the neighborhood, but in vain. He remained a month, waiting for her return. Other months crept on. At last Jim surrendered to the old craving for town life.

Without a cent of the ill-gotten money of that eventful day, now the year gone past, with his partner's death unavenged, the once immaculate Jimmie Dann changed into a gruff, bronzed man, trudged down the splendid furrow of the glacial valley of the Tuolumne, through the dreary Mono pass. The sagebrush country of Nevada lay beyond.

Across, on a high summit, a herd of deer were drowsing. Sniffing the air, they fled. One, the last, limped slightly. He started.

As he continued down into the wild garden, a small row of straw tepees stud-

ded the meadow's rise. He viewed them with interest. Three squaws moved towards him. He looked, and the laughing face of one, clad in the gayest of blankets, turned. Bound snugly on her back was a woven basket holding a wee brown face, with the old dusky eyes dancing merrily from under the beaded canopy.

"Lottie!" he cried eagerly.

She tittered bashfully in the manner of Indian girls, and ran back to the tepee.

A square, red-faced, big Indian appeared at the doorway. Jim hesitated, moved on, paused, then pursued his way towards Carson. But his eves scanned the high ridges of the Sierra, bridging deep, azure canyons for a lame deer that had fled back to its glad, free life, the early life in the home of nature's heart.

A MADONNA OF THE SECTION HOUSE

BY EDWARDA DELEMAIN WALL

PART---II

She stood watching a moment, then turned heavily back to the bedside. Her foot touched the box of torpedoes again, and again she looked dully down at it—and then started! Turning swiftly to the little sufferer, her opened eyes saw all the ravages of pain. She stooped slowly, half fearfully, over the box, a faint pink flushing her cheeks. Suddenly she caught up several torpedoes, and instinctively hiding them in her apron, sprang out the door and ran swiftly down the railroad track.

The limited from the East was already due. There was no time to think, no time to weigh consequences. It was just the answer to the prayer that Milly suddenly knew she had been offering without ceasing. "What's an hour's time to a life?" she questioned exultingly. "To this life, this one blossom o' the desert! Oh, God has remembered! He has! He has!" She whispered it over and over to herself, wiping away the rush of tears that crowded her soft, happy laughter, as she ran on down the track.

The Limited had always swept by with such shrill scorn for all stops not in its predestined scheme, so the first torpedoes sent a surprised shiver of slowing through its length. The imperativeness of the third signal brought it to an unwilling standstill, and the engineer's head, a touseled interrogation, filled the cab window. The conductor ran forward, firing rapid questions at the woman by the track and the usual number of curious passengers hastily contributed themselves to the committee on investigation.

One man, tall and stern-faced, swung down from his coach and began walking rapidly up and down the length of the train. He was clearly impatient over the delay, though he showed none of his fellow-passenger's interest in the cause. The crowd about the woman increased, and the conductor and engineer began swearing a vigorous duet.

The man stopped before the open door of the section house and stood staring in with an impertinence that was oddly abstract, as though he hardly saw what his eyes appeared to rest upon intently. Slowly, though, his face lost its anxious concentration; a surprised, almost startled look, crossed it. He leaned forward, listening to the labored breathing and looked into the white, suffering baby face.

"They must be a doctor, if you'd only let me ask——" Milly's voice did not penetrate his absorption, so held no explanation. He slowly drew a telegram from his pocket and read it softly aloud: "Come—at once—Beth—seriously ill." It

held some relation, apparently, to the scene before him, for the man looked doubtfully from the message to the child; almost as though he doubted the evidence of his eyes, or suspected this to be a mere vision, materialized out of his own great anxiety. "Beth—ill—in Los Angeles," he repeated, in a half whisper.

"Let me ask, anyway. Just hold 'er five minutes," pleaded Milly's voice.

The conductor's answer was to order all aboard. The engineer wiped his eyes furtively, and dropped back into the cab a little package he had half offered to Milly. They had grown to watch for this laughing child of the desert, these men of the flying trains. And the box of candy he had expected to throw from the cab window to-day seemed to stir the engineer with a sense of personal loss and loneliness, here in the desert, when there would be no little hands to wave greeting and to throw back kisses for thanks.

"But duty's duty," he muttered, doggedly. "The conductor, he can't do it—you're knowing that," he said to Milly. "An' we got t' make up fer los' time anyhow. Six hund'erd 'n seven's got t' move." His voice quivered in spite of his firmness, and sympathy sprinkled his utterance with even more oaths than habit.

The man at the door had advanced into the room, and bent over the child. Then he turned, as though to catch the sounds outside, but his eyes swept slowly over the barren room. There was nothing of comfort, perhaps, according to his idea of comfort—but there were white curtains at the one window. A rude shelf held a few bright dishes; old magazine pictures were pinned here and there in groups on the ugly walls. Just a touch, somehow, of something—the impalpable something—that spells "home."

And out through the open door menaced the dreary stretches of that lonely, lonely desert. The traveler shivered in spite of the heat, and bent closer over the little, faintly moaning child.

The conductor shouted an exasperated warning, for the passengers were slow to heed. Suddenly the stranger joined the group still lingering by the engine, and, calling imperatively to the engineer to "wait a moment," said to the conductor.

"Can you hold the train half an hour?" Misreading his surprise, he added: "There is fifty—a hundred—dollars in it for you. Why, man! I can save that woman's child. You must wait."

"Impossible! Utterly impossible!"

The stranger looked a question at the engineer—the man at the throttle. The question and its reason—and its treason!—were all in that quick look.

But the head in the cab window shook sadly. "Half 'n hour? I dasn't. Hell, man! Don't you know I dasn't? Wish t' God I could——"

"Fifteen—ten minutes, then. Just ten minutes! The money's yours," and he looked questioningly, entreatingly, from the one to the other. "Give me ten minutes, men! I can save that woman's baby, and ten minutes—why, the money is——"

"'Tain't yer cussid money," growled the engineer fiercely, "but I dasn't. I dasn't, I tell ye! Not ten seconds longer, fer I got my orders t' move. Why, man, it 'ud cost me my job—en mebbe the chanst fer gittin' another soon. An' I got eight o' my own 't home, too!"

"When—when does the next train pass?"

"'Bout eleven t'night. They ain't no more till t'morrow."

"Air you a doctor, sir? An' can you save my baby? For the love o' God, sir, stay. Make 'em hold the train, sir, for you can't go. You won't go, sir?" Milly knelt at his feet and caught his hand, pressing it to her breast. "Oh, sir! If there's pity in you—if there's pity in heaven—if it ain't that God's forgot us as lives here in the desert, stay. Save my baby." She clasped her hands and shivered, for the stranger drew from her almost angrily, his forehead knotted and drawn.

Still kneeling, Milly swayed away from him out toward the desert, almost impaling herself on the sharp barbs of a crucifixion thorn, as she moaned: "Oh, it seems as if the blaze that lays out yonder 'd burn into me. It's a-callin' my baby, too! D'ye hear it?" She held up her hand to command silence. "That starving, hungry desert's a-callin' my baby." She stared steadily for a moment, then whispered: "Why—d'ye know—I thought it was an answer to my prayer—*an'*—

they—won't—wait!"

Milly laughed. A low, terrible laugh. Despair, hope, opportunity—and now—this! Shaking her head slowly, she reached out her arms again to the pitiless, burning waste, and cried in a voice that gradually arose to a shriek: "Oh, you know what you're doin', when you're a-wantin' my baby! My bonny bird, my blossom! You know she's the sweetest thing as ever your loneliness had—an' that's why you're tryin' to take 'er. But you can't. You can't—she's mine! An' *I'll keep 'er!"*

Milly had forgotten the waiting train and the watching passengers. She flew by them unseeingly, and rushing into the house, caught up the unconscious child and fell with it in her arms across the bed.

The man looked after her with haggard eves, his fingers twisting and untwisting, as of their own volition, a strip of yellow paper. The trainmen and passengers watched him, resentfully, almost accusingly, as though ability were also obligation. The dumb, yellow torture in his hand was to them only a blackened wisp.

"At—eleven—to-night!"

"God bless ye, sir! Be ye goin' t' stay?" and the engineer's grimy hands crushed the slender white ones of the stranger. "We'll wire Five-nine t' stop fer ye. But ye better signal 'em, too—if ye'r goin' to stay——" and he hesitated, for the face into which he was looking was full of uncertainty.

The porter had vanished while Milly pleaded with the stranger, and he came down the length of the train carrying a couple of suit cases. As he dropped them to give his eyes a shamed rub with his coat sleeve a gasping, smothered cry came from within the section house.

With a bound the stranger tore open one of the suit cases and caught from it an oblong, leather-bound box, and a second one, yet longer; then with a quick, backward gesture of dismissal to the waiting train, he sprang to the bedside.

As the Limited, with gathering momentum, swept on its way, out of the East came the slow rumble of the work train. And up through the western heavens crept the first soft signals of the sunset—His pledge to the waste places that nothing is forgotten.

WHAT THEY REALLY ARE!

BY C. HARTLEY DAVIS

NSTITUTIONS, as well as characters, which are the offspring of a period of struggle, if they live at all, live as epoch-making powers. Their work may be silent, but for this, more effective, because it lies at the heart of things.

There is no force without its counter-energy, and as the destructive wave of the French Revolution swept around the world its very violence reacted in a counter-current of master spirits, originating great projects for the regeneration of Christendom.

Not the least of these projects, born out of the very evils of the times, is the Society or religious order popularly known as "The Madames," or "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart."

It was brought into being primarily, in fact solely, as a breakwater against the tide of irreligion and immorality flowing from the corrupt writings and evil lives of the past masters of the new philosophic school.

As the baneful influence filtered downward from high places into the masses, so the new institution was to instruct the future mothers of the upper classes that they might form a society, elevated in the one *noble* sense of the word; and be a light and providence to the struggling crowd below.

As the flood of error left no walk of life, no sphere untainted, the new religious order had given to it a constitution broad enough to embrace all conditions, elastic

enough to expand with the needs of the future, and progressive enough to follow fast upon the footsteps of exploration, either in the virgin forests of America, or on the advance of Western vigor upon the decayed civilization of Asia.

As a matter of fact, in the hundred odd years since its foundation, the Order of the Sacred Heart has literally spanned the globe by a line of fortifications, as it were, the recent opening of a convent in Tokyo, Japan, making the circuit complete.

The mission of this religious society is not well understood. Many seem to be under the impression that its sympathies and work are limited to the wealthy and high-born, and that the teaching of the young alone forms its sphere of action. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The uplifting of souls by any kind of intercourse with persons of the world, but especially by the work of spiritual retreats, given within the convent walls, is an integral and essential part of the Constitutions of the Order.

In the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city, two such retreats are conducted each year, one during the winter months, another early in the summer vacation for the teachers of secular schools, whose duties leave them no leisure at any other time.

There is also established in every convent of the large cities an organization known as "The Children of Mary," whose special motif is to act as the *external* agent of zeal, inspired by the spirit of the cloistered religious of the Sacred Heart. In other words, to aid by their wealth, and reach out their hands to charitable works, spiritual and corporal, either as individuals or as a united body.

This association numbers upwards of seven hundred in New York City, and is a power among the indigent. It is composed in great part of the former pupils of the academies of the Sacred Heart, who devote themselves to schools, where the poor are taught the art of better living, both from a moral and physical standpoint. They are assisted in their struggle for a livelihood, and healthful recreation furnished them for mind and body. The old Catholic city of St. Louis has another similar large association, whose efficiency vies with the one in New York. Such works as Saturday sewing classes for poor children, the visiting of hospitals and foundling asylums, consume the time usually wasted on frivolity.

In San Francisco, the "Sodality," after about fifteen years of existence, has a fair record of utility. Calls upon the individual generosity of its members are numerous, and their names are connected with every enterprise of charity or zeal undertaken by the devoted clergy.

One of the chief works of the "Children of Mary" in each city is the making of church vestments. The costly material is furnished, and the sewing done by the ladies, under the direction of the Religious; and the result of their industry and skill is distributed gratuitously to poor churches. Since the recent disaster in our city and State, an almost countless number of such articles for church use has been given away to aid in the upbuilding of ruined parishes. These donations have extended far beyond State limits, even to distant China.

The frivolous and the unbeliever may scoff and even say with the scoffers of old, "Why this waste?" But the thoughtful mind realizes that what makes for the maintainance of religion consolidates the home and the State.

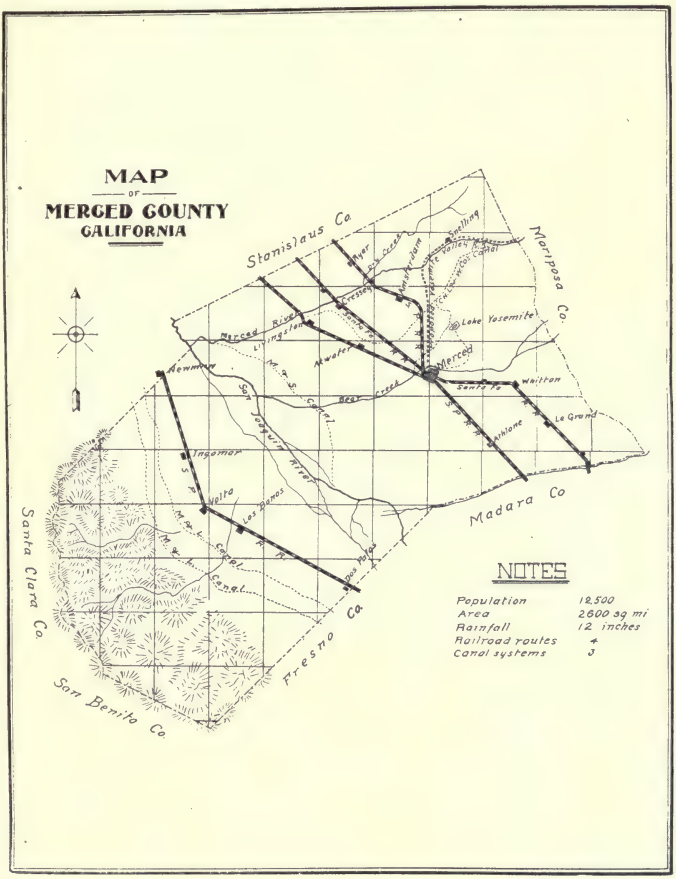
In the sphere of education there is no work so far-reaching as that of instructing the teacher; therefore training or normal schools are considered by these Religious as a choice field of activity. Two such schools have been long established near London, England, where Oxford examinations are each year successfully passed. Others are in existence in Italy and South America.

The first graduates of a high school under the teaching of the ladies of the Sacred Heart in one of our Middle States, have recently scored a brilliant success in the Teachers' examination, ventured upon by these little girls, with no other preparation than that received in their class room.

If the epithet "exclusive" is sometimes applied to these religious educators, it is merited only in the sense of exclusive application to what they look upon as their Heaven-sent task, that it may be the better accomplished.

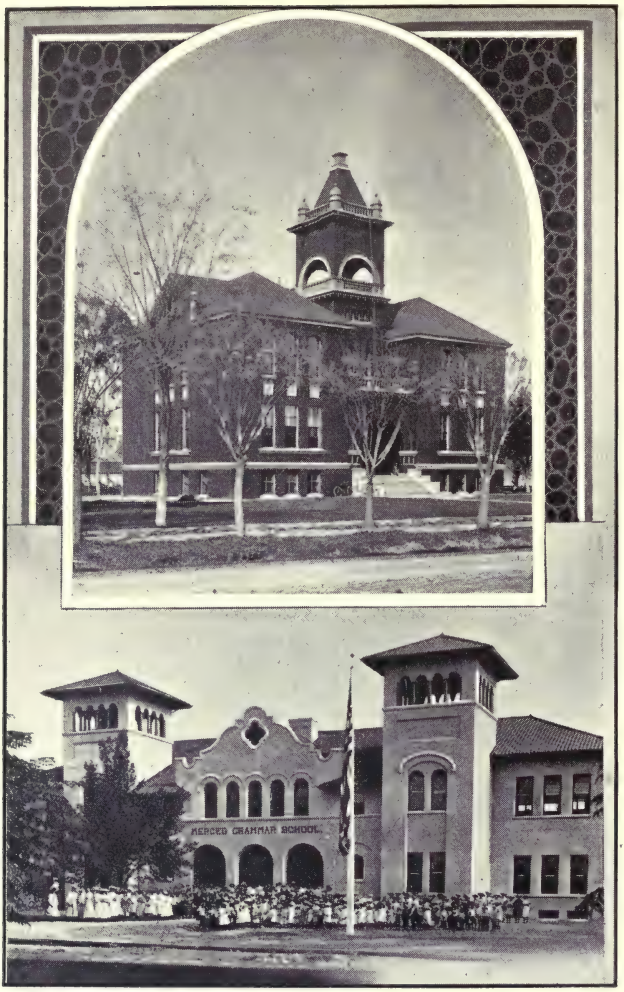
MERCED COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND MONTHLY HISTORICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SERIES



All over the East the people are looking toward California as to a Land of Promise. Merced County, probably more than any other county in the magnificent State of California, proves it a Land of Fulfillment. Certainly, except in California, nowhere else on earth does nature so excel herself in lavishing its blessings on man. In the task the Overland Monthly has alloted to itself, of portraying to the world at large, and in detail, the benefits to be derived from living in California to be true to the original devise of Bret Harte, "Devoted to the Development of the Country," Merced County and city are in the series. It is hoped that the information given here will be of use to the thousands in the congested Eastern centers or that some paragraph or item may bring a ray of hope to some farmer who has spent the better part of his existence in some bleak district of the Middle West, trying to coax a living out of an ungenerous soil. Come West, ye who have labored so hard! Come West, and grow young again. Come West, come to California, come to a Land of Fulfillment, where ye may grow strong again, and where your descendants may live in touch with a continuing prosperity.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HIGH SCHOOL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, MERCED.

YOU HAVE read the story of the fertility of the Nile; you know the land of the vine, the South of France, but until you have come upon the valley in which Merced County is situated, you have had no conception of land fertility, or have you had any notion of the variety of products it is possible to grow in such a land.

It is the Garden Spot of the World. It is the Land of Fulfillment, where man receives the largest reward for his industry.

In round numbers, Merced County contains about 2,600 square miles of territory. Of this area more than two-thirds is in the valley, while about one-eighth lies in the foothills, but not inconvenient for cultivation. The remainder is mountainous, interspersed with fertile valleys, which are well-watered by limpid springs and flowing streams.

The climate is that which is most conducive to health and comfort and to the highest development of all the products of field or orchard. There are but two seasons, the wet and the dry. This may be misleading to strangers, as it is apt to convey the impression that the wet season is a period of uninterrupted rainfall, but this is wrong, as it seldom rains more than two or three days at a time, with intervals of from three days to a month, and the rainy season extends only from the latter part of October to the middle of April. It is neither uncomfortably cold in the winter or unbearably warm in the summer. Throughout the entire winter, outdoor work is carried on just the same as in the summer, excepting during the few days when it might be raining, and the grass springs up on every side, while the hyacinths and the crocuses bloom in the gardens and the perfume of the violet is everywhere in the air. The amount of rainfall varies, but taking the average of a series of years, it will be found that the average rainfall is about twelve inches. With the month of March, the rains are practically over, though showers may be expected in April. Between the first and tenth of May a slight shower may not be unexpected, but it causes no particular damage or inconvenience. By the first of July, the surface moisture is taken up and dissipated, and plant growth dependent on this ceases. The grasses have ripened their seed, and, self-cured and dried, are the nutritious

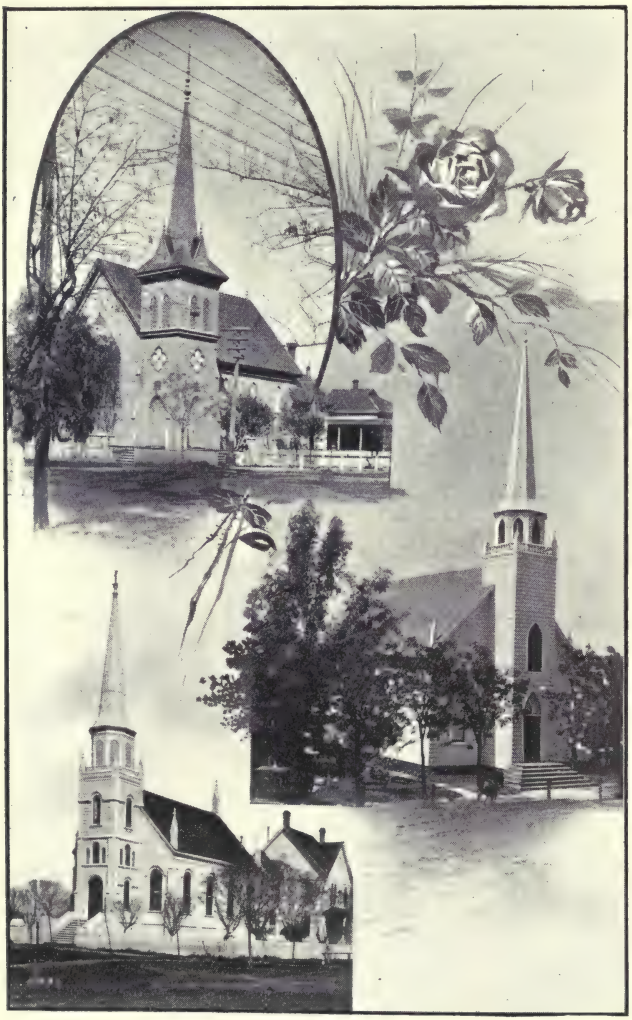
food of cattle and sheep, while the fields of grain are yellow and ripe and wait but the reaper, while in the gardens bright with foliage and resplendent with flowers, owing to the intervention of man in diverting the course of the waters from the rivers to the plains, there is spring in its freshness and beauty, while in orchards teeming with fruits and in vineyards purple with ripening grapes, summer and autumn vie for supremacy.

SCENE IN LAURA PARK, AND RESIDENCE, MERCED, CAL.

To a person unacquainted with the fertility of the soil and the invigorating character of the climate, it might seem that ten acres would be but a small resource from which to derive support for a family, but in Merced County, where every foot of the land is tillable and can be made to produce such bountiful crops under its splendid irrigation system, a fair living can be made on five acres for a moderate sized family, while ten acres, properly cultivated, will produce a competency. These small tracts planted to alfalfa for dairy cattle, or to sweet potatoes or fruit, can be relied on to yield better than $100 per acre, and a yield of more than $200 per acre is not such an uncommon occurrence as to occasion surprise. Many instances of still larger returns are placed on record each year. To substantiate this statement, we will simply state that while all our industries are yet in their infancy there was shipped from this county last year fruit and vegetables to the amount of $276,813; butter and cream $1,197,321; dried fruit, $52,208; poultry and eggs, $121,956; and these figures will be increased each year, owing to the fact that many thousands of acres have been converted into small homes during the past two years, and their output will soon be quite a factor in the shipments from this section. Merced County is also specially favored with transportation facilities for the shipment of its products, and with many counties of the State hampered with only one railroad and in many instances with long hauls by team in order to get to market, we find here a network of railroads traversing every section of the county, with plenty of trains for rapid transportation, while some sections are also favored with water transportation facilities.

The water supply of Merced and for irrigating the entire east side of the county, is drawn from the Merced River, which gets its supply from the wonderful snow

banks and the limpid fountains back of the Yosemite Valley, and is bright, sparkling and pure. On the West Side, the great San Joaquin River has been bridled by the San Joaquin Canal and Irrigation Company, and thousands of acres which were formerly used for grain fields and grazing have been converted into veritable garden spots, and now, just as on the east side, cozy little homes dot the horizon as far as the eye can reach, and bands of thoroughbred dairy cattle can be seen feasting in the beautiful alfalfa fields. By this means, conditions have been so changed that the annual return from one acre is now greater than from ten acres under former conditions.



MERCED CHURCHES.

The climatic conditions are ideal; there is no excessive humidity and bacteria and kindred organisms do not thrive in this great sun-lighted valley. Merced County lies exactly in the center of the Great Central Valley of California, and what may be said in relation to the salubrity of the climate is also true of the rest of the great valley of the San Joaquin. This valley is approximately 250 miles in length, with an average width of about fifty miles. It is situated at an elevation of from 80 to 200 feet above sea level.

Along its entire length it is bordered by the Coast Range of mountains on the west and south. The Sierra Nevadas rear their snow-capped heads on the east. These mountains temper the heat of summer and vaporize or condense the clouds carried by the high air currents from over the Pacific.

The conditions are such that it is impossible for any serious electrical, cyclonic or atmospherical disturbance of a violent nature ever to take place.

Nearly all summer long the Northwest Trades blow the length of the valley. This rarely exceeds a velocity of 30 miles an hour, and as a rule is little more than just wind enough to invigorate and tone up the system of man. The nights are *always* cool and restful. Epidemic and endemic diseases are practically unknown in this climate, owing to the rarified and pure atmosphere carrying ozone, together with abundance of sunshine. Merced County may be said to possess a climate that is one of the finest in the world.

Approximately, Merced County has 1,250,000 acres of land. This is as much territory as many a small kingdom in Europe. Good farming land is rated

THE COMMERCIAL BANK, MERCED.

among the best securities for investment, and the wise investor always looks well to his security. The basic stability of security is that which does not fluctuate readily. The man who invests, in the good lands of Merced County, his time and his money, is assured of generous profits.

Merced City and County is especially favored in its financial institutions, for it possesses two banks that have a splendid standing. One of these is the Commercial Bank of Merced. This is a commercial and savings bank which was organized December 27, 1908. The capital of this bank is $100,000, with surplus and profits at $114,973.51. The directorate contains strong names, names well known in the business and financial world. Among these may be found that of Mr. W. H. Crocker, George S. Bloss, Jr., W. H. Hartley, L. G. Worden, J. B. Garibaldi, H. K. Huls, and J. D. Bradley.

This staunch institution pays four per cent on savings deposits, compounded semi-annually. The bank is run on metropolitan lines, and its general banking business is large and constantly growing, owing to the constant growth and the great wealth of the farming community of Merced County.

The Merced Security Savings Bank.

When the other bank issued its sixty-sixth semi-annual statement, it showed resources amounting to $1,802,040.41. Its capital stock is $200,000.00. Mr. M. D. Wood is the capable manager of this fine savings institution, and Mr. G. S. Bloss, a well known citizen, is its President. The bank owns its own building, one of the finest in the city of Merced. There are many very wealthy counties in California, but it is safe to say that in none of them may be found banks and bankers that stand higher in the opinion of financiers or any that have a richer country and trade back of them than the two banks just mentioned.

The school system of Merced County is one of the best in the State of California, noted for its splendid array of grammar and high schools.

Dairying in Merced County, California, implies alfalfa growing, and that by irrigation, and alfalfa solely, no mill feed or grain of any kind. The general practice has been to pasture the alfalfa off, making hay only for winter use; but now soiling is more in favor as being less injurious to the stand of alfalfa, and an increase of the annual yield of from one-third to one-half, enabling more stock to be kept, and giving more regular or even results. While alfalfa is grown in about every State of the Union, and a great amount of information is printed every year in regard to this wonderful plant, yet we meet people in the dairy business who have not yet learned of its value, and are much surprised that cream, in the quantities that we produce

MERCED SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

it here, can be produced from this plant alone. The chemist tells us that a ton of good alfalfa hay is equal to a ton of bran. There is also another thing that an analysis will not show; that is, palatability, and a something that our alfalfa possesses over that grown in more humid regions and on bottoms that get large amounts of seepage water. In the production of sweet potatoes, this county leads, not only in California, but in any county of the union. There was shipped from Merced County during the winter of 1907-8 more than five hundred cars of Merced sweets, shipment being made to the following cities: San Francisco; Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; Spokane, Washington; Boise, Idaho; Salt Lake, Utah, and Denver, Colorado. This plainly shows that here is raised a very superior quality, for only the best material would reach destination in good condition after long shipment.

While Merced may boast of the finest crops of sweet potatoes in the world, it were idle to suppose that this is her one product. Here are some totals for 1908: Cereals, $1,628,772; Hay, $593,206; fruit trees, $292,911.

Merced County has become noted for the production of fine figs. There should be, and will be, many hundreds of acres planted in this county to this fruit.

To sum up, there are in Merced County good lands and cheap lands, good climate,

THE INTERIOR OF DAUNT'S JEWELRY STORE, MERCED. F. F. DAUNT, PROPRIETOR.

HARVEY EATING HOUSE AT MERCED.

good and cheap irrigation system, good markets for everything produced, good transportation facilities—two railroads having connection with San Francisco and Los Angeles—and two of the soundest and best banks there is in the State.

MERCED, THE GATEWAY TO YOSEMITE

BY J. S. MONTGOMERY, SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Merced is the gateway to Yosemite Valley, that wonderland locked in by the eternal snow-capped mountains of the high Sierras, wherein Nature's primitive beauty —like an exile princess—outrivals all the scenic grandeur of the world. People from everywhere flock to California to view this sublime spectacle—this mysterious spot, with its dreams of centuries and ages long forgot.

At Merced City, the tourist feels the first breath from the famous river that pours over Yosemite and Bridal Veil falls, which, after adding to the marvelous beauty and grandeur of the National Park in its phenomenal leaps from the sky, pursues its course over cascades and through mountain-slashed canyon to the rich level plains below, where it performs the more utilitarian task of supplying the city with the purest of water from the largest artificial reservoir in the world, as well as irrigating thousands of acres of our most fertile lands, causing them to blossom as the rose.

From Merced, which is situated about fifteen or eighteen miles plainward, the journey into the wilds of Yosemite is begun, not by the time-honored and fire-tested "cannon-ball" stage route, but by the Yosemite Valley railroad, one of the finest steel highways in America. From palatial observation cars one first sees many happy farmers' homes flit by in rapid succession. Then comes the rolling foothills, with thousands of sheep and cattle grazing everywhere, which scene continues to unfold like a mighty panorama until the mouth of the Merced canyon is reached.

In this mysterious realm you will want to stay a week, a month, perhaps a season, looping the loop over the mountain trails and playing hide and seek with the huge Sentinel rocks that stand thousands of feet high, being so tremendous that they seem to follow closely behind, whithersoever you go.

From this strange and wonderful retreat you return again to civilization, making your exit upon the busy world at Merced, a city destined to become the most important industrial center of the interior of the State.

Merced has a population now of over 3,500, and is rapidly growing. The pub-

lic buildings are architectural beauties, some of which cost as much as one hundred thousand dollars. Fine business blocks, costly and handsome residences, with well-kept lawns, paved streets, concrete sidewalks, automobiles, parks, and many other things combine to give strangers within its gates the impression that Merced easily outclasses any other city of its size in the State.

Every variety of fruit under the sun is raised in this county, including pomegranates, olives and those varieties that characterize the land the Lord gave to Caleb and Joshua for an inheritance.

Then, again, Merced is the distributing point for the vast mining region of this and Mariposa County, where the old gold mines of other days are now being worked with much activity since the advent of the new railroad a year ago.

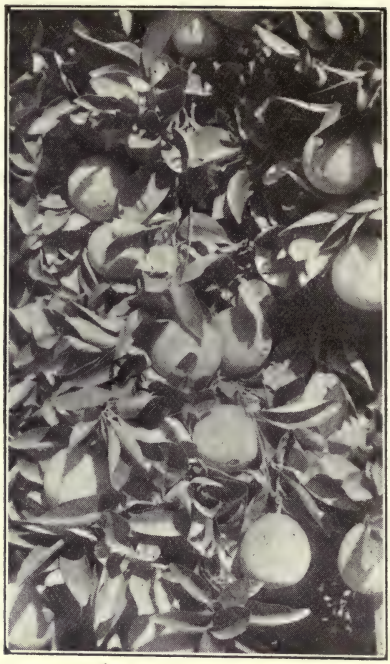
And now comes the news of a new discovery of gold on the Merced river that bids fair to become the richest mine discovered in California since the days of gold in '49.

There is the ever-increasing trade in Yosemite, another coveted prize secured upon the completion of the new railroad already referred to.

Merced is now distinguished as an important railroad center, being on the main line of two transcontinental roads, and the terminus of the Yosemite Valley road and the Oakdale branch of the Southern Pacific.

As an evidence of prosperity, the two big banking institutions of Merced show a combined deposit of millions of dollars.

It has one daily and four weekly newspapers, and many other things certainly too numerous to itemize.



A BUNCH OF EARLY MERCED ORANGES. THESE ORANGES WERE GROWN AT ATWATER, MERCED COUNTY, CAL.

Now, you who chance to read this simple story of the coming city of Middle California, and feel that you belong to that class of citizens known as "live ones," this is your opportunity.

Opportunity knocks unbidden once at every gate! If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise, before it turns away.

YOSEMITE IN WINTER

O ONE CAN thoughtfully study this valley and its surroundings without being broader minded thereafter." Thus wrote Garfield, martyred president, in 1875, after he had seen the beauties of Yosemite, California's wonderland. This brief quotation, in his own hand-writing, appears after his name in one of the old registers of Black's Hotel. His name is not the only one of prominence. The registers of Yosemite contain signatures of presidents, governors, army and navy officers, together with thousands of private citizens of our own United States, as well as those of other countries, who have viewed the grandeurs of Yosemite since its discovery in the year of 1851.

How fortunate are the present-day trav-

STREET SCENE IN MERCED, THE GATEWAY TO THE YOSEMITE.

COURT HOUSE, MERCED.

MERCED FALLS, SOURCE OF WATER SUPPLY OF THE GREAT CROCKER-HUFFMAN IRRIGATION SYSTEM OF MERCED COUNTY. COVERING THE FRUIT DISTRICTS OF MERCED AND ATWATER. THERE IS NO BONDED INDEBTEDNESS ON THE IRRIGATION SYSTEM, WHICH COST UPWARDS OF TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

elers to Yosemite, with the modern means of transportation, as compared with those early pilgrims who, by long, hot, dusty staging over barren plain and rough mountain road, sought this gem of the Sierras. It is now only a few hours' ride from Los Angeles and San Francisco, by rail to the park line and thence three hours by stage-coach, over the Government turnpike.

The prevailing sentiment that Yosemite may be seen with profit and pleasure, only during the limited spring season, is erroneous. Yosemite is Yosemite the year round. It has withstood the ages, and to-day stands as the noblest work of nature.

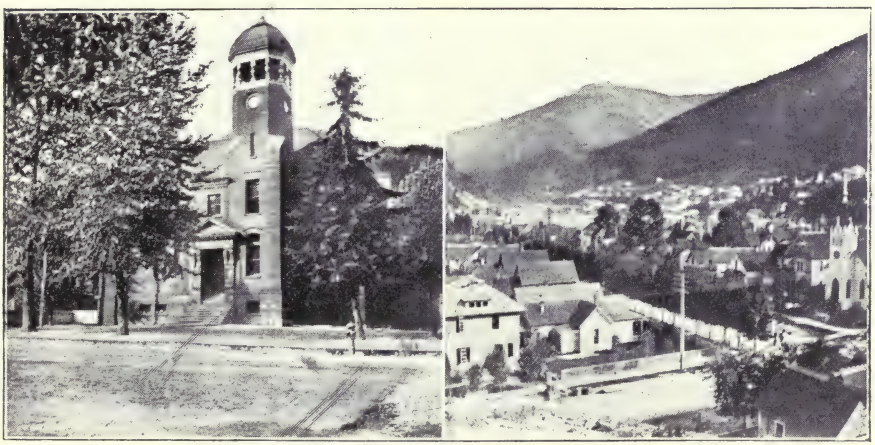
Yosemite is unique in its assemblage of sheer walls of great height, imposing peaks, and the number of its stupendous water-falls. Each eminence and each waterfall the mind instinctively endows with attributes of life and power. El Capitan rising abruptly at the entrance, 3,300 feet high, stands as the mighty guardian of the Valley, while on the opposite side the beautiful Bridal Veil is the first waterfall to entrance the beholder, 940 feet of water and mist with its rainbow effects, and thus are formed the gates of Yosemite, and then the panorama unfolds itself in grand succession, perfected in all parts. Cathedral Rock and Spires on the right inspire awe and reverence.

DEPOT YOSEMITE VALLEY R. R. COMPANY AT MERCED.
PHOTO COHEN.

Eagle Peak on the left looms up and spans from the lowly earth to the vaulted sky. Sentinel Rock to the right forms the watch tower from which the alarm may be spread from peak to peak. Again, to the left, the world famed Yosemite Falls attract the attention by the roar and thunder of the river, as it strikes the base, 1600 feet below. Farther up the valley appear the Royal Arches, Washington Column, North Dome and Half Dome, each name significantly describing its own characteristics.

Those who see it in its mantle of snow and ice, praise it for its enhanced beauties. It is nature's vast amphitheatre, enclosed by towering walls, surmounted by lofty domes, made musical by many waters, tinseled with snow and ice, surrounded by winter but protected from it.

WALLACE, IDAHO

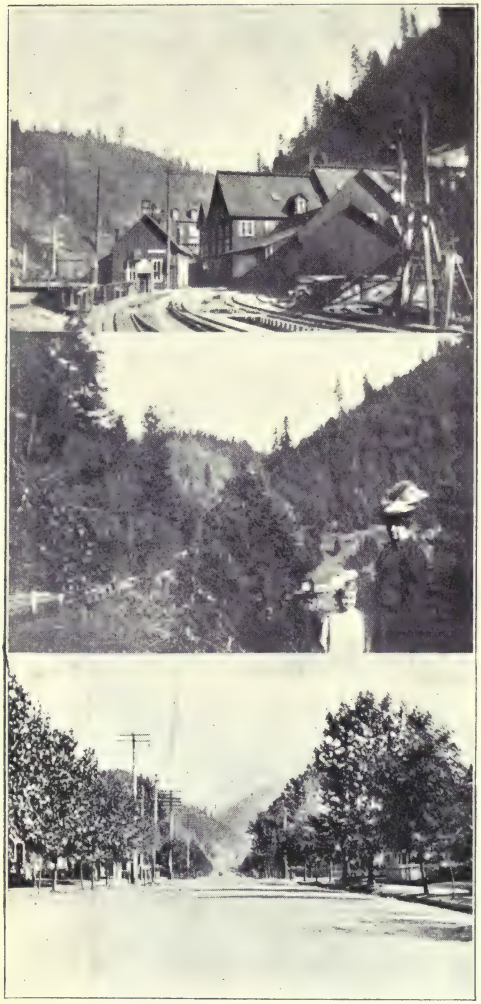


PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WALLACE FROM WEST.
PHOTO BEALE.

In speaking of Idaho to an Eastern man, you immediately convey the idea of something wild and woolly; in mentioning its towns, the listener learns but little except as he may connect the nomenclature with early events in the West. The pictures given in this number of the Overland Monthly give an idea of the culture and the refinement to be found in this mining metropolis. Here are the residences of three leading citizens that will vie with any in an Eastern city. Here are schools and public buildings and street scenes that show, without a shadow of a doubt, that Wallace is one of the ideal cities of the great wide West, bereft of the roughness and lack of culture usually feared by our brothers in the country bordering on the Atlantic Coast. At the same time there still clings the romance of the days of the old West and the men of Idaho, and particularly of Wallace, are the typical builders of Empire.

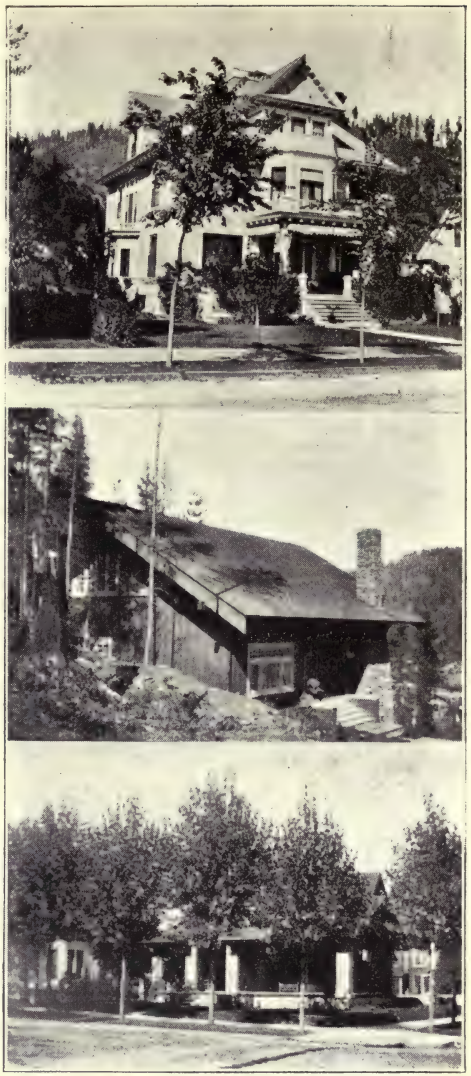
EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



MAMMOTH AND STANDARD MILL AT WALLACE.

A VIEW NEAR WALLACE.

RESIDENCE STREET IN WALLACE.



HOME OF C. W. BEALE, WALLACE, IDAHO.

RESIDENCE OF E. H. PATTISON, WALLACE, IDAHO.

RESIDENCE OF H. J. ROSSI.

MARVELOUS MEXICO SERIES.—The city of Guanajuato at the hour of sunset. This beautiful city is bathed in delightful soft pink coloring, and the shadows glow like purple mists. To see Guanajuato at the hours of sunset under these peculiar conditions is a great treat, but to be able to photograph it and render its wonderful beauty in black and white is an artistic triumph.
Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

MODERN MEXICO.—"A MEXICAN SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK." THIS BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY SUMNER MATTISON FOR THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. IT IS A SPLENDID WORK, AND WILL BE FOLLOWED IN THESE PAGES BY OTHER MEXICAN PICTURES BY THE SAME ARTIST. THE ILLUSTRATION GIVEN ABOVE SMACKS OF THE STYLE OF ROSA BONHEUR, WITH AN ADDITIONAL QUALITY OF ABSOLUTE TRUTH UNOBTAINABLE BY THE USE OF THE BRUSH.

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Old and New in China.

FILIPINA TRAINED NURSES.

An exponent of Western culture in Japan

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE ORIENT

BY GEORGE AMOS MILLER

IT WAS an ancient Oriental sage who said that "For woman to be without ability is her virtue." The modern Wu Ting Fang said, "The Chinese women have been kept in the house so long by force of custom that they are pale and very thin, or else stout and very fat from lack of exercise, but they are beginning now to get out of doors." Verily, the path of the emancipated feet is full of perils, but it leads to sure triumphs.

Minister Wu saw what we of the West are slow to learn, that the new woman of the old East has arrived, even though it be "without your American spirit and independence," and that she is, after the manner of her kind, to have her say in the outcome of that chaos known as the Oriental situation.

We have heard of the new order in the Orient, and we have become remotely interested in Eastern politics and railroads and mines and armies and battleships and schools and newspapers and commerce and embryonic constitutions. What we have overlooked is the fact that the composition of Oriental humanity itself is being transformed by the coming of this new creature, with her possibilities of intelligent co-operation in the work of her side of the world.

Three-fifths of the people in the world live between Suez and Saghalian, and for forty centuries the female half of this majority has been bought and sold as personal property of the lords of creation. If a nation may rise no higher than its ideals of womanhood, it is not strange that stagnation and darkest night have waited for the morning star of the new womanhood. No greater transformation takes place in the East to-day than that in the

A CHINESE BRIDE.

life of its women and the homes of its people.

Race prejudice is common to mankind —and womankind, too. Some reader of this page will be unable to divorce this question from personal prejudices against the almond eyes and darkened skins, forgetting that this new woman is by birthright as much Queen of the East as is the cultured American graduate mistress of the West. If the women of the West have little concern for the lives, and less interest in the welfare of their sisters across the Pacific, the reason may be found in an ignorance as profound as it is unconscious.

Two American men, returning exiles from the Orient, encountered on the train a bevy of American High School girls, fresh and fair and good to see. "Just look at them," groaned one of the exiles, "and think of the stupid wooden-faced young women over there!" "Yes, but you forget that these girls have two thousand years the start," replied the other pilgrim. "Give the wooden-faced girls a chance, and they will make good yet." Some experience as a teacher of wooden-faced humanity had opened the eyes of this man to possibilities unsuspected by the inexperienced.

The wooden face is the net result of about fifty centuries of submerged living, and the miracle of humanity is that a generation or two of training may replace it with features expressive and refined. We of the West, Western, can never know more than a hint of the depth of that submersion. We read the ages of despair that have accumulated in the impassive Chinese face of bronze. We note the downcast slave of an Arab tyrant with his power to divorce at will and without cause. We have heard of the harems of Persia, the Zenanas of India, and vague rumors have reached us of the Yoshiwara of Japan. We have indulged in a few cheap thrills over veiled Mohammedan slavery and the horrors of child-widowhood and the torture of bound feet and the crushing toil of oar and spade.

Perhaps we have flitted through the Far East on some globe-trotting round of social stunts, and while the steamer dropped anchor in some Japanese port, we have seen a line of nearly naked human animals, male and female, crawl up a bamboo staging by the ship's side and pass coal all day and all night, while indecency and degradation and moral filth ran riot. Perhaps we paused long enough in our record-breaking circuit of the earth to notice the bright eyes of little children and the wizen faces of old women, and for a brief moment we wondered whether they were really human or not, and then we straightway lost our sense of humanity and thanked God that we were created human beings and not as one of these Orientals. When we got back to God's country we regaled our friends with expert testimony concerning the unhuman quali-

ties of the women of the East; then we complacently and forever closed our minds, for have we not been on the ground and seen for ourselves? Verily, we white folks are the world's last hope, and wisdom will die with us!

What we of the all-knowing have missed is the very meat of the whole Eastern problem. The control of Korea and the military power of Japan are insignificant. It's a question of a new heaven and a new earth. With the fall of Peking in 1900 perished forever the old order. The one issue now is that of the brand and quality of civilization that is to take the place of the former things that have passed away. What kind of home life and educational institutions and military forces and commercial usage and journalistic enterprize and social customs are to be woven into the fabric of the new Orient?

What has the new woman to do with this? Everything. The old civilization was man-made, the new will be a collaboration. The outworn system was founded upon exclusively masculine methods, and it fell. The new is to be worked out by men and women together, and it is already a new evidence that it is not good for man to be alone. Man-made society was coarse and brutal, and the seclusion of woman has ever been an unmixed evil.

This much is certain. The microbe of civilization has found its way into the mind of Oriental womanhood, and it is too late to talk of antidotes. There is no antidote for the innate tendency to progress, when once it is aroused. The native human forces that produced a Joan of Arc and a Mary, Queen of Scots, will raise up women in the Orient who will do their full share in working out to some sane issue the chaos of the East. It is no idle portent that to-day a woman guides the hand that signs the edicts of the new order in old China.

After all, the inner life is the same everywhere. It is the outer form that must be re-made. The gaze of a mother looking into the face of her babe is ever the same, be the color and features what they

CHINESE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

may. The Madonna of mankind lived in every land. The Chinese mother sings her baby to sleep with:

"My little baby, little boy blue,
Is sweet as sugar and cinnamon, too;
Isn't this little darling of ours
Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers?"

She cannot be so very different from her distant relatives across the sea.

For that matter, the babies themselves are very much alike. A Hindu baby opens its mouth at the same appalling angle and screams away with the same distracting howl as that which gives rise to unprintable things in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon father. Not for any man could the nocturnal voice of that infant crying in the next room identify the crier as his own or the child of an African chief —unless the mother were called in to judge. No mother yet but knew the wail of her own baby, and Oriental mothers are no different from the rest.

The Oriental woman is misjudged when she is measured by the standards of the West. Because the ladies of Japan smile and drink tea and are experts with a fan, they are compared with the graduates of Vassar and Bryn Mawr. But between the illiterate woman of the wooden face and the refined product of the best of civilization, is a great gulf fixed, that cannot be bridged by dress patterns and cosmetics and picture hats. How small has been the life of the smiling child of the Orient, few of us can ever faintly understand.

The tea ladies of Japan do smile, and they are dainty and even "cute," but the smile is the expression of a nation's struggle to hide the bitter grind of a narrow life and show a cheerful courage in the face of hopeless despair. All things in Japan are not what they seem, and the butterfly women of that little show-window country have their burdens and their tears, and they bear them as do the women of every land. When ten thousand women subscribe their hair to make cables to build temples, they are but preparing for fellowship in the world-old woman's impulse for making sacrifice for religion. They will need no initiation into the arts and wiles of the guilds and aid societies of the West. When the dainty maiden of painted cheeks and pyramid hair, with compound bows and multiplied smiles, serves a tid-bit breakfast in a paper house hotel in the interior Japanese city, the bewildered guest feels that all life is a water-color with cherry blossoms and

FILIPINA LEADERS OF THE NEW WOMANHOOD.

TEACHERS OF THE NEW WOMANHOOD OF JAPAN.

lacquer and cloissonaise and temples and pagodas and flocks of fairies to bow and smile and wait on every wish, and he settles back and reflects that the East has charms to soothe the savage Western breast—and it has.

But back of all this brave show on the surface is a pitiful emptiness and shallow intelligence deserving credit for making a good display of the material at hand. It's fascinating, and it's pathetic. These women smiled when they sent their men to Port Arthur, they smiled when they received them back again, torn and broken and dead, but their hearts ached and bled just like women's hearts everywhere.

To these brave little women, the new womanhood is coming with its better things. New ambitions are stirring the hearts of the maidens who have smiled their way through ages of emptiness and bowed themselves through seas of trouble. There is a new fire in the almond eye and a new energy in the shuffling step, and the kimona women of Japan are organizing societies and planning activities just like their wide-eyed sisters of the West. The efficiency and endurance and courage of the Japanese nurses won the admiration of the world three years ago. They gave themselves to their country and their earnings to the war fund, and now they are bending their backs to the burdens of the new Japan as bravely as their brown brothers.

Nowhere has the new womanhood made greater progress than in China. With the unbinding of the feet has come an unshackling of the minds and hearts of Chinese women. From the old days when woman, without even a personal name, was but a bit of property, to the day of women's colleges and girls' finishing schools, is a far cry, but certain it is that China has discovered the new woman, and that she has come to stay. She has brains and heart and energy and influence, and she is using them all. From the empress dowager, who rules the administration, down to the sampan woman, who, after the manner of her sex, rules the roost as it is paddled about, the women of China are coming to their kingdom, and they will wield an increasing power in the new civilization of the old empire.

It is not without significance that China has the only exclusive daily newspaper in the world, and that women's reading clubs are springing up in many provincial capitals. If the women cannot read, some one

FILIPINA SCHOOL TEACHER.

NORMAL SCHOOL AND TEACHER, TARLAK, P. I.

reads to them, so intent are they on keeping abreast with the progress of their times. Old women, wrinkled and grey, are undertaking the task of learning the five thousand characters that make up the Chinese alphabet. Young women are being trained in the same courses as the young men.

The first Egyptian woman to receive a college degree was graduated with a B. A. last spring. The High School graduates of the Philippines are taking rank with the men of their classes. Widow marriages, in India, i. e., the marriage of girls widowed in infancy, are increasing, and have reached the highest caste. A Hindu nobleman has built and endowed a hospital (the Kalyani) as a memorial to his mother, and the institution is devoted exclusively to the relief of suffering among women and children. Formerly the blind girls of China were often drowned; now they may be sent to institutions for the education of the blind.

Whether or not the constitution follows the flag, it is certain that the bacillus of freedom thrives under its folds, and the blood of the Filipino women is peculiarly subject to inoculation. The new woman has found in the Philippines an open field for her progress.

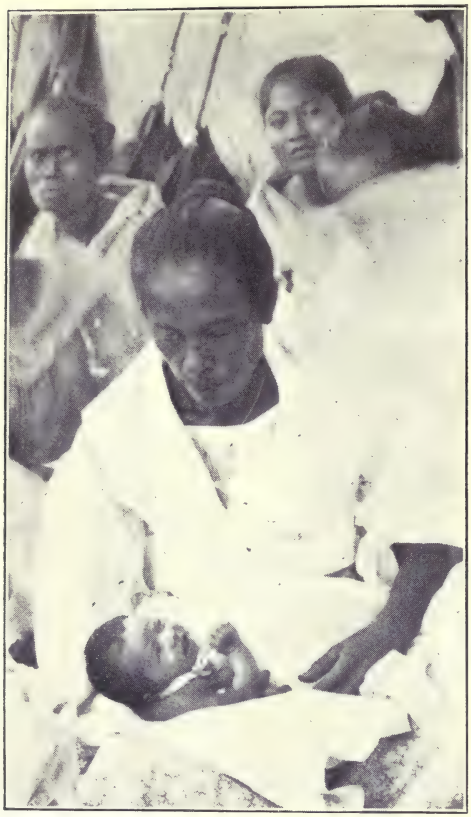
There was good material here with which to begin. These ignorantes and taos, barefooted though they be, are in splendid contrast with the veiled slaves of Persia, and the crippled burden bearers of China or Japan. Straight-shouldered, clear eyed, frank of face, they stand erect and meet the world with honest candor that offers no apology and asks no favors. The women of the "gente baja" are more industrious than their husbands and brothers, and in charm of manner and social grace, the senoritas of the better classes have no superiors.

These plebeian women are often misjudged. From the primitive pre-Spanish days when savage feasts were presided over by female priestesses down to the beginning of the new era ten years ago, almost nothing was done to educate or uplift them, and their good qualities to-day are more the result of natural endowment than of any training of the church or help from environment. Betelnut and cigarettes are not in fashion among the better classes of women on this side the Pacific, but after all, betelnut may not be so different from chewing gum, and as for cigarettes, what shall we say when the example of smoking in public was set in Manila by some of the so-called first ladies of the land that rule the Philippines?

This barefoot woman has her good qualities. She is patient, she is generous, she is hospitable. She is kindhearted and affectionate with her children. Americans have spent months in the islands without hearing the cry of a child. That half the children die the first year is due to ignorance and neglect on the part of those who should have taught the mothers better. Mistaken kindness overfeeds the babies, and the babies die, and when the little pasteboard coffin is wrapped with the colored cotton and carried away to the church, and then to the cemetery, there is grief, heartbreaking human grief, just as there is anywhere else when the baby dies. But the new womanhood of the Philippines is changing this, and out from the public schools and the Mission training schools and the hospitals is coming a new generation of trained nurses and young women fitted for intelligent motherhood and successful child raising.

The Filipino woman is social if she is anything, and she is an expert in the arts of charming the willing and easy-going hombre who basks in her presence and dangles on her smiles and glances. Her love letters read like fairy tales, and at every social function she shines as a star of first magnitude.

If a people may be judged by its recreations, a native "baile" has merits of its own. An empty "casco" up the river one night served as ball-room, decorated with rudder handle and two fighting cocks arranged on the thatch-covering of the after-part of the boat. The "band" furnished the music. There was a tuba made of a big joint of bamboo. Like the immortal orator, Puff, of school-boy days, it had two notes in its voice, and when it was not busy with one it sounded the other. The tune part of the noise came from some sort of fiddle, the one with the cat in it, presumably, and there were two or three other tooters and squeakers that kept fair time, if the tune were awry. By the light of the cocoanut oil lamps, the



FILIPINA MADONNA.

company tripped toes that were light, if not fantastic.

The center of attraction was a brown-eyed maiden, possessed of perhaps sixteen summers. Happy and plump and free, she danced with a lithesomeness that was fair to see. Her costume outdid the most daring creation of the Western butterflies of the ball room, for not only was she decollete half way to her waist, but her gown was as short at one end as the other. Since her feet looked as well as her shoulders, what was the difference anyway? No doubt she had less need for bromo seltzer the next day than some of her whiter sisters of the West.

Back of all this discussion lies the unanswered major question of Oriental womanhood. Woman is essentially a moral creature, if she really is woman and not a child or a ghastly wreck of demoralized female humanity. "The women of the East are deficient in moral sense," say the men of the West, who have lived in the East and presumably know whereof they speak. Kipling's "East of Suez" has been mistaken for the code of Oriental morals, and many a man has failed to find the best in the East just because he has taken along with him the false standards of a few so-called men who have never lifted a finger to make the Oriental best any better than the worst.

Life in the Orient and in the Philippines is at low tension. Nervous energy is of less voltage, all standards of life are relaxed. Work and play and dissipation are less serious matters than in the West. No Filipino works himself to death, nor does he play himself into nervous prostra-

RAW MATERIAL.

tion. Neither does he follow dissipation to the point of exhaustion. If he fails to break all record in industrial achievement, it is "no importa." If he does not win the championship game, it is also "no importa." And if he does not live up to the ten commandments all the time, it is still "no importa." And what is to the point here, if his sister fails in the same way, it is still "no importa."

This is not saying that the Filipino women are immoral. They are no more immoral than their whiter sisters in the United States. But they are more frank and less ashamed, and they accept the facts of life as they appear, with less prudishness and more naturalness. They have hearts that beat as true as the hearts of women everywhere, and their capacity for self-sacrifice and suffering is not lessened by absence of artificiality.

The heavy villain's part on this stage is not played by Oriental women, but by Western men. It certainly ill-becomes the infrequent careless American from the Far East to speak ill of the society which he has found so desirable as to adopt it for his own during his residence there. And of the women who have been parties to this international compact, it may be said that they have deported themselves quite as well as their whiter partners, and that they have succeeded better in retaining the self-respect and poise that with their wretched "amigos" have gone down in the wreck of manhood, "where there ain't no ten commandments."

Women's clubs, being organized everywhere in the East, are evidence of the coming of this new creature who is not property but personality raised to its highest efficiency. The Filipinos plan by day and dream by night of the good time coming when their own flag shall fly over the Ayuntamiento. The Filipino women have banded themselves together to help the cause along by discussion of public and patriotic questions. When the day of independence does dawn in the Philippines there will not be wanting a Filipino Betsy Ross to make the first flag, though it is more likely that the flag will be ready long before the Filipinos.

That no nation has become great without an exalted ideal of womanhood is explanation of the long night of Oriental apathy and degradation. But there is hope and promise in the dawn of a day of new uplift and power. The star of the new womanhood of the Orient hangs in the East, and these mothers of Oriental men will do their full share in the solving of the big problems that come with the sunrise.

"ONE OF THEM MUST BE A KING, AND THE OTHER HIS GRAND VIZIER."

Drawing by the Author.

HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COMIC OPERA AND MUSICAL COMEDY

SOME INFALLIBLE RULES FOR THE BEFUDDLED THEATRE-GOER

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Barnett Franklin, who is not unknown to the readers of Overland Monthly, has contributed a treatise that deals with a problem which has for years confronted the theatre-goer. Mr. Franklin has made an academic study of this question, and has brought to the subject all the acquired knowledge begotten through a long career as a theatrical critic. It may be that to some people Mr. Franklin's deductions may seem flippant, but it is not the author's intention to, in any way, wound the sensibilities of his readers by a trivial treatment of a subject so important to the daily life of the theatre-patronizing public. It is the intention of the publishers to give monthly Mr. Franklin's views on Dramatic Events and phases of Stage Life which will be handled in his usual inimitable manner.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE POPULARITY of good, old comic opera—the kind that Gilbert and Sullivan invented—is assuredly on the wane. Gently, yet firmly, is it being escorted to the dark, dank cavern of Oblivion. Another Richmond is in the field; the game of evolution, making for better or for worse, has gotten in its deadly work, and the successor of comic opera has already intrenched itself in the good graces of the public—or, at least, the play-going public.

This new rival is called musical comedy. Now, if your acquaintance with the theatre be not particularly great, it is not likely that you are familiar with the vast differences between these two forms of footlight entertainment. But to the hardened follower of things theatrical, there is as much dissimilarity in the two as—well, the ingenious simile that occurred to me a moment ago has taken wings.

Comic operas, I would state to the uninitiated, appear to differ one from the other, but in reality they are all alike. The same may be set down for musical comedies. The proverbial peas of the pod do not bear a more striking family resemblance. Comic operas and musical comedies are always designed in the style of architecture peculiar to their kinds. Tradition demands it, and tradition is an awful thing to overthrow.

The action of a comic opera is *always* laid in a foreign country. This is an inviolable rule. The musical comedy may have dear old Broadway or Narragansett for its setting—indeed, it frequently does—but never the comic opera. Japan, India, Afghanistan, Bolivia, Sululand, Siam—these are the places that the librettist casts a weather optic upon when he starts the construction of his opera. And the

further away the foreign land may be, and the less known about it, the better. In fact, if the comic operasmith should happen to chance upon a country that has not been used before for his purpose by a brother in crime, he has indeed done well. It is the strongest mark of originality with which he can invest his opera, and the one thing that will distinguish it from the others. Naturally, he works hard to find such a place, but it is a sorry task, for the field has been well-nigh completely explored. Yet, if he should accomplish the impossible—why, his fortune is made. He has coralled the market and may dictate terms to the "syndicate."

The next thing on the programme is the mapping out of the characters. This is the simplest sort of a proposition, for they are always the same. Of course, the most important personage in a comic opera is the comedian, and there are always two of him. One of them must be a king and the other his grand vizier. The king is generally very short—both physically and financially (deuced clevah, isn't it?)—and his vizier is exceedingly tall. Sometimes the king is the more elongated, and the vizier the more abbreviated of the two, but the comparison as regards height *must* be there. This scheme is never departed from.

The king's sole object in life is to dodge creditors and bemoan the fact that there is nothing in the royal exchequer but two white chips. It is the grand vizier's business to devise ingenious ways to replenish the said exchequer. Since these schemes never bear fruit, it often occasions wonder as to where the king secures the wherewithal to work himself into a continual condition of inebriety, for a comic opera ruler is rarely sober. Occasionally he may brace up sufficiently long to sing a topical song, and you would never suspect there was anything the matter with him, but, bless you, the moment the audience has expressed no further desire for encores, he becomes possessed of a bad attack of hiccoughs and staggers most scandalously.

Now, in a musical comedy the comedian is rarely plural, and never a king. He is generally a vagabond-adventurer, but he is such a jolly sort of a cuss that one doesn't mind in the least. Every one on the stage likes him, too, in spite of his ragged raglan and frazzled linen. He has but to say in that unctuous manner of his: "Come hither, goils," and straightway an octet of the most ample maidens that happen to be loafing around at that particular moment will encircle him affectionately—four brunettes on one side and four blondes on the other—while he sings something about the Great White Lane in a pronounced nasal tone.

Like the comic opera king, he sings topically, but here the resemblance ceases. The musical comedy comedian is popular to an extraordinary degree with the ladies—the comic opera comedian never is. True, they may, so to speak, jolly him along for a time, but they always desert him at the last and marry the gallant soldiers of his army. No American heiress would think of throwing over a real live king for a mere soldier lad who never has anything better to say than: "Behold! here he comes," but the fair sex always was a tough problem. Alack, the comic opera king never meets an American heiress, and he is always forced to marry at the end an atrocious-looking female with green hair and a nose seven inches long. And the king, although he is no blue-ribbon beauty prize himself, has a certain amount of taste as regards pulchritude and is particularly averse to leading the lady of the emerald coiffure to the altar. But it is the librettist's will and the king bows to the inevitable.

The prima donna of a comic opera occupies the next important position to the comedian. Not in *her* opinion, of course—*she* has a few ideas of her own as to who is the main proposition of the show, well, I guess yes! She is always the belle of the town, is she, and she is always telling or singing you about it. You may differ from her in this judgment of her looks, for, with the kind assistance of your opera-glasses, you can easily discover at least a score of members of the merry-merry who have her decidedly outdistanced as regards physical charms. But no matter; she keeps on telling you about it to the final curtain-drop. And the merry village maidens are discreet enough to keep their opinions on this score to themselves—if, indeed, as I have sometimes doubted, they have any opinions.

"THE PRIMADONNA IS ALWAYS TELLING OR SINGING YOU ABOUT HERSELF."

They never express one during the entire action of the opera. When they hear the village belle tripping blithely along off-stage, getting ready for her entrance, they form themselves into two triangular wedges, and the prima donna trips blithely between them, a little disdainfully, I am sad to say—she oughtn't to, for they are loyal little persons—advances to the footlights, gets in the road of the spot-light, and sings. She warbles the before-mentioned information that she is the village belle, and the chorus, no matter what we or it may think about it, audibly agrees with her, for at the proper moment it unanimously warbles back: "She is the village belle."

The village belle is always made love to by the king, because, foxy old duck, he knows her secret, ha, ha! She is not the simple village belle she has cracked herself down to be, but the daughter of some old duffer who discarded her in her infancy, and then later tried to make amends by leaving her a bundle of Government bonds in an iron box. But the prima donna, for some occult reason, does not know her own secret. The king does, and that is why he learns to love her. But he does not win her, ah, no. It is impossible for him, as previously stated, to create anything approaching an amorous ardor on the part of those of the feminine gender. The prima donna merely laughs at his advances and sometimes, by way of repartee, deals him a ringing slap in the cheek. This is what is called a "humorous situation" in comic opera. The king keeps the secret of her life until just before the final curtain, when he reforms. Why he doesn't use a little nitro-glycerine on the iron box in the meantime is not quite clear, but this is narrative and not analysis.

Sometimes the prima donna is the daughter of the king himself, in which case she is a very stately person indeed. She is easily distinguished by the fact that she always wears a large hat with an enormous plume, and carries a tall staff decorated with vari-colored ribbons. But whatever the prima donna may be—and her form is various—she is always in love with the tenor. When all signs fail, this fact establishes her identification conclusively.

In the musical comedy, the prima donna is a very different sort of a personage. She is usually the beautiful daughter of an illiterate, though intensely wealthy, pork-packer, who wears red vests, talks with a Weberfieldian accent, and whose sole occupation seems to be the dispensing of large rolls of currency to needy young ladies who are constantly crying "Hoop-la!" and kicking off his purple silk hat. The prima donna of a musical comedy is not nearly so guileless as her sister of comic opera, oh, mercy, no! as can be plainly told by her entrance song, in which she tells of all the hearts she breaks daily "while strolling along the boulevard." But this is really so much piffle. Her heart belongs to Jack and Jack alone, even if pa doesn't care for Jack, and Jack alone. Jack is the tenor, and, incidentally, a mere lieutenant in the army, or, perhaps, in the navy, yo, ho! or perhaps—but, at any rate, Jack is poor. But what mat-

"WE ARE AFRAID IF HE DOESN'T STAND ERECT ALL THE TIME HE'LL BREAK."

ters that when Cupid rules? (Song—"When Cupid Rules.")

And Jack, the tenor of musical comedy, bears hardly a thing in common with Roderic, the tenor of comic opera. Roderic wears pink tights and curls and laces and a sword, and he generally is a prince. He is never by any chance less than a prince. It may be that he is carefully dressed in an artistically ragged costume, and in this case he is the banished son of the king, who has returned to his old home in disguise to make love to the lady of his heart. But he is a prince, just the same. However, he is usually gotten up so regardless of expense that we are afraid if he doesn't stand erect all the time he'll break. The tenor's main occupation is to come out in the spotlight moonlight and serenade his fair one while strumming a guitar played visibly off-stage. But always remember this: In comic opera the tenor is always a tenor; in musical comedy the tenor may sometimes be a baritone.

The comic opera soubrette is the giggling, gurgling girlie who is the bosom friend of the prima donna. There is never any doubt on this score, for she constantly acquaints both you and the prima donna with this fact by both word and action. You see, there are always obstacles on the road to happiness in the prima donna's heart affairs, and the soubrette generously devotes all of her career to acting as the obstacle-lifter. Anything she may do to serve her friend brings even an additional ray of sunshine to this perpetual ball of sunshine. It is her way.

Her favorite stunt is to change clothes with the prima donna in the second act, so that the lady of trills and tremolos will not be forced to marry Count Grouch, as her persecutors demand, actuated as they are by base monetary reasons. So is the prima donna enabled to escape from the dank, dark, dingy, dismal dungeon, and fly to the protecting arms of the darling she adores.

You might think it a rather difficult proposition for a tall, willowy damsel to so successfully drape herself with the garments belonging to an under-sized maid of robust proportions; but then what does a common theatre-goer know about a matter of this kind, anyhow? However, this novel idea is introduced in every comic opera, and always provokes vast roars of laughter when it is seen how the villains have been duped. They don't find out right away, of course, and, if you are a very observing sort of a person, it may occasion wonder in your mind as to how a couple of full-grown men can be bunkoed by such a transparent method of deception. They always are.

The reason that the soubrette devotes herself so constantly to the prima donna, and goes to such ends to serve her, is clearly because her own love affairs are settled as fine as you please; and though she may appear something of a coquette

if you are seated in the second row on the aisle. you may be certain that her courtship will be uneventful and that she will wed the grand vizier at the close of the opera.

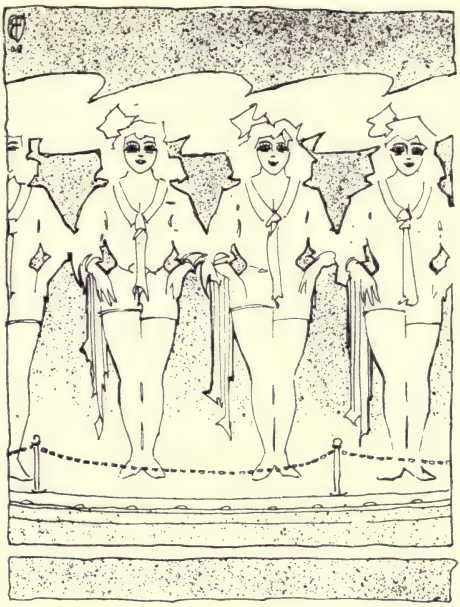
The musical comedy soubrette is also a friend of the prima donna. Generally she acts the part of her maid, and so accompanies the prima donna and her pork-packing father when they drop over to gay Paree. They go to gay Paree because pa imagines that that is an ingenious method of losing Jack—Jack, the tenor, you know. Of course, he doesn't, because the comicoperasmith has a song for him entitled "The City Where Night is Day," or something like that, and, being obliged to journey across the Atlantic in order to acquaint the loungers on the Rue de Rivoli with the sentiment in this charming ditty, he naturally meets the prima donna again and outwits pa.

But this is all apart from the soubrette, who also warbles on some rue or other about the giddyness and whirlishness of the aforesaid nightless city. She is assisted in this by sixteen show gels, who stand practically motionless during the major part of the song's rendering, but punctuate the ends of the lines with an exhibition of lavender hosiery.

This specialty of the soubrette's is her chance to scintillate in the musical comedy, and she naturally takes advantage of it. It is really the main reason for her existence, for she is nowhere near so involved with the action generally as is her sister of comic opera.

If the action of the musical comedy is not laid in Paree, the favorite specialty for the soubrette is one in which the glories of some dusky maid named Dinah or Lulu or Mamie are expatiated upon, and in this case the soubrette is assisted by a platoon of chorus gels garbed in peek-a-boo stockings, exceedingly short red trousers, blouses of the same hue, and enormous straw hats. The soubrette sings on a darkened stage, and the light man turns on her a varied assortment of light rays of all the primary and secondary colors. Many a heart is broken on the audience side of the footlights by the soubrette when she appears in her ensemble color effect.

Then there is the chorus. The chorus



"THE SOUBRETTE IS ASSISTED BY A PLATOON OF CHORUS GELS IN SHORT TROUSERS."

in comic opera is really a most important factor, but the comicoperasmith never lets us get acquainted. The chorus is almost perpetually on the stage from the start to the finish of the opera, and yet the chorus gel never has a line to her credit. Perhaps it is just as well that this should be so, but sometimes we feel that we would like to have the dreamy-eyed damsel on the left end of the second row advance a little closer to the footlights and enter into the dialogue. She never does. She just sways to the right when the others sway to the right, and she sways to the left when they sway to the left.

I don't think the chorus gel is appreciated at her true worth. Hers is no sinecure, I assure you. The only time that the chorus has the stage to itself is at the opening of the opera. But this job is rather a thankless one, for the librettist knows that nobody is paying any attention to the singing at that time, and that half of the audience is not seated as yet, anyhow, and so he builds his opening lyric accordingly. In looking over a comic opera libretto, I discovered that the words of the first chorus were simply: "Light is the night." And this particular "Light

is the night," was merely repeated seventy-two times. Think, little one, of singing "Light is the night" seventy-two times in succession, giving a different expression to each line, and wearing the perpetual smile that won't wear off to exhibit that you enjoy the game!

After the opening of the opera, the chorus gels wait around until the prima donna or the tenor or the comedian or some other prominent person appears for the purpose of gargling cadenzas. Then they arrange themselves in neat rows and proceed to officiate as the human echo. For instance, if the tenor, in singing you about his passion for the prima donna, warbles, "Ah, yes, I love her to distraction," the chorus gels, with a roguish toss of the head, assure you: "Ah, yes, he loves her to distraction." And when he follows it up with his next line, "With all my heart, yes, every fraction," they cheerfully acknowledge the fact by repeating, "With all his heart, yes, every fraction."

When the song is finished, the chorus gels leave the stage, half of them going to the right and half to the left, and hide themselves visibly behind the village inn and a couple of transparent oak trees until they are needed again. Or, sometimes, they actually disappear from view for a time to make a change of costume, for it may be that they are required to be vivandieres or naughty Nautch maids or bold, bad bandits in the next scene. Verily, the chorus gel has, as I believed I remarked before, no sinecure, and she is far from being appreciated at her versatile worth.

The chorus gel in the musical comedy is a much more important individual. Indeed, sometimes she is dignified with another title, and is known as a show gel. The show gel rarely wears kilts like her comic opera sister, but, instead, she dresses demurely in suggestively-designed swishing skirts and passionate lingerie and enormous picture hats. The show gel is even featured sometimes on the "three-sheets."

There is generally a song somewhere in the musical comedy which is rendered by six show gels and six immaculate, high-hatted young gentlemen attired in pearl-gray frock coats lined with lavender silk, and bearing buttons that look like oyster shells. This act is always uproariously applauded by the scantily-haired occupants of the first row, and is, consequently, a great box-office factor. So you see, the builder of musical comedies has come to realize something of the full value of the chorus gel—a thing that the comicopera-smith never did.

I have only attempted in this brief treatise to touch lightly upon a few of the predominating characteristics of comic opera and musical comedy, and have merely roughed out a few of the peculiarities of the principal roles. Nor have I dealt with the music and the other ingredients of these two forms of theatrical entertainment. However, I feel certain that anyone, after a little study of what I have written, will, with some practice, be able to distinguish the comic opera from the musical comedy and *vice versa* quite readily.

But one word more. If you should ever discern in the object of your analysis the merest suggestion or semblance of a plot, you can make up your mind at once that you are not witnessing a production of either a comic opera or a musical comedy. It is probably an Ibsen play or some other problem drama.

A TRIP TO MOUNT DIABLO

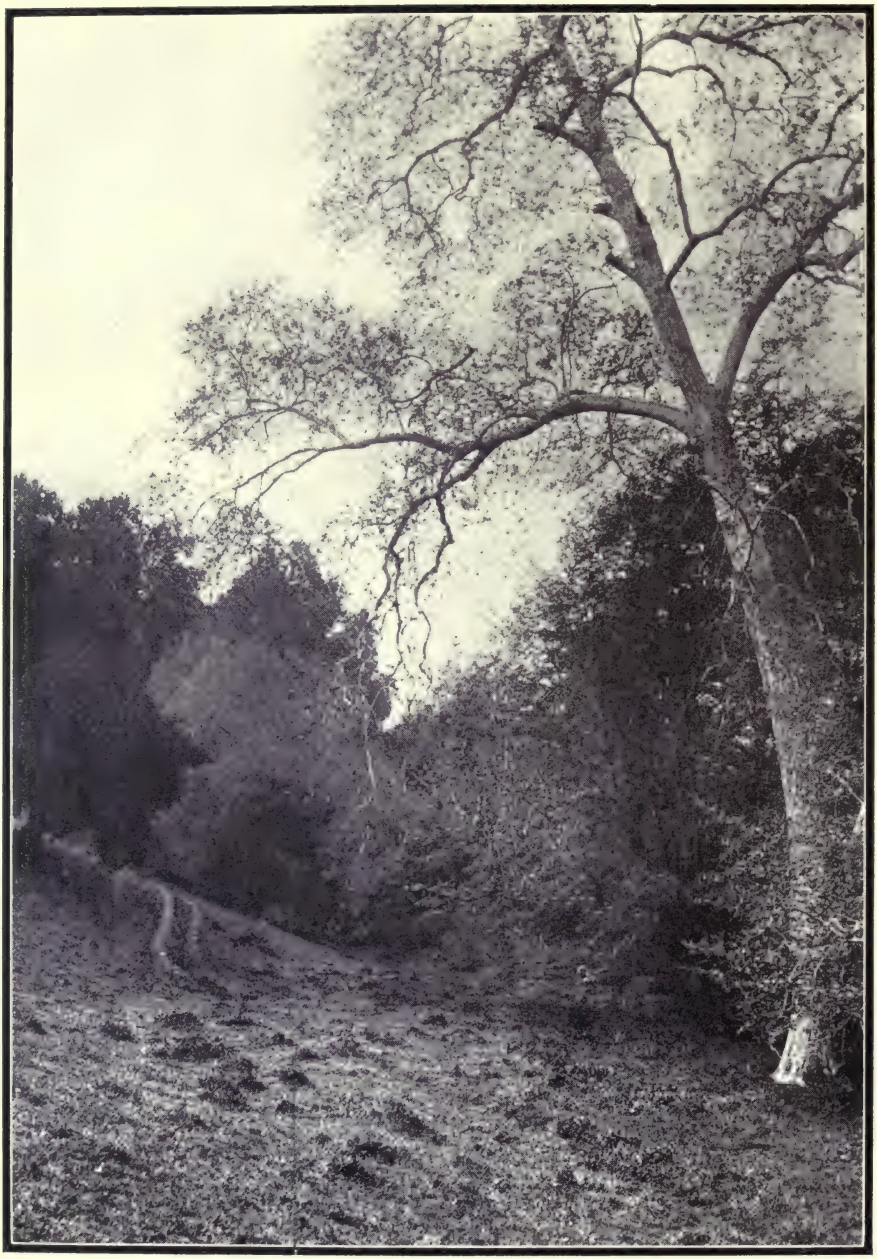
BY L. P. MARSHALL

Monte del Diablo! How did the name originate? At the session of the first Legislature that convened in this State, the Senate appointed a committee to report the derivation and definition of various names in this State, and in reporting upon the name of Monte Diablo, the chairman of the committee reported that in 1806 a military expedition marched against a tribe of Indians who were encamped at the base of the mountain, and in the midst of the battle which ensued, a mysterious looking person, bedecked with feathers and war paint joined the ranks of the Indians. When the battle was over, the mysterious person departed up the mountain. The Spaniards, learning that the stranger lived on the mountain, supposed him to be the devil, so they named the mountain "El Monte del Diablo," which, being interpreted from the Spanish to the English language, means "The mountain of the devil." For a time the county was called Monte Diablo, which was changed afterwards to Contra Costa. (See Hittell's History of California.)

ANOTHER authority says: When the Spaniards were crossing the mountain called Bolgones, where an Indian spirit was supposed to dwell, having a cave for his haunt, he was disturbed by the approach of the soldiers, and emerging from the gloom, arrayed in all his feathers and war paint, with very little else by way of costume, motioned to them to depart, threatening, by gesticulation, to weave a spell around them, but the sturdy warriors were not to be thus easily awed. They beckoned him to approach; this invitation, however, the wizard declined, when one of the men secured him with his lasso to see if he were "goblin damn'd or ordinary mortal." Even now, he would not speak, but continued his mumblings, when an extra tug caused him to shout and pray to be released. On the relation of this, the Indian pointed to Bolgones, calling it the mountain of the Cucusny, which the Spaniards translated into El Monte del Diablo. Hence the name of the mountain.

At the present day it is called, by all English speaking people, Mount Diablo, and in conveyances of real estate it is so designated in making descriptions of the land conveyed. Some years ago an effort was made to change the name to one more euphonious, but it was found to be referred to so extensively under its present name in making transfers of real estate and in many other ways that the idea was abandoned.

El Monte del Diablo stands about forty miles east from the city of San Francisco and about six miles south from Suisun Bay in Contra Costa County, and affords one of the finest views in the whole world. It is so isolated and commands such an uninterrupted view for hundreds of miles that it is used as the meridian and base line in all the State and United States surveys for Central California. To the northeastward, eastward and southeastward, with rivers looking like threads of silver, or fringed with cottonwood, sycamore or willow, with cities, towns, villages, farm houses and railroad stations dotting the plains, lie the great agricultural valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin, the cultivated lands resembling somewhat a vast checker-board, the plowed lands serving as the dark squares, and the growing alfalfa and grain lands as the lighter squares. Hon. T. Butler King, in his report to the Secretary of State at Washington City in 1850, estimates the area of these two valleys at about fifteen millions of acres and four hundred miles long by sixteen miles wide. To the eastward of these valleys may be

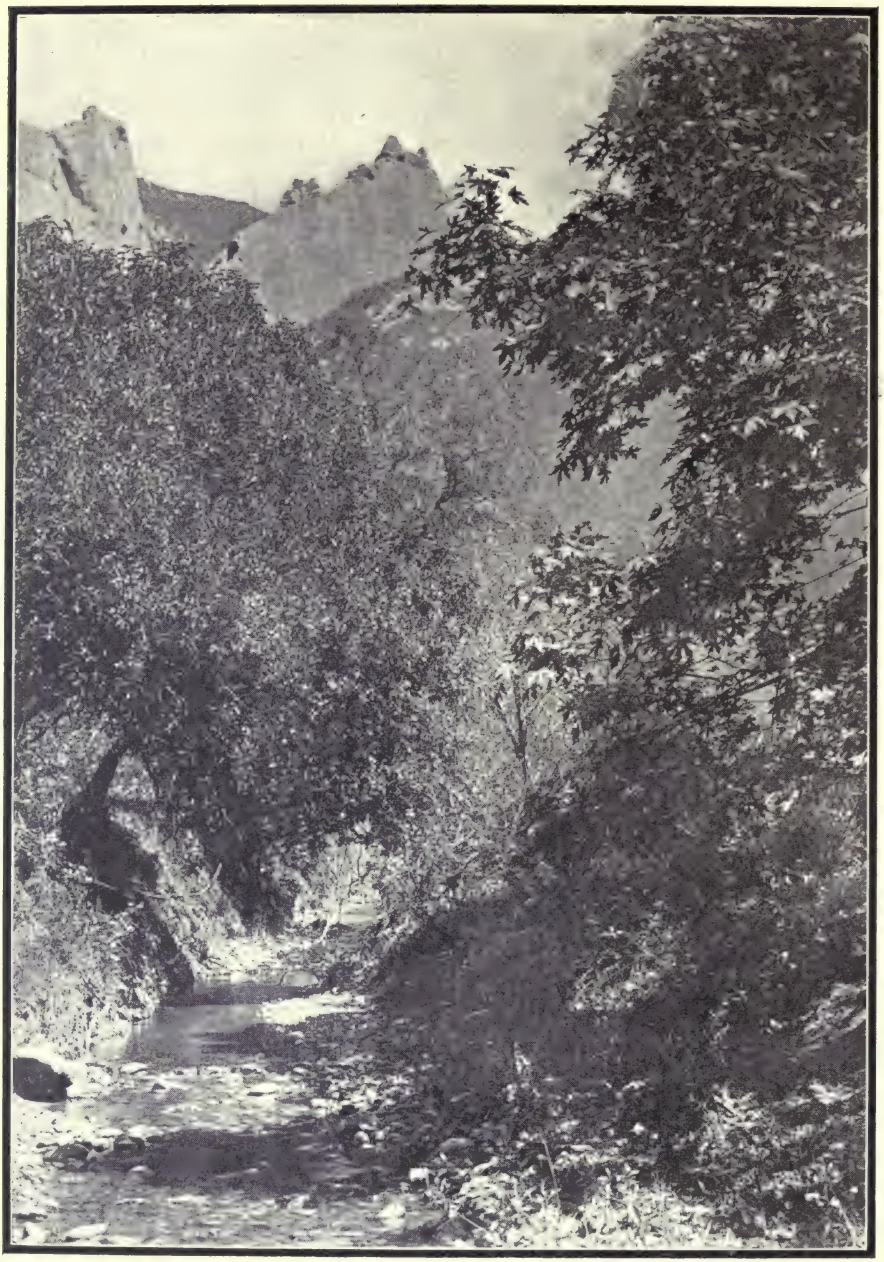


THIS MAGNIFICENT HALF-TONE WAS TAKEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDGAR A. COHEN, FOR THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, OF A CLEARING IN A SYCAMORE GLADE, EARLY IN THE MORNING.

seen the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Not more than six miles from the base of the mountain lies Suisun Bay on the north; to the westward lie the bays of San Pablo and San Francisco and the Golden Gate, while further to the westward lie the Farallones in the Pacific Ocean. To the northwest of the mountain lie the valleys of Petaluma, Sonoma and Napa, with their splendid buildings and their highly cultivated orchards and vineyards, each with its water courses and its towns, and still further, as far as the eye can reach, lie the ridges of the northern coast range, while to the south and southeastward may be seen the southerly horn of San Francisco bay and the valley of Santa Clara. A view of all of this scenery may be had from Monte Diablo, covering a territory of forty or fifty thousand square miles and nearly all of the valuable portion of California except a small portion of Southern and Northwestern California.

To my mind, the most advantageous place to view the mountain is in Suisun Bay or the north shore of the bay in Solano County. As viewed from this place, the mountain presents two peaks, one rising slightly above the other to an altitude of almost four thousand feet. From the base to about two-thirds of the height of the mountain the ascent is gradual, and thence to the peak it is much more abrupt. In the foot-hills, or about half way up the mountain on the north side, are a couple of coal mines, one of which, the Black Diamond, was abandoned some years ago. It had a railroad extending from the mine to tide water at New York landing, or Black Diamond, as it is now called, a town of perhaps one thousand inhabitants, which was used as a shipping point for the coal taken from the mines. The coal is of low grade, and is only suitable for steam boats or cars and some other similar purposes. It was in early days, while exploring the country for sites for their missions, that the Spanish padres came to about where the coal mines are located, although the mines were not then discovered, and looked over to view the surrounding country below. It was in the

ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT DIABLO BETWEEN DANVILLE AND MT. DIABLO.
From a photograph by Edgar A. Cohen, for Overland Monthly



IN PINE CANYON THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL CREEK WHICH RUNS FULL OF CLEAR WATER ALL THE YEAR AROUND. THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON IS RICH IN VERDURE, AND THE AIR IS LADEN WITH THE SMELL OF FLOWERS AND HEAVY WITH THE HUM OF BEES.

From a photograph by Edgar A. Cohen for Overland Monthly.

rainy season, and the great delta above the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers was completely submerged. There were no levees in those days to protect the low-lands from inundation, and they presented the appearance of an immense lake extending eastwardly as far as the eye could reach, and the courses of the rivers and sloughs could only be distinguished by the trees and willows which fringed their banks. The bays of Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco appeared small as compared with the vast overflowed country above. There are several falls of snow on Monte Diablo every winter and early in the spring. The snow falls occur more frequently in March than in any other month, and sometimes the snow extends almost to the base, but it lies only a day or two at a time.

There are several ways of reaching the summit, but the quickest and easiest is to take the Southern Pacific train, which goes to Danville in San Ramon Valley. This town is only ten miles from the summit; there are two livery stables in the town and one can procure a team and drive to the summit. There are also two hotels in town, so that the tourist can stay over night if so desired.

We boarded the Southern Pacific train at Martinez at 5:40 p. m., and after passing through Ignacio Valley, we reached Danville at 6:30 p. m., where we remained all night. This little village has a population of about three hundred souls, and, as before stated, is situated in the beautiful San Ramon Valley. We procured a team at the livery stable next morning at seven o'clock and started for the mountain. One can drive to the very summit; the road is a good one, although it is a little washed in places, and in some places it is cut out of solid rock. The route which we traveled passes through the celebrated Oakwood park farm, which I think is one of the most charming places I have ever seen. We

ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT DIABLO.

THE PARKLIKE TRACTS ARE OF A BEAUTY THAT IS NOT EQUALED ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. THIS WILD GROVE OF OAK TREES IS ONLY ONE OF MANY OF THE NATURAL PARKS IN THIS SECTION OF CALIFORNIA. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS ENTITLED "TWILIGHT AMONG THE MT. DIABLO OAKS."

From a photograph by Edgar A. Cohen, for Overland Monthly

found the first gate locked and had to get permission from the owner before we could get through. The road through the farm is well shaded by locust and cork elm trees, which make it a most excellent drive, especially on a warm day, when a shady drive is better appreciated. After passing higher up the mountain, we found only scrub oak trees, and as there are many bare spots, there is not much shade. Near the reservoir, a mother quail emerged from the thicket, followed by seven or eight young ones, and walked along as leisurely in full view of us as though she were not afraid of anything. three miles from the top we came up to a camping party of ladies and gentlemen who were out on a trip for pleasure and recreation. This is an ideal spot for camping; it is shaded by high oak trees and well sheltered from the winds; there are two water troughs fed by pipes running from a spring higher up on the mountain. Here, every summer, I am told, many campers pitch their tents and enjoy a season of recreation in the pure mountain air. After passing through seven gates, we finally reached the summit just two hours and a half after leaving Danville.

ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT DIABLO.—CASTLE ROCKS IN PINE CANYON. THESE GREAT ROCKS JUT UP FROM THE FLOOR OF PINE CANYON SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR, A STARTLINGLY THEATRICAL PIECE OF SCENERY, A SUDDEN CHANGE IN ASPECT THAT IS AWE-INSPIRING IN THE EXTREME.

From a photograph by Edgar A. Cohen, for Overland Monthly.

The mountain is fenced into many different pastures, and is used for grazing horses and cattle. The feed consists of wild oats and squirrel grass, and must be of good quality as all the stock appear to be in fine condition. We saw a small band of horses quietly feeding on the mountain top only two or three hundred yards before reaching the top. About

The summit consists of a small platform or plateau of solid rocks, absolutely bare and about large enough to build an ordinary house on, and almost level enough to have been made so by the hand of man. In the center of this little rocky plateau stands a small brick monument, dilapidated and weather worn, about four feet high and two feet square, erected by

the Government to mark the meridian and base line for the United States surveys. Surrounding this little bare rocky spot on all sides are found scrub oak bushes, but no chaparral, until going a little further down the mountain. There is no habitation near the summit, nor did we see a house after leaving the residence at Oakwood. Many years ago there was a fine hotel on the left as you go up, and a mile or more below the summit, but it was burned, and there now remains a solitary eucalyptus tree, a sentinel over the remains of the hotel. Upon reaching the summit we met two young men from San Francisco who had walked all the way from Berkeley to see the sights from Diablo, and they were glad enough to get in our carriage and ride to Danville, where they took the train for home.

And what a grand view met our gaze. From this peak, one can see on a clear day with a good field glass Mount Shasta, Mount Whitney, Mount Hamilton and Tamalpais, Sacramento, Stockton, Benicia, Vallejo, the beautiful city of San Francisco, with her enchanted palaces, her turrets and gilded domes; right under us we beheld the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of San Ramon and Ignacio Valleys, with the villages of Concord and Danville in full view, and lastly the little town of Collinsville in Solano County.

There is another road leading through Pine Canyon, but I am informed that there is at present no public highway, and that several years ago, owing to trespasses committed by hunters and campers, the roads were closed by the County Board of Supervisors, but a livery-stable man at the railroad station informed us that he intends circulating a petition to have the road opened again so that the public may have access to the mountain without asking permission to pass through private property. I wonder that some enterprising individual does not erect a hotel in place of that which burned down, for the accommodation of tourists, so that one might have refreshments and remain all night, or longer, without the necessity of carrying a camping outfit; such accommodations would surely attract a great number of tourists. Should the road be

THE PALISADES—A SPUR OF THE BIG MOUNTAIN.

From a photograph by Edgar A. Cohen for Overland Monthly.

declared a public highway as expected, a stage line will be immediately started, and travel will be greatly increased. We could not linger long on the mountain, as we had to get back to the station in time to catch the three-forty train for Martinez. The weather at the summit was pleasant, neither too warm nor too cold, neither too calm nor too windy, but just right, while the scenery on the way is romantic and inspiring. On the way back we noticed a fishing party in small boats at the reservoir catching fish. The reservoir was made by constructing a dam of earth across the ravine through which the water flows down the mountain, thus checking the flow of water and causing it to accumulate in sufficient quantity for all requirements on the Oakwood farm below. The stream was flowing while we were there in July, and is said to be perennial. The road runs along the stream about half the distance up the mountain and then turns off to the left, where the ascent becomes more abrupt.

The run from Danville to Martinez is only fifty minutes. We boarded the train at the latter place for home, and here we are after having one of the most interesting trips I ever experienced. Considering the extensive view of a vast drainage system, together with the scenery, the trip is one of the most interesting and instructive to be had on this or any other continent.

Some day, California will awaken to the necessity of a good road leading to the top.

DESPAIR

BY HORACE H. HERR

Drouth and Death and the Desert
Uncertain the trail swings on in the waste;
Barren the way and winding faint
By the mesa and butte beyond.
Strewn with the bones of the vanquished,
Blazed by forgotten clans,
And the Moqui mutters his heathen curse
On the pack that crowds him on.
By the light of the last faint ray
The weaver runs out the final thread,
Numbering the waiting days
'Til his people march on with the Dead.
With the Night slipped loose from the mountains,
With the call of the wild to the wild,
The Heaven, the Earth and the Night
And I but a mortal child—
I who have croaked of power,
I who have harbored pride,
I who have scoffed at the ways of God
Alone without a guide.

THE ANSWERER ANSWERED

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

Mr. M. Grier Kidder has added the following contribution to his critique of the practices of Christian Science. It is a reply to Mr. Gale's reply to Mr. Kidder. This discussion seems to have startled from their intellectual sleep numberless men and women with numberless opinions. Mr. George Amos Miller writes the editor his opinion of Christian Science from the Emanuel standpoint, while we are promised a scholarly treatise, giving the evolution of Christian Science, by Mr. Frank P. Medina, a distinguished follower of Herbert Spencer.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT IS AS easy for one who doesn't believe in proof to believe without it, as for one who does to doubt without it. Faith and doubt are largely constitutional. Most men and more women are lonesome till they find something to swear to they don't understand. The majority answer a request for proof by repeating their creed with emphasis. They can't understand that repetition is to a statement as stuttering is to conversation. Another method is quoting the unproved assertions of others, levying on unauthorized authorities. The metaphysician may contend that we don't know when a thing is proved. Then how does he know we don't know? Rational doubt is an intellectual thirst that nothing but evidence quenches. We are all more conscious than wise, intuitive than knowing. There is no one but feels more than he understands; no one but is at times puzzled and fascinated by fleeting impressions. But every flitting, vague and unformed thought, even that marvelous thing, Mind, has a physical basis, merely the symphony of cerebral functions. All is of the earth earthy. Perhaps these fancies, too elusive for our grasp, are the rudimentary remnants of instincts once functional in our brute ancestors. Who knows!

I asked Mr. Gale for proof that God is backing Mrs. Eddy, and he quotes David the Psalmist. He might as well have quoted the Sweet Kisser of Kensico. "As God's law is the same yesterday, to-day and forever," says the gentleman, "the same principle holds good now as when Christ cured the afflicted." Very good! But if Mrs. Eddy is authorized to exploit Christ's power of attorney, why doesn't she raise the dead, silence her critics by occasionally fooling the undertaker? Can a grave digger negative a prescription signed by the Most High? Is it possible the lady's inspiration is diluted? We know the hypnotist cures people of the same diseases in apparently the same way, and credits the cures to hypnotism. Now if his cures are as rapid, thorough and permanent as God's, what is gained by employing God? The multiplication table recited by Ananias would be as true as if chanted in chorus by the Trinity.

Mr. Gale is pregnant with faith in labor with certainty and necessarily finds relief only in bringing forth dogmatism. Perhaps David is an authority; perhaps God's law is the same now as then. But the most bristling phalanx of "perhapses" is but a shadow of truth, a phantom of fact until re-enforced by modern proof. He says Christ cured Peter's wife's mother, leprosy, cast out devils, etc. Granted! And he cites all this as evidence that Mrs. Eddy is doing the same with Christ's assistance. To whom does Mr. Gale ascribe the Lourdes cures? To the Virgin? Then

he is guilty of heresy. If he credits them to hypnotism, why not charge his own to the same source? Can any one doubt that all of these cures are hypnotic and that Mrs. Eddy's assumption of divine power is a measure of expediency? The sincerity of her followers, while proof of their honesty, is no proof of their sagacity. Every insane asylum is dedicated to misdirected sincerity. Every lunatic is a sample of mistaken honesty.

His quoting Mrs. Eddy's "Follow me only as I follow Christ" was unfortunate. Mrs. Eddy lives in a palatial home. "The Son of man had not where to lay his head." Mrs. Eddy takes her airing in a luxurious carriage. Christ's wildest dreams of transportation never aspired above being "meek and sitting upon an ass." He tells those who would follow him to give all their goods to the poor; "to unload" for the benefit of others before skeedaddling for the Mercy Seat. He said nothing about prancing after him behind a span of Hambletonians. Mrs. Eddy has helped millions to health and herself to millions, remembered the sick without forgetting Mrs. Eddy. Who can blame her for holding on to the temporal while claiming the spiritual? She would be a remarkable woman if she didn't.

Mr. Gale tells us: "Mrs. Eddy has accepted and explained the virgin birth of Christ." Does Mr. Gale understand her explanation? The lady proves the miracle by showing how it was performed, demonstrates the impracticable by reducing it to practice. Either she is omniscient and has explained the impossible, or there is no impossibility to explain. If there be no impossibility, where does Christ's divinity come in? If she be able to explain the impossible, she should be able to explain it so we could understand her explanation. Explaining a miracle is as difficult as performing one, and certainly explaining it so all could understand it would be as easy as explaining it at all.

There are no degrees in miracles. A little miracle is as difficult as a big one. A virgin having a son, an old bachelor a daughter, and a widow explaining one or both, would be equally wonderful. I don't say Christ wasn't born of a virgin two thousand years ago. But there is considerable difference between being born of a virgin A. D. 1, and showing how it was done A. D. 1908. Can any rational being swallow this absurdity? Can this piece de resistance of ineffable nonsense assimilate with the intellectual gastric juice of any sane man? Rev. Mr. Wesley once proved the truth of the Trinity by showing that three candles gave *one* light. Talmage settled Joshua's sun business by showing that the stationary sun was what astronomer's call a "mock sun." In other words, God fooled Joshua with a solar photograph. I should like Mr. Gale to tell me of what account is an explained miracle.

The gentleman next quotes Paul to let us know that "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Then what becomes of the indestructability of matter. Does this mean that only the invisible is permanent, that nothing is the only non-perishable commodity? Again, "The things of the Spirit of God are spiritually discerned. As God is Spirit, His universe is spiritual." Then spirit, as I take it, is a sort of sublimated matter. In short, if you want to see something, first reduce it to nothing and cultivate a little "spiritual discernment." Why doesn't Mrs. Eddy exchange her millions, which are visible and non-existent, to nothing, and rely on her "spiritual discernment" for the eternal and inevitable increase? This I suppose will pass for flippancy, but it's the best I can do. Why tell me that what I see is nothing. How do I know when I have sufficient "spiritual discernment?" when something looks like nothing and nothing like something? What is the difference between "spirit" and "nothing?"

The one guide to truth is material empiricism. All besides is transcendental bosh. Of course, rational hypothesis is scientifically admissable and essential. But nothing is accepted as truth until proved. Faith is the child of fancy, and each takes turns begetting the other. And when a man leaves reason for faith his credulity and fancy keep abreast of each other. There is no argument between proved fact and baseless assumption, demonstrated truth and specious imagination.

Paul, whom Mr. Gale quotes, was a metaphysician. Any one with even the vaguest

ideas of dualistic philosophy must know that all the New Testament writers were metaphysicians except the author of revelations, who was probably a Socialist. They had but one guide, Aristotle. Experimental philosophy was unknown. Faith furnished the premise and imagination the deduction.

I am putting no limits to mind cure. Some temperaments being more impressionable than others, are more amenable to treatment. The same temperament may respond more readily at one time than at another. As to the power of the mind over organic troubles and structural changes I am in doubt. Mr. Gale says Christian Science can cure hydrophobia. Perhaps it can—it cured a mother-in-law.

But it is very evident Mr. Gale has no evidence to furnish; no proof beyond Mrs. Eddy's word that she is leagued with the Almighty. A man who credits that must naturally see no need for vulgar evidence. He who sees with the eye of faith must be deaf to the voice of reason. To inspiration, material evidence is an insult.

HEART'S DESIRE

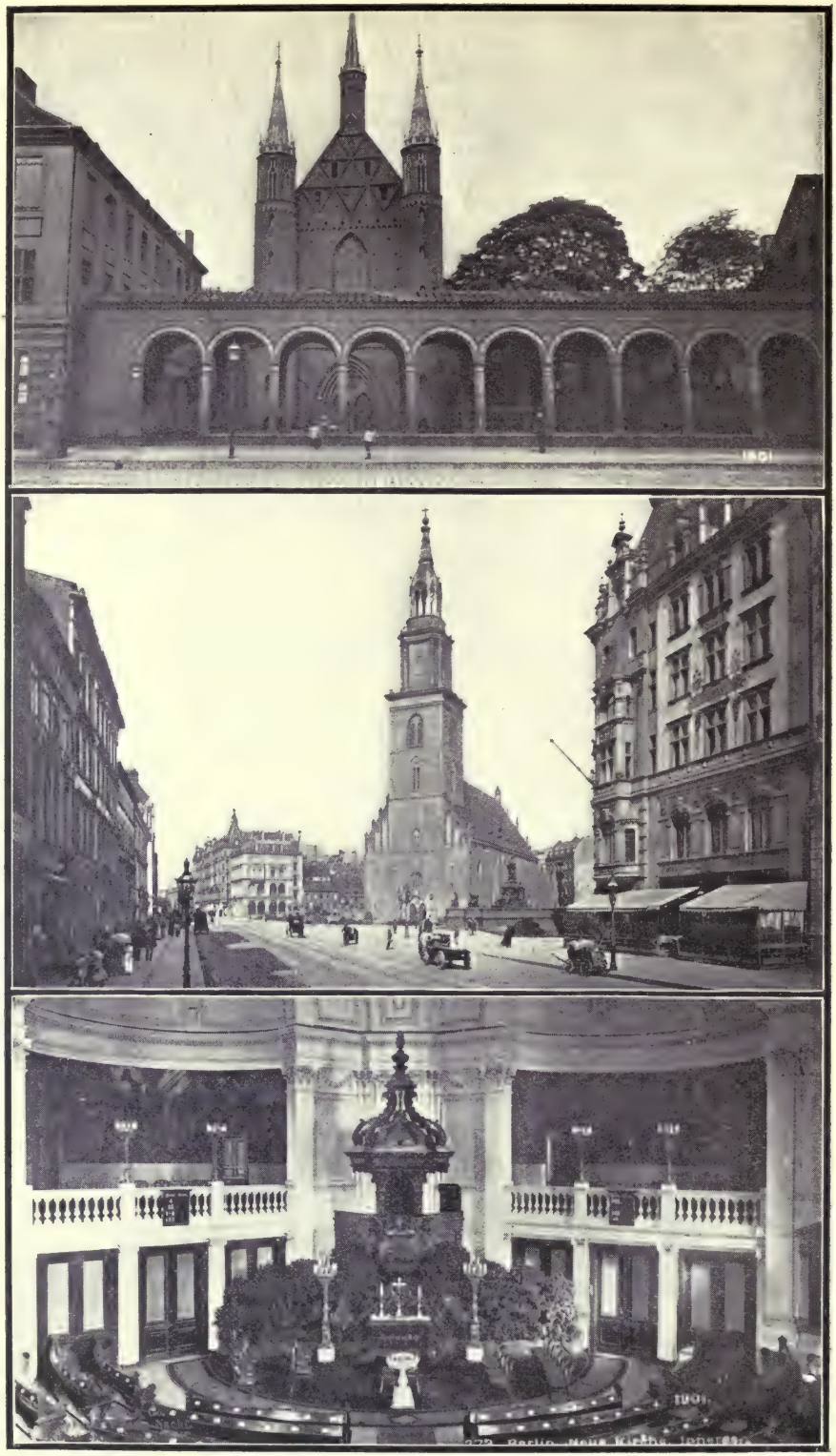
BY MYRTLE CONGER

A cottage fair amid the sheltering trees,
Where lilting shadows stir the happy grass,
Or, sweetly drowsing in the love-stilled breeze,
Adorn with checkered shapes our cottage frame,
There would I be with God and thee, my lass,
There would my aching mind find quiet ease.

And, sheltered from the heat of waning noon,
Far from the city's rush and crowded mart,
Where mated birds above us freely croon,
There would I rest with thee in balmy shade;
Where Nature's peace bids sorrow cease, dear heart,
There would I rest and crave no other boon.

Where trails its wanton growth, some odorous vine,
Or hangs our favorite, ancient grape above,
O'erburdened with its weight of purpling wine,
Where whirrs with droning song, the pilf'ring bee,
And droops the rose in pure repose, my love—
There all the world were glad, oh heart of mine.

In such another Eden would I be
And watch the shifting sands, the glasses run,
And oh, that thou and I might always see
The sunlight on the harvest fields beyond!
My weary heart would cease its smart, dear one,
Could I thus be alone with God and thee.



1. THE CHURCH OF THE CLOISTERS IN OLD COLLN, BERLIN.
2. THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, IN OLD BERLIN.
3. THE SO-CALLED "NEW CHURCH," OR GERMAN CATHEDRAL, BERLIN.

FOUND IN A FEW BERLIN SQUARES

BY MAYNARD BUTLER

HE CAPITAL of an Empire which is the youngest of the four empires of Europe, of an empire but thirty-six years old, the chief city of a kingdom dating from the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, at a time, 1701, when America had existed for two hundred and nine years, and the United States were about to resolve themselves into a commonwealth—such a capital could not, in the nature of the case, possess the picturesqueness of antiquity. But when to its youth, chronologically, is added its newness, cosmopolitically, and its poverty, architecturally and aesthetically, it is not to be wondered at that Berlin is described by history-makers somewhat laboriously, and that general travelers, if they visit it, come with the expectation of seeing a sort of mongrel collection of military barracks, baldly ugly, meagrely furnished wooden palaces, and endless lines of identically-planned, monstrously awkward buildings, in the midst of a population vulgarly, feverishly, nay, frantically endeavoring to be *"modern!"* The very word itself having to be borrowed.

For, although the sepulchral rows of so-called ancestors, which enframe the street leading to the cannon-trimmed monument of victory, erected by the present incumbent of the Prussian State Headship, were intended to convey to the rising generation of little Prussians, and to the visiting subjects of the Old Sovereignties, Saxony, Hannover, Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Hesse and Saxe-Coburg, an impression that the Hohenzollern is a long line of kingly rule, and although in their erection, ingenuity has been taxed and veracity strained, in a manner to make the self-respecting historian shudder—as witness the statue labeled "Heinrich das Kind"—yet truth has a sovereignty of her own, and sweeps aside with amused disdain the fantastic juggling with her prerogative, leaving the fact bare, plain, clear, that the throne which the said incumbent occupies is but two hundred and six years old. That its busy-body pretentiousness is the very hall-mark of the royal parvenu. That when, for instance, the University of Oxford and the University of Paris had celebrated their half a thousandth birthdays; when even the New World's Harvard University, was a century and a half and more old, the throne in Prussia was a brand new seat, upon which a duke, transmogrified into a king, took up a brand-new scepter.

It is not, then, astonishing that searchers for beauty and historical charm on the Continent omit Berlin, if pressed for time, and hasten on to Heidelberg, Strasburg, to Tourraine, Paris, to Venice, Rome, to Buda Pesth, Vienna, and feel that they have missed nothing.

Yet, although all this is true, Berlin nevertheless does possess a few old buildings, two old churches, one fairly old district, and three or four old streets, or rather its predecessor and sister municipality, *Colln*, did possess such, portions and traces of which are still to be found.

Of these, perhaps foremost in interest are the chapter-room and common-room of the monastery of the Grey Cloisters, which date from 1474, and which are in a good state of preservation. They now form part of the large public school or gymnasium for boys, called after the Monastery, *Zum Grauen Kloster.* The school itself was founded much later, in 1754, and stands within the grounds which composed the estates of the Franciscan Priory. These grounds, which form

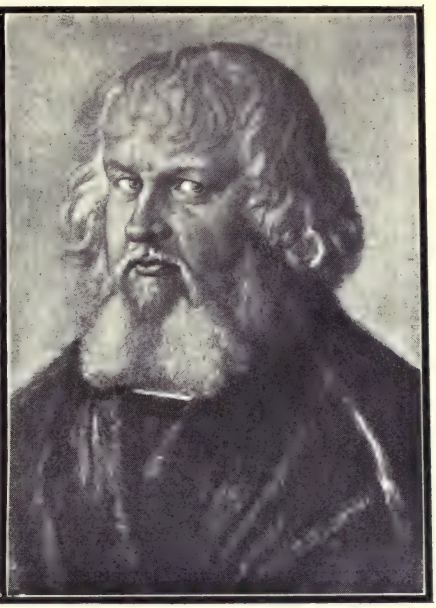
one whole side of the Kloster Strasse, now belong, together with the Church of the Cloisters, to the neighboring parish of St. Nicholas. The church, built of rough stone, has been distorted and disfigured in its interior, out of all semblance to its original length of nave, and breadth of transept, to meet the requirements of a Lutheran community, in a quarter long since given up to the lowest stratum of respectable *Burgerthum*; but mute tokens of its vanished ecclesiastical dignity remain, in the twenty-five or thirty oak stalls which were added in the fifteenth century. The carving of the stalls is flat, and inferior in design, in marked contrast to the rich intricacies of the woodwork in the churches of Southern Germany, of France, Holland and Belgium of the same period. It accentuates that absence of the aesthetic sense which, to this day, is so conspicuous in the inhabitants of Prussia, and out of the stalls seem to look up, from their books and their beads, the same heavy-cheeked, full-lipped, coarse-haired priests, whom one may see pass in and out of the Hedwig Kirche, near the Opern Platz, and of the Ludwig Kirche, in the Ludwigkirch Platz, in the Berlin of our time. As if to leave no doubt of the inherited absence, the Nineteenth Century successors of the Franciscan Fathers, let loose upon the church that terror of the artist, "The Restorer," and when in 1847 his vagaries were exhausted, a "vestibule," a "tower," and a "bellfry" stood forth in all their evangelical hideousness, a truly pitiful evidence of Prussian incapacity in ecclesiastical art.

A Calvinist chapel "vestibule" in a Franciscan Monastery church! Ten or twelve stone pillars show where the cloister-walk began, or, perhaps, ended; but even they appear to have undergone a *spiess-burgerlich* metamorphosis, and seem less at home than does the smart brass tablet, let into the outer wall, which makes known that Otto von Bismarck was a pupil in the school from 1830 to 1832. The church of St. Nicholas, under whose jurisdiction the church of the Grey Cloisters, as just said, stands, has as its Pastor the *General Superintendent* or Clergyman in Chief of Berlin, Dr. Faber, whose predecessor in office, three hundred years ago, was Paul Gerhardt, that Gerhardt to whom the church of the whole world owes gratitude for the exquisite hymn, "O Sacred Head, Once Wounded!" and whose name stands only second to that of Luther

Rembrandt's brother, painted by Rembrandt. The original is in the Emperor Frederick Museum in Berlin.

Portrait of one of his children, by Rubens. The original is in the Emperor Frederick Museum in Berlin.

Portrait of himself (not completed) by Titian. The original is in the Emperor Frederick Museum.



Portrait of the Councillor of Nuremberg-Hieronimus Holgshuher by Albrecht Durer. Original in the Emperor Frederick Museum in Berlin.

in the Christian experiences of the people of North Germany during the devastations, degradations and deteriorations of the Thirty Years' War. Almost all the records of that dreadful period, apart from the military lists, and the descriptions of the constantly-recurring and usually fruitless encounters on the battle-field, mention directly or indirectly, quote in part or in toto, the Hymns of the Christian Life by Paul Gerhardt.

The interior of St. Nicholas is enclosed by a series of family vaults, over the iron gateways of which are built triangular-shaped slabs, into which medallion portraits, in colors, have been inserted. The portraits in most cases represent the head of the family, sometimes his wife, occasionally a son. On either side, below the slabs, are figures in relief, of Death with the Hour Glass; of recumbent saints, or of scenes presumably from the lives of the departed. None of these are beautiful, but all are quaint, and, by virtue of their sincerity, interesting. The chief nave, with its two side naves, and the choir, the foundations of which were laid in the Fourteenth Century, have not yet been spoiled, and were it not for several minor alterations, and the exceeding redness of the brick roof and pillars, the whole effect would be fine; but from 1877 to 1880 the inevitable "Restorer," having perpetrated his own plans and furbished up everything into orderly Prussian newness, retired to bow in "donors," who have presented painted glass windows, whose smirking figures, in melodramatic yellows and greens, are a sight to make one shudder. They are a cheap intrusion upon a valuable relic of the past, unpardonable, and one is inclined to believe impossible in any other country than Prussia. The foundations of granite upon which the tower rests are believed to belong to the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, but the whole outside of the church has been modernized and might be a Presbyterian meeting house of a prosperous congregation in the State of Indiana!

These two churches, then, the Grey Cloisters and St. Nicholas, the one dating from the end, and small portions of the other from the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, together with the church of St. Mary, which, it is believed, was begun in the Thirteenth, and it is known was finished in the Fourteenth Century, are tokens of antiquity of which Berlin may boast.

The Parochial Church, which was begun during the last five years of the Sev-

enteenth, and was completed during the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century, and the Church of St. Sophia, with a spire erected in 1734, are also worth seeing, the latter having a churchyard in which several men of fame are buried; while the Bethlehem Church, begun in the first half of the Seventeenth Century; Trinity Church, of nearly the same date; St. Dorothea, of the Eighteenth Century; the French Catholic Church, and the so-called German Cathedral, all have a past of respectable, if not of imposing, proportions; and all, to the thoughtful observer, reveal indications of the acquisitive, the religious, but undevout, the hard-working but limited, self-centered North German of the last seven hundred years.

Several authenticated sites of important buildings, upon which later buildings have been erected, and which in their day were the center of Berlin's, or rather *Old Colln's,* splendor, convey a clear impression of the personality and habits of the *Ascanisch Margraves,* who so long antedated the Hohenzollern Electors.

Chief of these was the "Great House," a sort of private hostelry, at which the Margraves alighted and slept, when they rode through Berlin, or remained there for festivities. It served this purpose up to the year 1451, when the so-called *Burg* or Fortress on the banks of the Spree, the nucleus of the present old castle, was completed.

The spot is now occupied by a warehouse, which goes by the name of "The Storehouse," and which was built in 1705. It is under the jurisdiction of the magistracy of the old town, and to judge from the vaguely discreet, cautiously evasive, replies to questions concerning the said "stores," in this year of grace, Nineteen Hundred and Seven, they consist either of large reserves of actual ammunition in the shape of gun-powder, or of mayoral ammunition in the shape of vast hogsheads of wine.

Three other most interesting sites are the Milk Market, which was the very center of *Old Colln;* the mill dam, and the street of St. Gertrude, across one end of which a narrow bridge stretches. In a niche of bronze, in the middle of one side of the railings, the magistracy erected in 1896 a statue of the Saint, with a wayfarer kneeling at her feet, upon whom she is bestowing bread and a ewer of water in commemoration of her virtues as a friend to travelers, a form of kindness that, in her day, must have been one of the most highly prized, for he who rode forth before the year 659, while this good nun-mother was Superior of the Franciscan Convent of Nivelles, must indeed have taken his life in his hands. The mill dam is also spanned by a bridge, flanked on either side by bronze figures of Albert the Bear, the first of those *Ascanisch Margraves,* just mentioned, and of Waldemar the Warlike, the last of that family.

The *Burg,* as just said, was built in the first half of the Fifteenth Century, and still remains as part of what, little by little, has been added to, until in the middle of the last Century it attained the proportions of a large castle, more or less adapted to the requirements of modern royalties; less, perhaps, rather than more, since only two sides of it, that facing the *Lustgarten,* and that looking down the Linden, are fit for residence. Unfortunately these wings are very angular and early Prussian in style, and to obtain the only imposing view which the castle affords, one must walk along the bank of the Spree, and exercise one's imagination. Even thus—and the scene, with the dank walls, splashed by the river, is not unpicturesque—it is difficult to fancy the gaieties which took place in the *Burg* during the reign of Joachim the Second, who began to enlarge it, early in the Sixteenth Century. He, if his statue in the sepulchral row resembles him, was a good-natured country squire, affecting city fashions. Dressed in very full trousers, fastened at the knee with rosettes and flowing ends, a be-laced half-length coat, buckle shoes, and a tall hat, wound round and round with ribbon frills, standing with crossed legs on the chronological spot assigned to him, gazing into vacancy with a puffy-cheeked, foolish smile, he is *Malvolio* to the life, consummate in perfection of imbecility! The last man one would expect to show appreciation of the broad-browed, peasant-priest Luther, in his revolt against the Vatican. Yet this Elector of Brandenburg, known for his extravagance, his love of luxury, and his general delight in the three *W's* abhorred

of Luther, was the first person of importance in Prussia to introduce the simplicities of the Reformation into the church-services of his province. Such are the contradictions of our human nature!

Behind his statue, inserted into the marble seat which half surrounds it, is a bronze relief of Luther, with the words:

"DR. MARTIN LUTHER,
1483-1540."

and underneath it, cut into the marble, two lines of the famous hymn:

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen."

Many amusing stories are related of the manner in which the inhabitants of his capital endeavored to follow the lead of Joachim Hector, as he was called, to distinguish him from his father, Joachim Nestor.

His masculine subjects, for instance, carried the width of their nether garments to such absurd proportions that he was obliged to issue a law stipulating the quantity of satin and plush of which they were made, cases in which one hundred elles had been used for a single pair having been brought to his notice. Indeed, a certain zealous pastor worked himself up into a pious tract upon the subject, which he issued under the title:

"Against the Zerluderten and Zerpluderten Pursuit! The Honour-Forgetting Devil of the Trowsers! Admonition! Warning!"

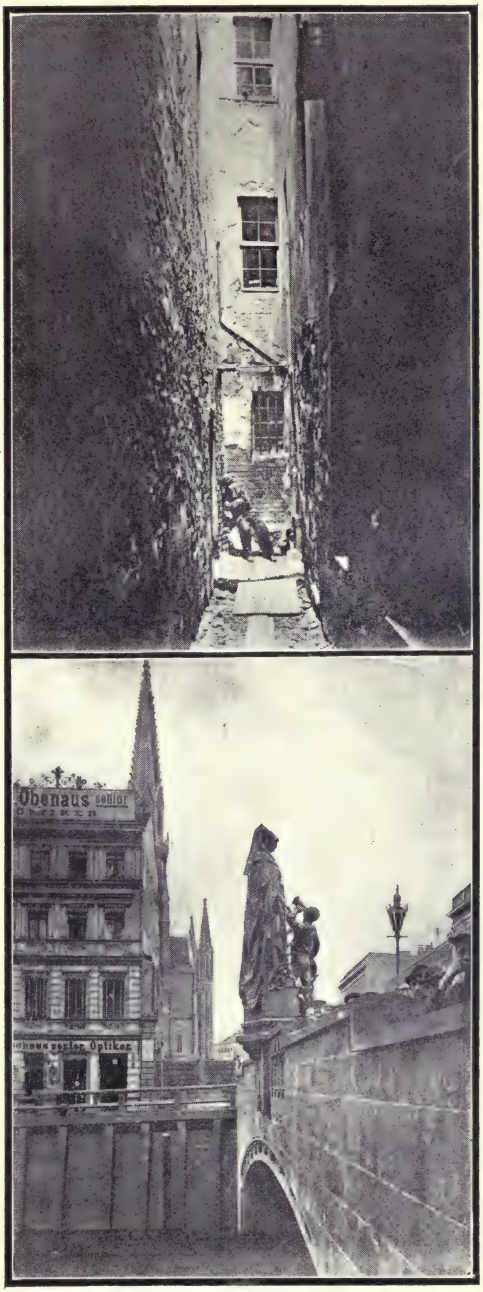
But the example of the pleasure-loving *Kurfurst* was more potent than the precepts of Pastor Musculus, and the citizens, from highest to lowest, underwent, under him, a deterioration, not only in outward customs, but in ideals of life, and before his successor appeared, the *Burger* of Berlin had become the superficial, excitement seeking people that they have ever since remained.

"Mit der viel geruhmten Markischen Einfachheit," says a chronicler of the time. *"war es jetzt voruber."*

The citizens were divided into four classes:

1st. Priests, Doctors, Mayors, Councillors, Judges, Sheriffs, and the old families.

2d. The four orders of industry, chaplains, well-to-do middle class people, handworkers.



1. COURTWAY OF THE KROGEL IN THE OLDEST PART OF BERLIN.
2. THE STATUE OF STE. GERTRUDE.

3d. Common citizens and working men.

4th. People employed within doors, day laborers, men servants and women servants.

With all these, the lively Joachim was a favorite, and he frequently dined in the houses of members of the first and second classes; as he was extremely fond of good eating, his arrival is said to have been preceded by a tremendous laying in of food and wine. Research into the history of Brandenburg has recently brought to light a menu of the bridal feast, at the marriage of one of his sons, which is worthy of re-production, with acknowledgments to the finder of the formidable list, Lieutenant-General von Bardeleben, one of whose ancestors is said to have participated in the banquet. It is hereby appended. It consisted of four courses, which were dispensed as follows:

Course One—Black cock, with a hammered (that is, a beaten) sweet broth; almond sweet-cakes, and a dish-to-be-looked-at, Adam and Eve, in a garden; between them a green tree, with a serpent, an apple in its mouth.

Course Two—Wild boar, roasted sucking pig, wild fowl, and a dish-to-be-looked-at, Abraham offering up his son, a tower of sugar and almonds.

Course Three—Young pike, hot cakes with wafers, patties containing venison, gilded over with a dish-to-be-looked-at, the death of Saint Catharine in a sweet almond paste.

Course Four—Pressed swines-head with apples and vinegar of wine, pears in a sweet broth, a dish-to-be-looked-at, Noah's ark, garnished with wafers of baked sugar.

There would seem to be no doubt that, as is declared of Joachim: "His spirit lends to the history of the Berlin of those days life and color," and it can well be understood that his addition to the *Burg* was regarded as a very right and gracious expenditure of the citizens' money.

Of buildings reminiscent of those citizen subjects themselves, and of their industrial undertakings, only one, or rather a portion of one, remains. It is the tannery in the little street of Stralau, in which all the houses were built upon piles driven deep into the mud of the Spree; the courtway of the so-called *Krogel,* in the same neighborhood, is the only example of the picturesque in ugliness that Berlin affords, and reminds one, as no other spot in the whole city, does, that human beings in Prussia were not always patterned off into squads, labeled and *verboten!* That there was a time when they lived, begot as they chose and died whenever the dear Lord above, instead of the *Behorde,* saw fit to remove them.

In old paintings of value, Berlin is poor, and of sculpture that is, original pieces of statuary, she possesses next to none; for, although since the opening in 1904 of the new museum named for the late Emperor Frederick, several fairly good specimens of the best period of Italian art have been added to the collection, which was brought to it from the old museum, the chief charm of the gallery centres around pictures such as the "Raising of Lazarus," by Albert von Ouwater; the "Altar Piece," by the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck; and the "Last Judgment," by Lucas Cranach, which are authentic links in the descent of the schools of which they are typical. But the pictures by Rembrandt, Holbein, Titian, Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Botticelli, Tintoretto, Nicolas Poussin, Velasquez and Greuze, do not compare, in quality or in numbers, with those to be found in Paris, Antwerp, Madrid, London, Florence, Venice and the Hague; nevertheless, any museum might well be proud of the portrait of the Nuremberg Councillor, Holzschuher, by Durer, and of the one-half of the Estienne Chevalier with his patron saint, by Jean Fouquet; the "Mater Dolorosa," by Guido Reni, would also be highly prized by admirers of that artist.

The building itself is advantageously placed for light, and the chronological order preserved in the hanging of the pictures is—well—chronological! But to those who prefer artistic ensemble to method, the pedagogical atmosphere which pervades the museum is somewhat oppressive. To eyes accustomed to the glorious profusion, and the *je ne sais quoi* of the Louvre, and other world-famed collections, the Philistine touch of the "Teacher" is too strongly in evidence throughout the entire museum.

In tracing the past of Berlin, it is but too apparent that, as a city, it has always lacked spontaneous, creative force, that

even as Old *Colln,* everything that it possessed which could lay claim to beauty was the work of Holland masters, who, from the middle of the sixteenth century, to well on into the middle of the eighteenth, came to Prussia, first at the bidding of the electors, who were eager to imitate the Dutch and Spanish nobility as patrons of art, and then because of the rigidities following the Reformation, which drove all artists into a roving life, that its early industries were inaugurated by the refugees, who left France, after the edict of Nantes, and that not even the porcelain which now bears its name was a natural growth. And this inclination to imitate, this subtle lack of genuineness, of homogeneity of coloring, in the character of the inhabitants, is strongly marked to this day. Perhaps, in this day, most strongly marked, when, to be *Colonisers* and *Nautical "ebenso wie die Englander,"* to be enterprising, inventive, *"ebenso wie die Amerikaner,"* to be an ally with somebody or anybody, *"ebenso wie die Franzosen,"* is the motive power, from throne to penny-a-line journalism.

Nor can the student of the history of Brandenburg, before the Hohenzollerns, and of the history of Prussia, since their mush-room growth, doubt that the lack is inherent, that Berlin will remain what it has ever been, a city of uncoalesced elements, unrefined in taste, somewhat coarse in manner, anything but noble in aspiration.

THE AWAKENING

THE NEWS that many of the large iron and steel manufacturers of the Pittsburg district have notified thousands of their former employees who returned to the country of their birth during the late panic that their services will not again be required, on account of new-born resolutions to employ American-born labor as far as possible, is very gratifying.

It is to be feared that some of the specimens of the races whose habitat is Southern Europe are quite as unassimilable as the most Mongolian Oriental, and the immigration of the hordes of Greeks, Turks, Italians and others of the lowest stratum in their respective countries, has been an unmixed evil.

In this condition, it is interesting to note that even the steamship companies during the past year have rejected the applications of over 65,000 would-be emigrants to the United States, for fear that the immigration authorities would not allow them to land. This tacit recognition of the increasing scrutiny to which these would-be Americans are subjected, is calculated to make the heart of the real American leap for joy. The rabble, the anarchists, the socialists, and the rest of the parasitic hangers-on who are a seemingly inseparable accompaniment of all civilizations, disgusted and do not hesitate to say so, but their disapproval is the strongest endorsement that the policy has yet received.

There are in this country integral populations, occupying large areas, in which the American is a stranger in a strange land, in which his tongue is not spoken, and his customs not followed. An authority, many times of malign and evil purpose, stretches its hand across the Atlantic, and usurps that of the American Government in these areas.

The days of these communities are numbered. Solid and compact as they are, they will be leavened in time by the Americanism of their neighbors. To permit, however, under the specious plea that this country is a refuge for the poor and oppressed of the earth, accretions to their bulk in the shape of the criminals and offscourings of Europe, is to invite an attack of industrial and social dyspepsia in the future which may require the pepsin of a strong military force to digest.

THE HEROISM OF A LOWLY LIFE

INDIAN Territory possesses many places of historic interest which are full of romance and charm. The story of the removal of the Indians from their native home in the South to this western land is one of the saddest in our national history, and one that reflects least honor on our national Government. The Indians settled upon the wild lands and subdued them. They developed their lands into productive farms, and welcomed religious teachers among them. The climate of the territory is usually mild, but sometimes in winter it gets intensely cold. This is due to the cold northern winds that blow from the Rocky Mountains. Very often the Arkansas river has become an icy highway over which wagons might drive in safety.

The old-time settlers in the Indian Territory whose memory covers a stretch of half a century or more, will tell you that the coldest winter the territory ever experienced was in the early part of 1863. The Civil War had brought horror upon horror to the poor people of this section of our country, and this terrible winter came as a fearful climax to their misfortunes. The outbreak of the war had made the work of the missionaries who were laboring among the Indians for the time being impracticable. Nearly all the missionaries were Northern men or women, known to be strongly in sympathy with the North, and they could not safely stay at their stations. They had to return to their homes. To the native workers no such escape was possible; and in many instances they were called upon to endure most terrible sufferings.

Connected with the historic mission at old Dwight was Mr. Bob Haldane, a Cherokee by marriage and adoption. Some forty-five years before this, the Reverend Josiah Duran had left his work in the churches of Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania, to engage in missionary work among the Cherokee Indians in East Tennessee. He had brought with him, besides a very large family, a young student for the ministry named John Haldane. Another student named Robert Wakefield was to have come also, but died before the party left Pennsylvania. John Haldane stayed in the mission work and married one of Mr. Duran's daughters. One of the old missionary's sons married a beautiful and accomplished young Cherokee woman named Rachel Lowly. The families of the two young couples grew up together, and eventually young Bob Haldane (named after his father's old fellow student) fell in love with and married his cousin, Dolly Eleanor Duran.

Bob Haldane was a man of strong religious character, exerting a great influence among his adopted people, whose language he spoke quite fluently. When the war broke out, he was living with his wife and seven children upon a fine farm close to the old Dwight mission. He tried most earnestly to persuade his people to maintain absolute neutrality during the war. His counsel was not heeded, the Cherokees taking one side or the other, so that there was all the bitterness of a small civil war amongst them. The more radical elements on both sides looked upon those who had worked for neutrality as their enemies and rightful prey. The war paralyzed the Cherokee civil Government, and bands of bandits and bushwhackers roved over the country plundering and killing. The worst passions of men were let loose, so that knowledge gained in the intimacy of intercourse between neighbors was relentlessly used for purposes of plundering.

The happy home of Bob Haldane was one of the earliest to be attacked during that terrible winter. All the stock was killed or stolen. The house was first looted and then burned. The family was left with nothing but the scanty clothing in which they had escaped from the house, an old kettle and an axe.

They decided to make their way to Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation, where they had friends. There were forty miles of very rough road to travel. The eldest of the boys was only about thirteen. The baby had to be carried, and the little feet of the smaller children could only make very slow progress. They made meals of berries and nuts as they could find them. Now and then they would see a terrapin. Then the eldest boy would stand over it with axe poised until its head came out from the shell. A quick blow would sever it, and the party would stop and make stew of its meat and such edible herbs as could be found. Thus they managed at last to accomplish the long, weary journey to Tahlequah.

There they found kind friends who did what they could for them. But even they could not do much. Their own lives were in constant danger.

Bob Haldane managed to get a wagon and team of horses, with which he decided to undertake the long journey to Texas, where they would be outside the zone of constant fighting, and where they might escape the severest of the winter weather which was just coming upon them.

They could only travel by very short stages, and every day the journey became more full of hardships and dangers. The country was full of roving bands of reckless and lawless men. Food became more and more scarce. Just as they reached the northern border of the Choctaw nation, the coldest weather of that terrible winter came upon them.

How hard the good man worked to protect the wife and little ones! How bravely he cheered them on! With what self-sacrificing love he left himself uncovered that they might not suffer!

They traveled under a flag of truce, and much of the time he had to leave them, traveling by himself to make arrangements for their welfare. On one of these occasions he had left all possible coverings with the family, and failing to find shelter one bitterly cold night, upon waking next morning he found himself unable to move or even stand without acute pain. Both his feet were fearfully frozen. Now, indeed, they must push on, but who can tell the horrors of that journey.

After what seemed a life-time of hunger and cold and jolting over rough roads, where every movement was anguish, they came to the home of Governor Purcell, a Christian Choctaw gentleman, and minister of the Gospel. Here he was joined by his family. The sufferers were taken in and everything possible done for their comfort. It was plain that Mr. Haldane's feet were in a most dangerous condition. A surgeon was sent for. There were very few in that thinly settled country, and it was many hours before one came. After examining the frozen feet he said that only immediate amputation could save Mr. Haldane's life. The patient expressed his readiness for the operation, and the ghastly tools were being arranged for it, when a company of grey-coated soldiers rode up to the house. They asked for the surgeon, and when he came out, they told him he must go with them without a moment's delay; fighting was going on, and he was wanted at the front. He pled for the half-hour or so necessary to perform the operation which would save a man's life. They said their orders were positive and he must come with them at once. Reluctantly he rode away, after urging that some one else should be found to perform the operation, as without it death must come very soon. But no other surgeon could be found within several days' journey, and the family and friends were in despair.

Then the unfortunate man spoke.

"Bring me," he said, "the best knives you have about the place." These were brought.

"Now bring me a whetstone and whatever small files you have."

When these were found, he proceeded with the utmost care to sharpen knives till they had a razor's edge. In others he filed teeth until he had small saws.

He must have undergone unspeakable torture all the time, but he kept steadily at work. Then he asked every one to leave him in the room alone.

"Oh, Bob! Bob Haldane!" wailed his wife. "You cannot do it yourself."

There came a wonderful look into the suffering eyes, which said plainly, "I can do it and I will!"

"Leave me," he said, "and go where you can pray for me. You cannot help me here."

So he was left alone with the rude tools his own hands had fashioned. It would be easy just to lie still and wait till the angel of death came and released him. How beautiful it would be to let himself fall asleep and wake in the land of fadeless light where there would be no more pain and sorrow. *No more pain,* that would be heaven itself after what he had suffered. But he must live. It would be a coward's part to leave his wife and little ones to face without him the terrors of a future that looked so dark and troubled. He must live, whatever the agony of the struggle to do so. He must live! God would help him and he would live. He must put away the thoughts of the beautiful home where there would be no more pain, he must not let death conquer him like a weakling, he must fight for life, even the life that must be a crippled, suffering thing for all the years God let him keep it.

How terribly the leaden moments dragged to those who waited outside the door which shut in that heroic struggle. They prayed—oh, how they prayed! And they listened! They hear him pick up and lay down the awful tools. They hear him panting, uttering half-stifled cries of agony, and sudden prayers for help.

Then through the stillness they hear the horrible rasping of a saw. It is quiet for moments that seemed to drag out into hours, and then they hear the dread succession of sounds again, and again stillness as of death follows. They wait, wait, till at last they can wait no longer. Then they go in and find him fallen back in a faint, but with a look of triumphant peace upon the brave, suffering face, for he had been helped until with his own hands he had amputated both of his feet, and saved the life which his helpless loved ones needed so much.

Lovingly and tenderly the awful wounds were closed, and the skin sewed over them. Prayer was answered, and the God who had given strength to do a thing seemingly beyond the power of human endurance, gave in due time strength and health again. And the life so wonderfully saved was used and blessed. After the war, in the long dark time before the missionaries could take up the work again among the Indians, he went from home to home among the full-bloods, preaching the unsearchable riches of the Gospel, and leading many to a better life. He must always have suffered, but he was always one of the sunniest of men. When advancing age made it impossible for him to travel longer as he had done, he compiled a remarkable little primer of the Cherokee language. His wife kept for many years the tools he had made and used, but he found them one day and threw them away. He never thought of what he had done as remarkable, and wished no memories of it preserved. But the world cannot afford to lose the lesson and the inspiration of the heroism of such lowly lives as his must be recorded in imperishable print.

TRIALS

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

The flowers that dare the winter frost
Are first to bloom and seed;
And first the heart that suffers most
To do a noble deed.

SCHOOL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

BY CHARLES J. WOODBURY

CHILDREN do not learn readily from print. A teacher who can instruct orally — the pupil being required to give back what is given (and the right teacher will get back more)—will obtain results often surprising. The limitations of teachers as regards ability to impart may hasten the artificial recourse to books, but by effort they can be kept subsidiary a long while. The law is that until it is plain from the child's questioning that he has come to need them, they are kept out of sight. For the child to use statements given him even if only so far as to repeat them in his own language, is to make the facts they cover his own. When, in addition to repeating, he can do something with his own knowledge, he is being informed. What the child hears he may remember. What he does he cannot forget; and so it is with what he discovers. Rules, let him build them with the aid of the teacher from his own inductions. Definitions, descriptions, after he has found them out for himself, and invade them, how joyfully he identifies them in the text books! Can we forget how artificial to us, and so how ineffective, our earliest study books were? We "committed to memory" (like committing to prison), definitions: an island, a peninsula. Of course, they belonged to the geography. They were not real. They were far away, the property of the schoolwalls, and so truthless. Only when we encountered them on the lake did we identify them. We "committed" and could recite glibly descriptions of the forest trees; but we could not apply them; and we never knew the difference between a white and black oak until we went into the wood and saw and handled them. That is the natural way; first the experience of the thing, then the definition of the word.

Every boy has a right to the country; to his "chores," to the rattle of the pasture fence bars; to the talk of the trees in the woods and the call of the wandering river; but, this wealth wanting, for him let there be at least some ground area or school farm, more nature. Cleanliness opens the pores of the mind as well as those of the body; but in how many of our schoolyards is there a swimming pool or bathhouse?

The first great difficulty with the child in the primary school is to break into the settled equilibrium, to arouse interest, and this is the early great merit of the manual training. But there are two other forceful advantages it has which I have never seen mentioned. The first is the habit of being practical, of working with materials, of using the hands, the formation or nourishing of a taste for physical labor so that indulgence in it will follow through life. The dovetailing of hand with head work brings to every man whose main work is with his brain a competence of mind and body peculiar to itself, greater vigor, more vivid impressions and trustworthy insights. When the hands are calloused, the head does better work. The other advantage is moral. The simplest work with materials demands genuineness of attention and effort. The discipline is severe and uniform toward exactness and truth.

But, more than all, by learning early to labor happily, may we not expect that our children will with it learn to love labor for what it is, the joy of life, and appreciate what it earns: riches, power, leisure, etc., but as means for its extension, the opening of its education into larger areas and more difficult and remote fields for others? And so, is it not possible that they shall escape our present delusion with its banalities that the ground was ever cursed for any one's sake; that labor is to be escaped if possible; that it is only for the gratification of ever-increasing desires; only for the very sake of getting means to be rid of it?

THE VIEW FROM WITHIN IS QUITE AS ENTRANCING AS FROM WITHOUT THE ADOBE HOUSE.

LAYING AN ADOBE FOUNDATION.

SOME MODERN ADOBES--II

BY CONSTANCE AUSTIN

IF THERE were no other reason for building an "adobe," it would be a temptation to the artist on account of the quaint and picturesque scenes entailed by its construction. The tools and mechanical appliances of modern life all disappear in this prehistoric process. He would be a poor creature who had entirely missed the pure tradition of the grand style who would mix "adobe" in a box with a hoe like common mortar. An ancient Spaniard (the young ones do not know the art) examines your soil and tells you what ingredients it lacks, if so be it is not fitting for the purpose. Real "blue adobe" will not do at all; it warps and cracks in drying; a good clay loam is the best material. If the soil is too heavy, sand must be added; if sandy, clay. If you are fortunate enough to have the right material, your "paisano" will remove about six inches of top soil from a space six or eight feet square; this is to get rid of all the seeds and weeds. Then he will loosen some earth in the cleaned patch, pour water on it, and begin solemnly to work it up with his bare feet, mixing in a little chipped straw, and treading away until it reaches just the proper consistency.

Meanwhiie, another man has raked and smoothed a large open space and has prepared a mould consisting of two pieces of wood 3 feet 4 inches long and 4 inches wide. These are fastened together by cross strips 18 inches long, so as to form three compartments 18 inches by 12 by 4. A third man brings a wheelbarrow full of prepared mud to number two, who fills the holes and puddles them down, while number three returns to number one, solemnly prancing in his hole with unimpaired Castilian dignity, for more mud. If the consistency is just right by the time he comes back, the bricks will have set, and the

mould is lifted off, and used to make three more bricks.

In the course of a few days, the field is covered with bricks hardening in the sun. They are turned at the end of the week, and in two weeks are stacked on edge with spaces between, and left to harden.

If a rain supervenes before they are stacked, your mud pies are resolved into the earth from which they came, and you begin over again. When stacked, they can be covered.

While the bricks are being made, the foundations should be in progress, and this is the "crux" of an adobe house. It must be well-built of stone, going down to rock, or "hard pan," and rising two feet above the level of the ground.

About the actual laying of the brick there is nothing unusual, unless it be the fact that the same clay mixture is used for mortar.

tering. This is a fine art; and it is here that so many adobes fail. There should be about two-thirds of fine brook sand, mixed with a stiff clay, to make a plaster that will not crack. No lime or cement is used at all. Of course, if any beach sand is used, the salt in it will make the house hopelessly damp.

The main point, however, is to work it down a long time with the trowel. If this is done conscientiously, the plaster will be as hard as stone and perfectly smooth. If the troweling is shirked, it will soon be full of fine cracks like cracked china.

The wall, thus finished, being of the same material throughout, bricks, mortar and plastering, is perfectly homogenous, and does not crack as does lime plaster on wood or iron, which shrink and expand with the changes of temperature.

There is a certain elasticity about it, too, for it is not affected by any of the

THE 'DOBE BLOCKS BEING DRIED IN THE SUN.

If it rains during the process, things are very unusual indeed. Of course, you are supposed to build in the dry season, but I have known a violent and most unlooked for storm come up when the walls had just been finished. There was a hurrying to and fro, a seizing of anything which might shed the torrent of water. Planks, matting, horse-blankets, even an old coat, everything available spread along the top of the wall, but in spite of all efforts the house the next day looked like a prehistoric ruin. On examination, however, it was found that only the three top rows of brick had melted and poured down over the walls, and beyond that it was all quite solid. The bricks spread out in the field drying were past praying for.

When the walls are up and the wide-eaved roof is on, there remains the plas-

slight earthquakes, which are said to keep the pictures always awry in this part of the world.

There remains the outside finish. The Spaniards put on many coats of tinted lime wash, and this is fairly good, if there is tallow in the mixture. But the best method is to soak the walls thoroughly with whale or seal oil, put on hot with a white-wash brush. This makes the wall a dark chocolate color at first, but as it sinks in, it regains the tone of the natural earth. You can paint on top of this, but that is apt to crack and peel off, and it is preferable to repeat the oil dressing every three or four years. It makes an absolutely water proof finish, and is inexpensive both in cost of material and in not requiring skilled labor.

On the inside, the wall may be kalso-

THE VIEW FROM THE FRONT PORCH OF A SANTA BARBARA ADOBE.

mined or coated with alabastine, or painted. A very good way is to wash over the fresh plaster with a lime mixture of the tint you want to use, and to work it in very thoroughly with a trowel. The best way of all is to leave the natural color of the earth, which makes a beautiful, soft background to pictures and furniture. This has been done in the living room of the house illustrated in this article. The partition walls in this room are of Oregon pine stained, and the north side of the room is wainscoted under the studio window with a row of closets. The library is lined with book-cases up to the ceiling; dining room is cream colored kalsomine

THE APPROACH TO A SANTA BARBARA 'DOBE HOUSE.

THE LIVING ROOM.

with wood work of waxed Oregon pine. This house is adobe in material only, not in plan or detail. Its exterior is most simple, a parallelogram with the high, straight wall supported with heavy buttresses. Inside, somewhat heterogeneous features are molded together into a peculiarly tranquil and harmonious whole. This, indeed, is the keynote of the plan, and the fact that there is a great deal of strong color does not seem to interfere with the first impression and inevitable exclamation of every newcomer, "Oh, how restful!"

The rooms are on the same level as the pergola and lawn, which induces a pleasant intimacy with out-of-doors, which is increased by the partially enclosed loggia a half story high, where the family find warmth and protection in windy weather —and the large upstairs porch. The

THE LIVING ROOM—A PICTURESQUE CORNER.

A MODERN ADOBE—HOUSE NUMBER TWO IN THE ARTICLE.

owner is a fanatic on the subject of rain-water, a luxury which is very foolishly neglected in this land where water is both scarce and hard, and by having large, shallow tanks placed just below the level of the eaves, has it running in the bath-room and kitchen all the year around.

The slant of the ground develops a large basement on the south side of the house which permits of a furnace, an innovation that is becoming distressingly common in the opinion of real Californians, who believe in what Kipling calls "the grisly diversion" of taking exercise when they feel chilled. This habit seems to induce a warm-bloodedness which is incomprehensible to the Eastern woman especially, who gets out of the car wrapped in furs to the ears, and is met by her friends in lawn and muslin shirt waists with elbow sleeves, and with the thermometer perhaps at fifty degrees.

There are other adobes being built. It is to be hoped that the fashion will take solid root, as the "adobe" is as certainly the normal thing for a dry and treeless land as frame buildings are in the forests of the north. It is true that California is struggling to restore the forest growth of her mountains, but the native timber never was suitable for building purposes, and the roofs of the old houses were generally constructed with thin poles interwoven with mud and tules, and crowned with tiles. It is this construction which gives the inimitably beautiful curves and billows in the roof of the De la Guerra house, the old historic mansion which, after the Mission, is the pride of Santa Barbara, a model whose stately and hospitable spaciousness is far from being attained by our modern imitations.

THE CHRISTMAS INCANTATION

BY MARGARET SMITH COBB

SYNOPSIS—*How Lonesome Ike, by his interruptions at the funeral ceremonies of the beloved Doctor, brought the Doctor back to life.*

THE DAY coming was Christmas, the day on which they had planned so much for the dinner—and the little Doctor was dead. He, who was so small and weak among them, yet who had remained steadfastly with them, to nurse the fever cases, when his own broken-down little system needed a physician, had deferred his return to civilization too long, and that noon had dropped dead.

Two weeks previous to this, he had fallen in a heavy faint, and they had had some difficulty in reviving him, and when he had fallen this day, they had thought it but a similar weakness and had worked over him quite hopefully. But moment after moment passed, and then they began to look at each other with white, inquiring faces, for by the common law of life, they knew he must die, if he did not revive in the next few fleeting moments.

But no consciousness returned, and with a suddenness that stunned them, their Christmas preparations were all out of place, and they found themselves facing the preparations for the burial of the dead.

They seemed to know very little of this sad work—a work that has its respectful place, side by side with all the work attending life—these ten men, who had determined on remaining in their Alaskan camp through the winter. They were forty miles from the nearest settlement, and forty miles has in it all the ordinary meaning and more, in Alaska, in the winter.

They had been making preparations for a Christmas dinner that was to be eaten together, all around one board on Christmas day. The dinner had been planned by the doctor, and he had planned with it, to overcome much of the stupidness settled upon them, and mayhap some sickness, by awakening a general interest in some one thing, and had himself offered a little of his much-hoarded whiskey for the table. This, of itself effected considerable interest; they had been thirsty since the last storm of six weeks. But now he was dead, here the day before Christmas, and they felt alone and weighted with the oppressiveness of sorrow.

They had stood around the bed, stricken and helpless, and so awed by the stillness and pallor of that familiar face in death that their tongues seemed glued. All except Uncle Hank. Naught could ever restrain that garrulous tongue, for thought to him was immediate expression. As they stood now, though, puzzled and stunned, they were fitted to see the kindness in his face and hear the kindness in his voice when he said to them: "Now you boys, not bein' used to this work, needn't stay. I kin dress him comforable-like an' lay him on the bench back of the stove, an' cover him up with the blankets. He kin stay there all right till termorrer, an' then we had better think of giving him a funeral."

This relieving them of that first shuddering difficulty, awakened in them a faint trust in Uncle Hank for what there was yet to follow, so when the rest of the winter's grayness of day, wherein the winter's stupidness had been shaken by sorrow, had passed, they knew nothing what to do, so they directed themselves in a body to Uncle Hank, who sat alone in the cabin with the dead, for his advice and instruction.

They had never come to Uncle Hank before for help; always they had relied on any one rather than he, but now their trust in him, the look of it in their faces, was

too pleasant for him not to try to merit.

"I've bin thinkin' of a plan, boys," he said, hopefully, "but if any of you don't like it, or disagrees with me, you kin just say so," here he smiled gently toward them. "He didn't go nothin' on churches, an' it wouldn't be right fur us to try to bury him with the religion we hain't got, and he didn't have. And we can't bury him as the Masons would; you know him and the trader was Masons. But I would like to have some ceremony, somethin' befittin' him that we won't furgit very soon. So I thought that comin' midnight, tonight, jist as Christmas comes in, we would have a solemn ceremony, a sort of incantation, so to speak, makin' it secret out of respect to him bein' a Mason, an' puttin' some signs of Christmas through it, out of respect to the day he so expected to be here—termorrer."

At no time is humanity more susceptible to form or ceremony than when this great mystery, death, has gathered to its gulf one of their kind. Any strange rites then allow release and expression to the unquiet and heavy emotions that haunt and harry the mind. People that you have thought stolid and emotionless will gather and whisper of signs and warnings and give to some article or belonging of the dead, near, some mysterious placing or attention.

So now these minds, before Uncle Hank, were taking to themselves as something tempting the word "incantation." Some of them knew dimly of the word as something mysterious, and that was as much as Uncle Hank knew. Not one of the faces changed for a moment's time; then Big Tom, the one of any of them to demur, straightened back his powerful shoulders and said: "We had better put a fire in the hall now and get it warmed up a bit."

"And get a touching up of avergreen and a few candles," added O'Flynn, seeing it all ahead. His people had been Catholics. "They're the making of an occasion, I'll be thinking."

Every one was unusually ready for immediate work. They had looked ahead to this day as a busy, happy one, but since noon it had been long and silent. Now, through the preparation, Uncle Hank asked, the choking stillness that oppressed was broken. They turned to speech naturally and easily again as they took up the work, that was something being done for the doctor.

Uncle Hank, though, was hardly prepared for the reception that they gave his plan. He saw that they expected something of him, and he would have to live up to it. So he came to them after a little time, where they were busy in the hall, and asked them to excuse him from some of the work that evening, as he would like some time on the incantation. But they all insisted on his giving his entire time to it; there were plenty of them to do the work. So when he came among them afterward, during the hours they were busy there, it was to make some calculations on the hall, measuring it mysteriously with his eye, or stepping it from side to side. And those who had journeys to make past the cabin where he sat, could hear strange mumblings and mutterings and some reiteration of old tunes.

At ten o'clock all was complete in the hall, which was an old saloon always used for any meeting, and Uncle Hank, with honorable gravity, asked the privacy of the room the last hour to become familiar with the manner of ceremony and to arrange the lights.

At eleven o'clock, to the orders given out by him, they formed in line near the cabin of the dead, and marched up to the door of the hall. Uncle Hank's head peered cautiously around the door that he was holding as close and secret as possible and greeted them with the loud whisper: "I'll take you in one at a time."

O'Flynn, always ready to face anything, stepped forward, and when the door closed behind him, those outside heard an Irish-accented oath of secrecy. Then one by one the rest were admitted to the silent room and shown around to their places.

That Uncle Hank had done pretty well was the first thought of all as they surveyed the hall. It was dimly lighted by an array of candles made to form a star on the eastern wall, back of the bar, which was now the Master's desk, and their light trembled through the northern frosty air with a celestial radiance.

On the wall opposite the candles was an enormous "G" which had been traced on the rough boards with chalk or white soap. Accustomed as we are, though, to see the

printed "G" emblematic of Masonry, there was something incongruous in that the "G" of Uncle Hank's was in script, and from its being of such great size, the regular proportions had been wandered from badly, the lower part of the letter being much too large for the upper.

There was a deep silence, and then Uncle Hank arose. Everybody gave their respectful attention, except Nip Saunders and Eskimo George, who both looked steadily out of the door so as not to confuse him.

"Brothers," he began, smiling, but twisting his hands a trifle nervously, "I can't open this solemn meetin' with prayer, because I don't know very much about it, an' he never used it, but it is about the most respectful thing that ever is done, so I think it would look the right thing fur us all to bow our heads awhile, jist a minute or two, an' be thinkin' how he stayed faithful with us, carin' fur our sick till his own life went out."

Uncle Hank bent his own grizzled head, and every head followed except Nip Saunders and Eskimo George. They did not want to confuse any one that took part in Uncle Hank's ceremony, so they still looked stolidly toward the door. In the little silence there were some deep sighs, then Uncle Hank pronounced: "That'll do," as solemnly as "Amen" ever was spoken.

When he rose again, his smile was not uncertain; rather it was pleasantly contemplative.

"We will now sing some words made by myself to a tune we all know. I tried a good many, but this was the only tune an' words I could make fit even," he explained, "and as I only made one verse, we will sing the same verse over three times."

Then he sang:

"He is gone,
"He is gone,
He is gone, to breathe no more."

The tune was but the old one known as "Go Tell Aunt Rhody," and the words dragged to fill it. Uncle Hank's voice was weak at reading, and he ran so lightly with the words that they seemed foolish rather than solemn. No one joined him, and he stood waiting, the smile of contemplation fading from his face.

Big Tom, however, felt a responsibility for the meeting. He had agreed to it first, so seeing the failure imminent, he nudged Texas Charley with his powerful fist, in which there was a history of persuasion, and said: "Raise her, Tex," and Tex raised his sweet voice. Through all the manner of roving wild life he led, he carried this voice of sweetness, and if they had only heard him sing vile songs, they listened to no voice but his own sing them.

They had never attached anything more to this tune than the foolish words: "Go tell Aunt Rhody," but now as Tex began the repetition of mournful words, low and slow and dirge-like, a sudden chill seemed to bring them to listen, and a few hummed along with him. But as his voice rose so clear and high and vibrating on the second part, all hearts shook as they felt the divine air. They were so far away and lonely, and death with them. Big Tom's voice choked, and he ceased to sing. Uncle Hank leaned forward and covered his face with his hands, while down in the lower part of the hall where Lonesome Ike sat to himself, some one wept loud enough to be heard occasionally through the song.

After the verses had all been gone over, Uncle Hank felt, as he wiped his eyes, that he could carry the rest of the evening, and with emotional interest they all bent forward as he rose again.

"Now," he said, "I want every one in his turn to raise up an' say somethin' fur the Doctor, mixin' in somethin' about Christmas if you kin. I've depended on this to fill in part of the evenin'. My leadin' this incantation is my sayin' fur him, so I'll jist set down an' let each of you have his say."

Just a moment, and O'Flynn was on his feet, and with his ready Irish tongue eulogized the Doctor and the others slowly followed. Some tempered their words with tears, others strengthened them with oaths; some spoke at length, others but a few words, but Lonesome Ike, who was always silent, just cowered with his face to the wall, and would not say a word.

At the close of the speaking, Uncle Hank arose again, but as at first, looked hesitating and nervous. It was forced in him to speak, however, so after clearing

his throat several times, he began, but as if not sure of his ground.

"What I am goin' to ask now might not be agreeable to you all, but I'm goin' to ask it anyway, an' you kin see that it is the only thing I have asked fur him. I'm a goin' to ask each one of you to give somethin' up out of your lives, somethin' to go out of them, to mate his goin'. I want it to be somethin' you set store by, or somethin' it would be best fur you to give up, an' then the last thing, we'll lay all on the fire, lettin' it all go back to nothin'—jist as he's done."

In this, Uncle Hank felt he must establish a precedent, so he took from his pocket his old pipe and solemnly placed it on a box in the corner. This was the altar.

This extreme was received in a strange, surprised silence. It was unexpected and startling, and in the steady silence of the room, the meaning hung tentatively over them all, until the comprehension came to them fully weighted. The doctor had given his life for them, and something was to be given from their lives for him that evening. What Uncle Hank had hesitated to ask, fearing it was too much, was readily accepted by them, with their minds wrought up to that keen emotion that culminates in sacrifice.

Eskimo George rose and quitted the room. If he was going to comply, they did not know, but breathlessly they awaited his return, and it was not long until he strode up through the room, and in his hand was that which had made him feared in many a camp, and that this one evening, the gravity of the occasion had caused him to leave from his person. He laid it beside the pipe, and had almost resumed his place, when swiftly he returned to the altar, unloaded the cartridges dexterously into one hand, carried them to the door, and flung them into the snow.

After this example, no one stayed a moment. As one man they arose. Some carried on their persons what they considered an offering; others left the hall in their quest. There was a great hurry of footsteps, but not a word was spoken. When all the offerings were on the altar, and with purified hearts they were waiting for Uncle Hank to proceed, the voice of Lonesome Ike was heard from his place down near the door.

"He ain't made his offerin'," with the words pointing out the door with one insistent arm.

"Who ain't?" asked Uncle Hank, and every eye in the room was turned on Lonesome Ike.

"Him that's dead," cowered back Lonesome Ike. "He had an offerin' to make, an' I'm a-goin' to git it."

He gave small time for any of them to think, but sneaked out the door and was back again in a brief space, with the little jug of the Doctor's whiskey, which was to form part of the Christmas dinner, in his hand. He placed it reverently with the other offerings, and not out of place it looked with pistols, cards, knives and pipes. No one could gainsay that this was not an offering from the Doctor, but none of them could see that it was an offering for this occasion. The meeting had received a slight jolt. It had hardly been disturbed, but something strange had been carried into it that made them look a little questioningly at Lonesome Ike.

But Lonesome Ike sat with a full contentment in his heart that he had made the Doctor, who had nursed him so kindly through the fever, a part of the evening. He had never thanked the Doctor, nor could he speak for him this evening because expression in words was always cowed in him, but he was going to add what respect he could to him this evening if the heavens fell. He could see that they were all against him, but that was nothing unusual: the world was always turned that way to him.

Uncle Hank, however, felt that his leadership had been drawn upon, and when he arose again, he spoke a trifle sharply to turn all minds back to the real leadership of the evening, placing the next part of the ceremony before them without any explanation.

"You will now come forward and take the oath and incantation."

The first applicant, Big Tom, who was ready to help along, stepped forward. Uncle Hank poured two glasses of water, handed one to Big Tom, and then slowly said, as Big Tom repeated: "I solemnly swear that I won't reveal any of this night's doin's, nor make light of them, an' may we live a long time before we come to his pass, an' till then let us drink of the

Water of Life freely." Then they drank together.

This was the greatest part of the evening, as they had all attached much wonder to the meaning of the Incantation. One after another they stepped forward and took the oath; then, in the silence that followed the last words, came that insistent voice down near the door:

"He ain't drunk."

"Who?" uttered Uncle Hank in quick question. He knew who was meant, but at poverty of words to meet it, had resorted to the question.

"Him out there—the Doctor," slowly answered Lonesome Ike, with the same indication with his arm out the door. "Him that's dead an' can't drink the Water of Life," he finished hoarsely.

"But if he is dead an' can't drink the Water of Life, what are you a-wantin' of him to drink for?" asked Uncle Hank irritably. It was enough for irritation, this troubling the one little glory of his life, in which he was succeeding. "Maybe it's Life he's drinkin' now," murmured Lonesome Ike doggedly. There was mystery in this, and they were feeding on the mystic that night. They all stood thinking.

Now, as I said, O'Flynn was from a Catholic family, and having a dim idea of the extremities that they of that belief have gone in the rites attending burial, opportunely came to the support of Lonesome Ike. "We could bring him in all right and aisy," he said.

"Yes, me an' Tex can bring him in," seconded Big Tom. He and Tex had saved the meeting once that evening, and they could save it again, no matter what the requirements were. But Tex drew back and shook his head. To his sensitive musical soul, they were going past ceremony and carrying the meeting into some horror.

With this refusal of Texas Charley, Lonesome Ike quickly saw a chance of their entirely vetoing his wish if they were allowed a second's more time. "I can bring him in, an' I'm a-goin' to, if no one else will," he spoke hurriedly, as he made a line for the door, and Big Tom followed. It was no use for any one to dissent now, after Big Tom had assented and started, or things not on the quiet were likely to happen.

Now at the beginning of the ceremony, when Tex had raised that clear, vibrating voice, a penetrating sweetness was carried into the cabin where the Doctor lay that shook the insistent stupor of the form under the blanket, whose heart had not ceased its life, and whose breath had wavered faintly through that afternoon. No one had uncovered the face since Uncle Hank had placed the blanket over it, or they would have seen that death was not set there.

At the music, the stupor was broken: the living one heard steps coming and going, but his body felt heavy and slab-like, as if it were not his own. But now he felt them lifting him. The grave! And he could not stir or cry out.

As they hurried up the steps, though, Big Tom's foot slipped on the ice, and he loosed one hand from the bench on which they carried the corpse, giving it a sad jolt. This broke the nightmare. The Doctor found that he could draw long, easy breaths: soon he could cry out.

Up to the front advanced the corpse, and every one, even Tex, regardless of the decorum of the meeting, followed it.

The bench was set down in front of the Master's desk, and then Uncle Hank, after pouring two glasses of water, stood with them in his hands, confused as how to proceed.

"I'm a-goin' to offer his glass to him," said Lonesome Ike, cowering but holding out one arm doggedly for the glass. Uncle Hank gave it to him with a relief, and then he paused confused again. He was not prepared for a ceremony like this. He could not repeat the words of the oath he had used with the others—it would be out of place. He stood in miserable discomfiture a few miserable moments, then he recited in a hoarse voice, from scarcely parted lips: "Drink of the Water of Life freely."

Lonesome Ike, placing his hand under the Doctor's head to raise it for the drink, felt it raising of itself! He looked down searchingly into the Doctor's face, and saw the eyes unclosing. Hurriedly he put the glass to the pale lips, and cried in a wild voice of entreaty that ended in a whine of anguish: "Drink of the Water of Life freely!"

But the Doctor, at one taste, gasped,

"Whiskey!" at which Lonesome Ike made a frantic rush for the little jug on the altar, and pouring from it into the glass, held it to the pale lips that now drank.

Then, in bewildering joy, Lonesome Ike raised the jug to his own lips, exclaiming: "Drink of the Water of Life freely." And as it went on its way through the crowd, you could hear preceding its joyful gurgles: "Drink of the Water of Life freely!"

Then as a fit closing to the ceremony and incantation, the room was filled with the incense of burning blankets, as they were being wrapped around the stove to quickly get warmth wherein to wrap the Doctor. During this performance, the Doctor caught a glimpse of the scintillation on the eastern wall, and asked feebly: "Is it Christmas, boys?"

To this, Big Tom made answer with a saintly grin from the wrapping, which he was tenderly accomplishing with his big hands: "You bet it's Christmas, and a merry, merry Christmas."

Then after the Doctor had been made all comfortable, Uncle Hank suffering for a smoke, slipped sheepishly back to the hall for his pipe, but found a few before him there, industriously clearing away every vestige of sign of ceremony.

Of all the offerings, but the pipe remained, and that some one had found time to fill full of ice. As soon, however, as he had a smoke started, Uncle Hank began hurriedly to erase the great "G" from the wall.

But in spite of all their caution, the Doctor had an impression of something in the hall that stayed in his memory, and with wicked heartlessness, got Lonesome Ike out alone, as soon as he was able, and made him tell. And as it was, Lonesome Ike had a tenacious memory, and could tell it all, almost word for word, in his hang-dog way.

When they again urged the Doctor to go back to civilization, though, he listened to them, but when he bade them farewell, they fancied they saw alternating with the sorrow of his face, a little faint hidden amusement. But afterward, O ever afterward, in defiance of the world which was always against him, was the joy in Lonesome Ike's heart of something done, while the Doctor's gold watch, his own, talked and ticked to him in his pocket.

THE PURSE

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

It was a little brown cocoon
    Of silk that Autumn hung
Beside her girdle—night and noon
    And morning there it swung!

Nobody knew how rich the hoard,
    What blessing or what curse
Autumn, the miser witch, had stored
    And carried in that purse;

Till flowers began to blossom down
    The grassy streets of spring,
And thunders boomed the rally sound
    Of birds upon the wing;

Then autumn clapped her hands in glee;
    Opening her purse to buy
A blossom—lo, there fluttered free
    A golden butterfly!

THE THOUGHT of meeting the Major again after an absence of nine years was indeed a pleasant one. What a lot of things may happen in that time! Formerly it was "Captain," now it is "Major," and, in another nine years it may be "Colonel" Snailer. Did he wear whiskers or was he still smooth shaven; was he bald or did he still wear his hair long, as in former times, and was it commencing to be streaked with gray? While I was trying to form an impression of the Major's present appearance and keeping a sharp eye open for all persons whom I thought would answer my fanciful description, the road gave a sharp turn to the right, and led directly to the entrance of the Reservation, where a sentry was gliding back and forth alive with undivided attention.

With a light heart I drew from my pocket the precious card, and assuming an air of humbled insignificance, such as is proper when standing in the presence of superior authority, handed it to the sentry who had brought his gun to the stone pavement with an impressive crash and stood as rigid as a ramrod. To further conceal all signs of independence, I raised my hat, at the same time gave a slight bow, assuming this to be convincing proof of my harmless and peaceful intentions. To the ordinary civilian the workings of the military mind must always remain as a sealed book, as the hopelessness of his station in life renders him unfit to think along warlike lines. How long I stood with my hat above my head I have no way of recording, but it was time enough to have a great many sands of thought run through the mind of the sentry. At last the answer arrived. With an inarticulate grunt, the meaning of which I did not understand, and a brief pointing of a thumb up the road, I was led to believe that I had passed a satisfactory examination, and somewhere under the blue sky in the dim distance the Major was to be found.

I saw where a serious mistake had been made. The location of the Major's office was missing, and he being a recent arrival

THE SENTRY AT THE GATE.

from the Philippines, it was hardly time for him to be known at the Post. The "Inspector of Canteen Straps, U. S. A.," was certainly an important army position, the location of whose quarters on such a small place as a military reservation should cause no great inconvenience to find.

It was with this reassuring thought that I continued my way along the road. The air was full of golden sunlight, and the gum trees overhead were gently fanned by the fresh salt breeze that swept in from the West. In the distance the blue hills sloped away from the bay, and the green waters were now and then visible through a vista in the trees. The grounds are laid out on a patch of low hills; the roads wind in and out, sometimes in the small valleys, and then rise at an abrupt angle and follow the contour of the hills. At different points small springs bubble from the earth where the birds come to drink of the cool water and the dandelion and the wild strawberries grow in rich profusion. The cheerful sunshine and a smart climb for half a block was too much for my starched collar, which gave way and wilted to an utter state of flabbiness. Tiny streams of perspiration were commencing to trickle over my face; the hot sand at my feet was a slight reminder of what the weary traveler meets while crossing the great Sahara. It was commencing to be uncomfortably warm. In the distance under a clump of tall trees a guard house was visible, on the stairs of which and on the veranda a group of soldiers were talking and lounging. The refreshing shade of the gum trees was thrown across the path at frequent intervals, and in a short time came within hailing distance of the house, which I reached after unbuttoning my vest.

Once more the Major's card was produced, with the same result as before. The Major was unknown. He might just as well have been at Sandy Hook or at Sitka as far as the gentlemen of the guardhouse knew. Having by this time lost a great deal of the reverence and veneration with which I entered, I boldly ventured to wipe my face. The information bureau at the top of "Alabama Hill," toward which all fingers were pointing, was, in the opinion of my warrior friends, just the place I

"THE INFORMATION BUREAU AT THE TOP OF ALABAMA HILL, TOWARD WHICH ALL FINGERS WERE POINTING."

was looking for, as the little house at the top was a veritable storage tank of knowledge and information. With a profound bow I withdrew, well pleased at the prospect of soon being on the right track, at the same time catching a large drop that was about to run into my eye.

The memorable charge of "Alabama Hill" in the interest of truth and information, was a model of patience and endurance. The placing of an information bureau at the top of a hill is a master stroke of good policy. It saves the weary attendant so much of his patience and good nature, for most of the questions asked are, as a rule, foolish questions, and there is nothing in a man's life to make him more seriously disposed than to first have him climb a good hill.

The outline of the little house at the top was thrown into sharp relief against the deep blue of a clear sky; the smoke of the chimneys curled lazily in the air, while the music of a band playing in the distance filled the heart with confidence and hope. As a mariner at sea in times of great stress finds it necessary to sacrifice a part of the cargo for the safety of the vessel, it also became necessary with every new inclination of the road to relinquish a piece of wearing apparel. How near it would be that I came back to Nature I had no means of telling, the length of the distance to the top was the course to go by,

having pinned my faith on the door of the "Bureau."

The wilted collar was removed completely; after that came the coat. The music of the band became softer and more aerial as altitude became higher; the great stretches of blue-green water of the bay melted away into the gray hills beyond, when nothing would do but to take off my vest. The road became more rugged as the distance to my goal grew less. Great streams of perspiration gushed down the back of my neck and the sharp stones were commencing to hurt my tired feet. What a dream of delight it would be to give a jump into the salt water to my left, and while indulging in this pleasant reverie, I tore open the front of my shirt. One of the suspender straps had given way under the terrific strain, and a real mountaineer effect could be obtained by tying them around the waist and using them as a belt, though this was done more through necessity than the desire to be picturesque.

Up to this point, my determination to win or die remained as firm as a rock. My assortment of clothes were rolled in a ball under my arm, and while deliberating as to the distance yet to be traveled, my foot suddenly turned, a root of a shrub snapped and in a wink I was thrown to the ground, landing in a confused mass of collar, necktie, coat, vest and suspenders. Hastily rubbing the sand and gravel out of my eyes and ears, and kicking the bundle of clothes under a bush, I made a mad rush for the crest of the hill, and while engaged in patching my shirt, which had been torn at the elbow, came suddenly into view of the house, where a neat gilt sign announced that I had eventually reached the "office."

After stooping to tie a torn shoe-string, I gave a violent knock at the door.

No answer came.

I gave another knock, louder than before. The place seemed deserted. My courage failed me, and my hopes had fled; my journey had been in vain, and I was the victim of a heartless hoax. With this gloomy thought I was about to sit down and refresh myself after the strenuous climb when I heard the sound of a window that was being raised as quietly as possible, and a head peaked out. Then several

"A ROOT OF A SHRUB SNAPPED."

more eyes came peeping out of the window followed by a loud burst of laughter. At last I had reached the end, and the door was opened by a short, stout man in the garb of a civilian, who in a kind voice asked me to step inside.

It was a long, low-ceiled room of painted gray walls and furnished with an accountant's table and a tier of shelves upon which rows of books were piled. The walls were plain, except a few notices here and there tacked up for reference, and I took my place behind the heavy rail that divided the place. My newly found friend approached with a slight twinkle in his eye, and from the expression on his countenance I felt that I had not made a very serious impression upon him. A large drop of perspiration was about to fall from the end of my nose, and in a husky voice inquired if he could direct me to the address of Major Snailer.

"You'll not find him here," came the chorus from behind the door, and everybody laughed.

That I was "cracked" he had not the slightest doubt. With a kindness born of commiseration, he seemed willing to assist me in my trouble, and casting his glance at me and surveying my general appearance, felt that re-affirmed his former impression, and that in my half-wittedness I had wandered to the top of the hill. Not wishing to arouse me, as he thought, to the danger point, he very kindly took my arm and led me without the door and pointed to a tall yellow

A DARKEY ARMED WITH A HUGE BROOM.

building with a sloping red roof and surrounded with a stately patch of green grass and a small wood of trees and shrubs.

"Do you see where my finger is pointing?" he began.

As rationally as I could, I answered "yes."

"Well," he resumed, "that's the general hospital; ask for Colonel Lugger; he knows all the Majors in the camp," and with a cheerful "good-bye," withdrew to his office, no doubt pleased with the service rendered to an unfortunate lunatic.

Nothing remained but to descend "Alabama Hill," gathering together the scattered articles of personal raiment, and adjusting the same as well as possible under the circumstances, and forming a determination to avoid Colonel Lugger and all the rest of the Colonels on the place. My hopes had vanished; Major Snailer was a myth, and while indulging in this discouraging strain, I suddenly bumped into a darkey armed with a large broom, with which he was sweeping up a pile of orange skins.

He looked up.

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm looking for," and handing him the card, "and perhaps you can assist me in locating the Major."

He pulled his gray slouch hat over his eyes and gazed intently at the card. "I beg yo' pardon, sah," and crossing his feet —at the same time resting his hands leisurely upon the broom handle and grinning hugely, "but I hab not de honah ob habing de kunnel's acquaintanceship," and he turned and glanced towards the top of Alabama Hill.

I began to lose hope. I felt that my search was commencing to be a vain quest for what seemed to be the impossible.

" 'Scuse me, sah, hab you tried de info'-mation stashun on de hill?"

I did not wait for further advice; the "bureau" certainly must be one of the landmarks of the reservation, possessing singular attractions for privates and officers alike. That the Major did not exist, bitter experience gradually led me to believe, notwithstanding that I still had his card tucked away in my vest pocket.

The music of the band continued to drift along with the gentle breeze; the green water in the distance continued to rush in with the tide, and the blue gums continued to throw their welcome shadows across the path, which now turned into the main road where the barracks are located. Not a private, corporal, sergeant or officer knew of Major Snailer and the thought of meeting him had passed out of mind. At length, weary and foot sore, I cast myself on a bench, sick and tired at heart at my failure.

Taking the Major's card from my pocket, I commenced to tear it into bits, and while deliberating as to the shortest way home, was aroused by the voice of a peddler:

"Peanuts, hot peanuts," he cried, at the same time extending a bag, which I took out of sheer desire for companionship.

Business had been only fair, the soldiers were a stingy pack, and the visitors were an association of misers. At last I had found a friend, and our disappointments had found a sympathetic level, and while delivering my bitterest reproach at my hopeless failure, had occasion to mention the Major's name.

"Major Snailler!" he cried.

"The same," I answered, commencing to be interested.

"Inspector of Canteen Straps?"

"Lately of the Philippines," I returned.

"Come with me," he said, eagerly taking me by the wrist.

"Do you see that low white-washed building?" and pointing to the right small grove of trees at the distant end of the

parade ground. "That is the Major's office."

Hastily giving the peddler my hand, I dashed along the road as fast as I could go, and turning the little wood that sheltered the settlement of offices and shacks, I was about to leap into the Major's office at a single bound. A small white card was tacked on the door, and eagerly bending over to read the writing, which I recognized as the Major's, felt the effect of a powerful blow that seemed to have left my senses in a dazed condition.

I faltered as I reeled down the steps; I threw my hands to my head, the crushing disappointment was more than I could stand, for the card announced that Major Snailler, Inspector of Canteen Straps, U. S. A., had just gone to the club, and would not return until to-morrow.

RIVOLI

JANUARY 14, 1797

BY STEPHEN GAILLARD

At midnight 'neath the moon's pale beam
Flowed Adige like a silver stream—
The enchanted river of a dream,
  By mountain circled Rivoli.

At dawn the snow that crowned the height
Turned crimson in the morning light:
Ah, but it was a glorious sight!
  The dawn of sun-kissed Rivoli.

And then the brass-tongued trumpets pealed
Their summons to the battlefield;
And many a soldier's fate was sealed
  When the drums beat on Rivoli.

Then waked the cannons' thunderous roar
By silver Adige's battled shore;
And back the Austrian onset bore
  The Conquerors of Italy.

But not for long: upon the plain
They rally, form and charge again,
And while the grapeshot sweeps like rain
  Across the field of Rivoli.

In vain the foe the heights assail;
In vain they brave the leaden hail
And fiery valor of the Gael
  Led by the Man of Destiny.

Like foam upon the stormy main
They melt and vanish, save the slain,
Who sleep upon the battle plain
  Of mountain circled Rivoli.

At even when the fight was won,
And the day's bloody work was done,
In crimson clouds the wintry sun
  Went down on blood-red Rivoli.

IN THE WAKE OF THE FANATIC

BY FRANCIS H. ROBINSON

THE PRINCIPLE which denies to all the use of that misused by the few is tyrannical. It is the false reasoning which enabled the Patriarchs, the Pharaohs and the Caesars of the past to proscribe a god, regulate the dress and dictate the kind, amount and quality of food for their serfs, chattels and subjects. It is the logic that places the ban upon individuality and degrades manhood from the position of self-responsibility to a nonentity.

On these false premises, overthrown at every milestone in the onward march of man adown the centuries, is reared the toppling structure of Prohibition. It is an invasion of personal rights that, followed to its logical conclusion, justifies the closing of all theatres by the orthodox Methodist minister, and gives to the rabid vegetarian the right to prescribe for the dietary the cancer inviting tomato and the cramp provoking cucumber.

In the domain of morals, either according to the Jewish or Roman Catholic philosophies, Prohibition finds no place. It is in the ethics of those two great faiths of civilization which contain the wisdom of the ages, that virtue is the resistance to temptation. Professing a crusade for morality, Prohibition is again reft of its disguise in that it strikes at the wassail bowl and is blind to the evils of the heavily laden mahogany. It shatters the wine filled glass and leaves the glutton's plate.

Divested of ethical and moral qualities, the Prohibition crusade stands revealed as a privateer in American politics. It offers a vocation to the fanatical of limited attainments and shady pasts. In its councils are given glory and profit to transgressors. Under its banner, the interloper and adventurer exploit with impunity the purses of the guileless and unsophisticated. To those versed in the world's ways, Prohibition is a joke—except wherein the application of its principles breeds hypocrisy and sneakery, and banishes the dram glass of the legitimate license-paying bar for the flask hidden beneath the counter of the drug store and the keg of the illicit blind pig. Further, Prohibition becomes a greater evil when it threatens the great productive interests of California which bring to this State nearly $45,000,000 annually and represent an investment of one hundred million dollars. Leaving out the question of the great financial depression which has followed in the way of Prohibition in the East, and which is reflected to all parts of the nation, this State has been materially injured by this wave of fanaticism which is now happily at its ebb. It has resulted in a lowering of the prices in barley, hops and wines, the great staples of this State, as also in the limitation of the demand for those products. Prohibition has destroyed legitimate enterprise into the value of hundreds of millions of dollars and abolished the avocations of tens of thousands of wage earners only to replace the ruin it has caused by worse evils.

The results of Prohibition are fittingly displayed in this State. In Long Beach and Pasadena and other Southern Californian communities, the crusade has triumphed, and there, though scores of saloons were closed and thousands of dollars in license are lost, liquor imbibing is indulged in to no less an extent than where saloons are permitted.

In Pasadena and Long Beach, any one who is on to the ropes can obtain a drink of whiskey—no, not a drink, he must take a pint bottle. Every drug store carries it in plentiful supply, and it is of the quality that no reputable bar would dare to dispense. The closing of the saloons in Long Beach was attended by a wonderful in-

crease in the number of drug stores. According to the Board of Trade statistics of that prohibitionist town, it is one of the very healthiest that can be imagined. No one dies there if he or she can reach this Mecca of health and longevity with only the least bit of a lung clinging to the diaphragm—and yet twenty-one drug stores are flourishing like green bay trees in this community of climatic delight, and where whiskey is not to be had for love or money, unless you know the high sign and the drug clerk.

In Prohibitive Pasadena the Demon Rum is hidden, tail and horns, within the soda fountains of the drug stores and ice cream parlors. To be honest with the people of Pasadena, a number of the billiard parlors there also dispense beer and other liquors. As a proprietor of one of the latter places expressed it, "We've got the goods on some of the drug stores and they dassent squeal. Oh, the police ain't breaking their necks. We treat 'em right and they've got sense. If they were strict, everybody 'd go to Los Angeles, and the money d' get out of town. You see, the Green hotel would shut up and bust the town if they didn't let 'em run their buffet there, and of course you've got to allow for just sech conditions." This in the Holy City of Prohibition!

The police in Long Beach and Pasadena make it a rule never to charge the staggering townspeople with the crime of drunkenness. It wouldn't do! An occasional stray-away from Los Angeles is taken into custody when suffering from too much drug store stimulation, and he is utilized as a horrible example to show how dreadful are the conditions in the southern metropolis where the Rum Demon has not been routed from the stronghold of Brother Chapman, whose thrift, since venturing into Prohibition, has been the occasion of no little comment on the part of his subordinate crusaders. The humors of Prohibition are not alone confined to the strongholds in Southern California. It works on parallel lines in Kansas City, Kansas. This community is across the river from Kansas City, Missouri. In common with the rest of the sun-flower State, after going through droughts, grasshoppers, Jerry Simpsons and Populism, the Kansans took a whack at Prohibition. That was before times became so prosperous with them, and they were so hard pressed under manifold afflictions they gladly accepted any panacea that was offered—religious, political or otherwise. It was at this time the State went drier than in the years of drought, and Kansas City, Kansas, was buckled up with the rest of the State, and had to take the dose that was mixed up for it by the successful crusaders. The saloons were closed, and in their place and stead came the "blind pig." The Kansas City, Kansas, "blind pig" is famed the world over, and its whiskey would galvanize a cigar store Indian into the activity of a blood glutton Apache. Upon satisfactory representations almost any police officer in the redeemed community will guide the thirsty to a "blind pig." They are situated in some lonesome alley, and shun prominence in basements. Wretched looking men and women conduct these dismal dens, where the only stock in trade consists of the contents of a ten gallon keg and a couple of dirty glasses. The policeman is in the lead. He knocks at the door, which is cautiously and apprehensively opened. The keeper gives a low grumble, and the policeman mutters something in reply. The keeper draws a glass full from the barrel and hands it to the customer, and also performs a like service for the police officer. Twenty cents is the price, and the copious drought is swallowed. "The swallow" glues you to the spot, while two alternating currents of lightning course up and down from head to foot. The throat contracts, and speech is burned before gaining utterance. The policeman recovers first. "Great stuff," he gasps, as he places his empty glass on the head of an old barrel. You nod an affirmative response as you also gasp and reach for the door. "Great stuff," reiterates the guardian of law and order, while you take deep swallows of the outer air to quench the conflagration in your throat, and wonder if the prickling sensation in your innards is ever going to stop. "That's the pure stuff," pursues the officer. "Some of these places around here get up liquor that would cut a feller's throat. That of Brazie's goes down like oil. You know the place; sneak in any time. Thanks, I smoke once in a while. Come again."

There are twice as many blind pigs of this character now in Kansas City, Kansas, as there were legitimate saloons before Prohibition intervened.

It is a rule, yes, a maxim of political philosophy that a law which cannot be enforced should be abrogated or repealed. Prohibition cannot be enforced. There is not one community in a hundred where it prevails that liquor is not surreptitiously sold. The reason for such conditions is apparent. The human system craves alcohol as present in wine, malt liquors, and the grain and fruit distillates. In the far distant days of the Babylonians, the kings had their cup bearers with the flagon of wine. Their subjects found food and drink in the juice of the grape. Noah —the second father of man—was an imbiber, and on one notable occasion, to excess. Wine was in common use in Egypt in the time of Joseph and his brethren, and through the succeeding ages the Israelites, the chosen of the Lord, had no canon in their code of morals against fermented, malt or spirituous liquors other than the inhibition of gluttony, which applied to the use of anything to excess. It was not prohibition, but regulation.

The mythology of the great civilized empires of antiquity glorifies the nectar of the grape, and wine entered into the ceremonies and rites of the faiths of Assur as symbolic of the mysterious existence of the spirit. Back further into the mold of the Hindoo dynasties, the wheat and grape were intertwined in the symbolization of the faith of those peoples in a future existence and idealized their belief in an omnipotent being. Coming down the ages to the beginning of our own civilization, the miracle of the marriage feast of Canaan is cited as testimony of the divinity of the Holy one, when, as in the sublime words of Milton, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

Again, the testimony of the Last Supper gives no evidence of the Divine abhorrence of wine. St. Paul, in the apostolic years, counsels taking some for the stomach's sake. Moderation in all things was urged by the great apostle to the Gentiles —and not prohibition. Coming down to the days of Constantine and through the era that brought forth the famed Doctors of Christian moral philosophies which have endured through all the variations of times and manners, a search is made in vain for the tabooing of wines, malt beverages and fermented liquors. In France, Spain, Germany and Austria the monks impressed their religious zeal as well as industry upon those peoples, and it was the monasteries that promoted the cultivation of the grape and spread the knowledge of malting and distilling. Luther, apostle of Reform, had his wine, and John Knox his Scotch whiskey. For centuries Spain, France, Germany, Austria and Italy have lived upon their vineyards and their peasantry thrives on wine as a beverage. The virility of the Teuton has not been sapped by his indulgence in beer or Rhinish wines. The economies of wine-drinking rural France have garnered a colossal capital that is loaned at goodly interest to the United States of America, Russia and Great Britain. Spain's decline in the family of nations has been in step with the deterioration of its vineyards. For the world's Michael Angelos, its Mozarts, Shakespeares, Byron, Moore, Burns, its Richelieus and Bismarcks, Prohibition has nothing to offer in exchange but the blessed memory of Rutherford Burchard Hayes. It would give us Sheridan at Winchester inspired by weak tea and the dogged determination of Grant, built upon gruel. A Neal Dow would have never fitted into the times of Lincoln, and history fails to record that Milton was inspired by Prohibition literature. The early staid and pious Puritan of blue laws and The Scarlet Letter days found an admixture of rum with his cold water aided him in clinging to the rocky shores of New England, and in holding back the savage hordes by which he was encompassed. In the heroic picture of the American pioneer, who traversed a continent and gave battle to superhuman conditions, the demijohn and the plug of tobacco find a conspicuous place with the bag of beans, the side of bacon and the coffee pot. Even that famous nectar of the Prohibitionists, "vinegar bitters," concocted by one of the demigods of the Crusade, contained alcohol as a preservative, and a little more for good measure. In contrast with the races that find benefit in the beverages of the vine, the still and the malster, we are confronted with the Turk. He is an abstainer

by order of his Koran. Like his Caucasian prototype, he is a fanatic. Nobody is right but himself, and in all its history the Mohamedan has not a chapter, not a line, to offer in its literature, its poetry or in the deeds of its adherents worthy to challenge intelligent attention. For alcohol inspiration, it offers animal sensualism. It has degraded woman to the companionship of the dog, and makes virtue of bestiality. The Prohibitive Turk is the scorn of the wine drinking, beer consuming and spirit imbibing nations of the earth. Prohibition offers no citation of beneficiary results attending its application. It is of itself intemperance. It finds no favor with the great moral thinkers of the day. It is advocated by no one who holds place in present-day history. It is opposed by the great army of the clergy, who, led by Cardinal Gibbons, advocate regulation as the proper remedy to eradicate the evils which beset the liquor traffic which follow in the train of all other avocations of civilization.

It is regulation that changed the abhorrent conditions in the abattoirs of Chicago. It is under the authority of regulation that cities define fire limits and impose health ordinances. It is by stringent regulations the great army of responsible liquor dealers gathered into association as the Royal Arch are striving to better the conditions of the traffic. In the few years they have bent their energies in this direction, the improvement has been noteworthy. The low groggery and the dive are departing. Wholesome legislation against selling liquor to minors and refusing to sell to drunkards is bearing fruitful results. The Knights of the Red Branch are another great factor in the uplifting of conditions in the liquor trade, and the various associations of brewers are engaged in the praiseworthy crusade to eliminate the evils which are as harassing to their interests as to those who honestly profess the doctrines of Prohibition. The dive and the groggery have besmirched those legitimately engaged in this special traffic, just as the filthy abattoir brought the packers' products into disrepute.

The Federal Government and the various States have laws directed against the adulteration of foods and liquors that prevent the sale of the vicious concoctions which are injurious to health, and with the enforcement of wise regulations, the liquor evils will be a thing of the past. The liquor interests and the Royal Arch may be safely trusted with the battle against dives and groggeries and other attendant afflictions. Not only are they personally interested in enforcing order and regulation, but dependent upon the proper conduct of the traffic is vitally concerned the welfare and prosperity of the State. California's grape industry, with its annual return of $25,000,000, and barley product valued at $17,500,000, together with the $2,500,000 resulting from the hop harvest, aggregate a total revenue to the State that is not to be snuffed out at the whim of fanatics. Let there be regulation in all things as counseled by the Apostle, but when it comes to prescribing what people shall eat and drink it is stretching the limitations set upon such things by the American people.

Those of the clergy who are so conspicuously to the fore in the Prohibition crusade, are failing of their mission when they attempt to strengthen the canons of the decalogue by city ordinances and legislative enactments. The effort to enforce temperance by law in Long Beach or Pasadena has been a signal failure. That those who can indulge temperately should be denied the right to do so because some go to excess, is injustice. That those accustomed to wines at their meals, or beer or other liquors, are denied them simply because some ne'er-do-well in the community might go on a tear is the apotheosis of the burlesque.

It is analogous with closing all churches for the reason that a minister had gone wrong or pointing the accusing finger at the price of a marriage license for the existence of the social evil.

With faces set against the dogma of Prohibition are the prelates of the Catholic, Jewish, Episcopalian and Lutheran Churches. The Chamber of Commerce, not alone of San Francisco but of all the great cities of the country, have come out in strong opposition to the doctrine of exterminating the liquor traffic. Prohibition receives no moral sanction from those deserving of attention. In this State, as elsewhere, it is promoted by a class who were the proponents of the American Pro-

tective Association, and who are noted for grasping at anything in doctrine or dogma or political belief that will yield fleeting prominence and a little revenue. Those at the head of the crusade in this State show by the assessment roll that their efforts are not solely self-sacrificing. In fact, it is amusingly shown to be otherwise. Against the clatter and advocacy of this revenue and notoriety seeking class is to be weighed the conservative counsel and wise judgment of those of the financial and business community and the non-hysterical clergy who urge regulation and oppose prohibition. The latter invokes widespread ruin without offering betterment of condition to the human race. If by their fruits ye shall know them, the yield of Prohibition puts it out of the consideration of those professing sanity.

THE WILD GOOSE

BY PERCY M. CUSHING

He comes to us when days are bleak,
When leaves are brown and skies are gray,
Sounding the knell of summer winds
That blew but yesterday.

Down from the northland's dreary wastes,
At twilight dim and blustery morn.
Southward he plies his solemn flight
And winds his solemn horn.

Frost warned of winter's frozen reign
He fills his sails for distant seas,
Flinging his hoarse-toned chant to swell
The wind's wild harmonies.

The Southland calls and he must steer
His course athwart the far blue way;
Brother, did we not feel the lure
Ourselves but yesterday?

FRESNO

THE PARADISE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS MAN OF SMALL MEANS

OVERLAND MONTHLY HISTORICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SERIES.

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

Vasco Nunez de Balboa, adventurer, sought to better his fortune by seeking it in a strange land to the West. When he listened to the syren song of the Indian, who told him of a land of fabulous wealth lying to the North and the Westward, he little knew how far short the glowing description fell of the reality. From the Caribbean his followers sought the fabled land of milk and honey, silver and gold and precious jewels. Coronado, in his wanderings, marked another milestone toward California, and when John Law proclaimed that all the fiat currency the printing presses of France could produce did not begin to represent the value of the treasures to be found to the west of the Mississippi he told the truth. When Napoleon estimated that the entire wealth of the then known world did not approximate a tithe of this same wealth to the west of the Mississippi, he was wiser than all the sages of his generation. When Napoleon ceded the vast Louisiana territory from Oregon to the Gulf of Mexico, for a paltry fifteen million dollars, he knowingly made the most magnificently munificent gift that ever was made by living man to succeeding generations, and this gift did not include California. To-day, California is the treasure house the man of Elba and St. Helena pointed out to the West; California is that blessed land of perpetual youth sought by Ponce de Leon, that land of milk and honey and treasures and jewels of Balboa, and its wealth producing center is Fresno.

Fifteen millions of dollars for the territory of Louisiana! Think of it! There are five banks in Fresno with a total of deposits of over five millions! The assessed valuation of the city is over eight million dollars!

Fifteen millions for Louisiana and the commissioners quibbled with Talleyrand. The Fresno raisin crop of 1907 was valued at over four million dollars; wheat, barley and corn, three million thirty seven thousand five hundred; alfalfa, one million seven hundred and fifty thousand; wines, two million five hundred thousand; milk and cream, one million five hundred thousand; butter, one million two hundred and fifty thousand; dairy cows (graded), one million four hundred thousand; lumber, two million five hundred thousand; olives and olive oil, five hundred and sixty thousand; horses, one million dollars. Figures weary one, and so let it suffice that these are statistics, and that the range of the country products is as varied as the possibilities of nature, and that the total for 1906-7 was over thirty-one million dollars.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE FARMERS and business men of Fresno could have bought the vast Louisiana territory twice over in one year out of their earnings and have yet possessed a nest-egg of $73,000.

The farmers and business men of Fresno County produce so much that out of their earnings they would have paid the price given by the United States for the vast territory of Alaska, and yet have the comfortable sum of twenty-five millions and seventy-three thousand dollars left with which to begin the new year!

Of all the vast territory ceded to the

United States by Mexico on February 2, 1848, at the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, including Texas, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and parts of Colorado and Wyoming, the richest is California, and Mexico received directly and indirectly the sum of eighteen million dollars for the cession. The raisin, grapes, dairy, wines, horses, alfalfa, oranges, lemons, olives, wheat, barley, oats and corn produced in Fresno County *in one year* would have purchased this empire from Mexico and have money left over!

placed on sale. It was a desolate place and gave no promise of its destiny. When the lots were placed on the market there was no business nor inducements to business, hence no buyers for the lots. Fate had, however, decreed that on this site a city should be built—a bright idea struck the land agents of the railroad company—they would sell the lots on trial like patent medicine, and if the buyers were not satisfied they need not pay for them. A good many lots were engaged on these terms.

In July of 1872, M. A. Shultz erected

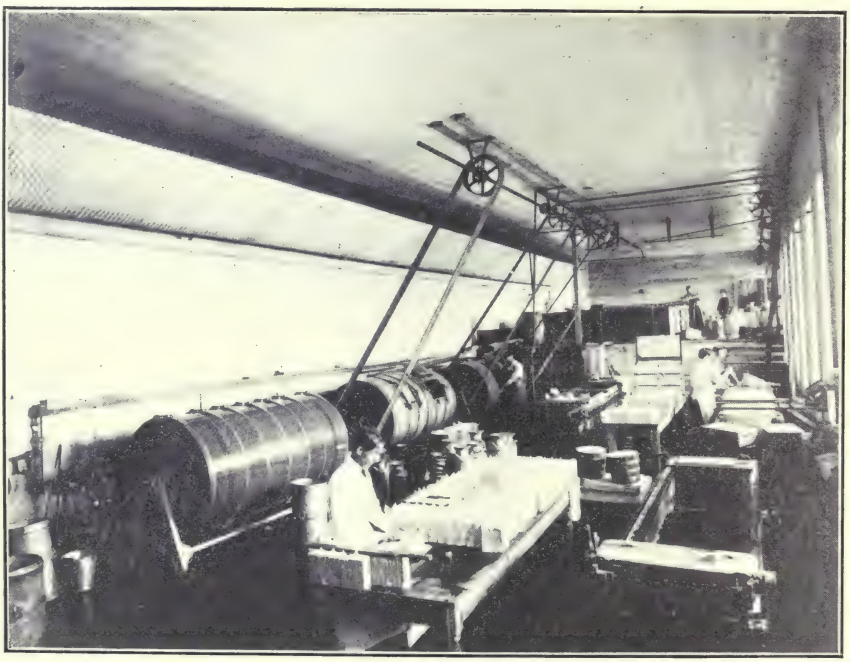
LOOKING FROM COURT HOUSE PARK TOWARD THE BUSINESS SECTION.

The big men of the world, the Talleyrands, the Napoleons, the Jim Hills, the Huntingtons, have done most of their empire building, through the agency of blind chance!

Fresno City proper was located in May, 1872, by the Contract and Finance Committee of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The land was donated to the railroad company by W. S. Chapman (who at that time is said to have owned more land than any other man in the State of California.) The town was at once surveyed, staked and platted and lots were

the first real building—a two-story structure at the present site of the Ogle House on Front street. Here was started one of those institutions which precedes all Western towns—a saloon. A restaurant was also opened in this building and during the fall of this same year quite a number of houses appeared like mushrooms on the scene. A post-office was established on September 18th. This was a drawing card, and by the month of November, after six months' growth, the new Fresno had two stores, three livery stables, four hotels and restaurants and three saloons.

IN THE PEACH ORCHARDS OF FRESNO COUNTY.



OVER A TON OF BUTTER IS MADE HERE A DAY.

The population was largely Mexican and Spanish. The frontier dance was the common pastime, and these entertainments would gather to the town the vaqueros and senoritas for miles around. These people gave to many points of the locality the names they now bear. "Merced," from the Rio de Mercedes, or the "River of Mercy," a name bestowed on the stream by grateful paisanos whose burning thirst it has slaked. "Tulare," from the rushes or tules about the lake.

Fresno became the county seat by vote of the people held in March, 1874. Prior to that time the county seat was at the town of Millerton on the San Joaquin River. On October of that year the corner stone for the new county court house was laid. About this time the waters of the Kings River was diverted and irrigation became the vitalizing influence throughout the county, and this gave the city an impetus which became and continues a part of the existence of the place. Then followed the introduction of the colony system, the settlement of the county by breaking up areas with designated tracts, and selling the land off to settlers who started small fruit farms.

In 1885, thirteen years after the town was laid out, it was incorporated and became a city. It then had a population of 3,000. The incorporation gave the place a new impetus. Many splendid business blocks were erected, banks established, city improvements were inaugurated and street cars made their appearance. These improvements had a natural tendency to increase property values rapidly, and speculation began and continued until a real estate boom was in full blast. By the time the boom had run its course, a financial stringency made its appearance throughout the United States and Fresno was compelled to recoup under adverse circumstances. The boom had been of no permanent value to Fresno except as an advertisement. Several years were spent recovering from the speculative fever.

During the past decade there has been much development in all lines, which has increased the standing of Fresno City as

Irrigation Ditch, a plentiful and constant supply of pure mountain water. Good crops, rain or no rain, in the valley.

ON A FRESNO STOCK RANCH.

a commercial center, and as a splendid place for those who desire a good and wholesome locality for a home. There is an activity in all lines of business, and with proper selection there is no line of investment that does not yield satisfactory results to the investor.

New and beautiful homes are being built as fast as local contractors can handle the work and a new residence is completed for every day of the year. This indicates a rapidiy increasing population. It is estimated that the present population of Fresno is about 30,000, and that the yearly increase is about one thousand. Five banks handle the finances of the community, the cash on deposit at any time aggregating $5,000,000. The total assessed

ALL WOOL AND MORE THAN A YARD WIDE.

valuation of city property is $7,000,000, which is about one-half its real value.

A splendid Federal building is soon to be erected in Fresno City at a cost of at least $150,000, to accommodate the federal court, the postoffice and several other federal offices stationed in the city.

In politics Fresno is conceded to be Republican, though its voters are independent and many good men from both the Democratic and Republican parties have continually held office. Under the special charter, the appointed offices are divided as nearly equal as possible between the parties and the desire is general to eliminate politics entirely from city affairs, thus making ability and not party affiliations the "open sesame" to favor in public places.

Fresno has a wonderful development, and there are reasons for it. Nature has done much and men have aided nature. There has been a constant immigration of desirable people. They have come to work and to stay. To-day the city is peopled with an intelligent, progressive, liberal and enterprising people. Broad, finely constructed cement or granite sidewalks and well graded bitumen and oiled streets are features of the city, while elegant buildings both public and private, give the place a metropolitan air not to be found in other cities of relative size. There is no competing city near Fresno, and there is none to contradict the declaration that she is the "Queen of the San Joaquin Valley."

Thus it will be seen that from the practically blind beginning of 30 years ago, when lots were sold on the basis that if the buyers were not satisfied they could return them a great inland metropolis has been established, the entrepot for all of the country for miles around, the great market place of an agricultural empire, and proudly called "the hub of California" by its citizens. Fresno is beautiful, its climate is unexcelled, its location ideal, and its people are prosperous!

"KEARNEY DRIVE." THE TALL AND UNCUT PAMPAS ON EITHER SIDE.

It may be truly said that "if you have not seen Fresno, you have not seen California." Everything grows in Fresno County, and it is richest in its wealth of flowers. The city has long ago passed the "pioneering" stage, and it is to-day a city of culture and refinement, its school sys-

PICKING RAISINS AND GETTING READY FOR DRYING.

THE CULTIVATION OF RAISINS.

tem is perfect, and, scenically, it would be difficult indeed to find adjectives sufficiently fulsome to describe it.

The principal products are: Cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, hides, wool and tallow, lumber, firewood, gold, copper, petroleum, wheat, barley, oats, rye, corn, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, all kinds of deciduous fruits, table grapes, dried fruits, raisins, wines and brandies, butter, cheese, poultry, eggs, all kinds of garden vegetables, sweet and Irish potatoes, tomatoes, celery, melons, all kinds of berries, honey, etc. There are 1,194,900 deciduous fruit trees in the county, and this number is added to each season. There are 77,255 acres of vineyard producing wine and raisin grapes.

All these products tell of the fertility of the valley, but with more people these products of this fertile district are capable of vast increase. Down from the Sierra flow rivers and creeks fed from the glaciers of snow-capped mountains, giving an unfailing water supply which needs only to be diverted to make fruitful large sections of now unproductive lands. Professor Elwood Mead, the Government expert, now associated with the University of California, whose recent report is most interesting, says of the great valley that the water supply available there "ought to make of it the Egypt of the Western hemisphere. Within a radius of five miles I saw every product of the temperature and semi-tropical zones which I could call to mind." And he adds that there are "more acres of irrigable land in the San Joaquin Valley than are now watered in Egypt from the Nile, where agriculture alone supports more than five million people."

Grazing and foothill lands not under irrigation are obtainable at from $5 to $10 an acre, and grain land at from $15 to $25 an acre. Land with water, suitable for alfalfa, fruit and vines, at from $35 to $75 an acre. First class vineyards in full bearing command from $250 to $350 per acre; good orchards in bearing from $150 to $200 per acre; unimproved citrus lands from $50 to $100 an acre.

PICKING ORANGES FOR SHIPMENT.

The fig in Fresno County deserves particular mention, as there is no other locality in California where this fruit will do as well or where so much has been done in cultivating and improving the fruit. As the result of the efforts of Mr. George C. Roeding, a prominent horticulturist, Fresno now produces the Smyrna fig, an achievement which has not been accomplished anywhere else in America.

A FRESNO BUSINESS STREET. THE BEAUTIFUL BUILDING AT THE END OF THE STREET IS THE COURT HOUSE.

HUGHES HOTEL, FRESNO, CAL.

Oranges are grown successfully, but the oldest groves are located in the eastern part of the county, at the base of the foothills. The citrus fruits of this district have repeatedly taken prizes at district citrus fairs, State fairs and international expositions. The advantages that Fresno claims are freedom from frost and certain conditions of soil that produce a superior fruit, but the chief advantage is the fact that Fresno County oranges ripen and are ready for market about November 1st, thus reaping the benefit of the early high prices in the Eastern markets. Orange trees begin to bear the fourth year after planting. At five or six years of age, the trees should bear well and yield a handsome income. Lemons are also successfully grown.

The production of raisins in California became so enormous as far back as ten or twelve years ago that the growers began the agitation of organizing an association whereby they might the more certainly secure to themselves the profits of their investment and labor, and accordingly they hit upon a plan of organization which in the main has been successful.

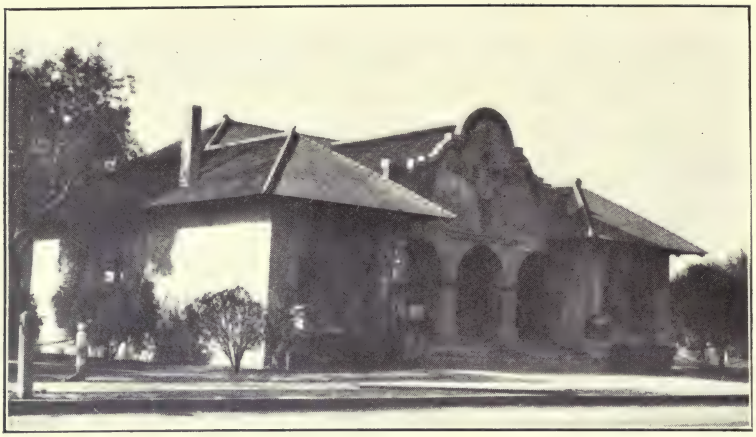
The membership of the Association this year numbers 1,460. These persons have each taken one share of stock of the Association and paid $1 for it. Such gives the right of a voice in the discussions of the Association and the power to vote in its business. Such members, however, stand with reference to their crop deliveries and receipts therefor, on no different ground than that of the grower who is not a member, but who has a contract with the Association and delivers his product thereunder. Of these latter there are about 1,600, making with the members over 3,000 in all. The association receives over a vast district of California lying in the interior of the State and reaching from El Cajon in San Diego County on the south to Woodland in Yolo County on the north.

In the respective years of its existence, the Association has distributed to the growers the following sums:

Year	Amount
1898	$1,302,739.42
1899	2,019,298.32
1900	2,672,784.12
1901	1,648,178.12
1902	3,103,101.75
Average for first 5 years	2,149,220.53
1903	2,240,415.90

THE DWELLING OF MR. W. N. ROHRER, MT. CAMPBELL ORANGE TRACT, WAH-TO-KE, CALIFORNIA. PHOTO BESAW.

Fresno County and city offers to the man of brains and willingness to work an opportunity to obtain his living and a good deal more. It was thirty years ago that the hardy pioneers made the water give life to the century rested land and the fruitage has been phenomenal. Splendid homes now stand where first stood the 'dobe shack, and everywhere throughout the county the advantages of to-day's civiliza-



THE FRESNO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING TYPICAL OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

tion are at the beck and call of Fresno's citizenship. It is not any longer, in any sense, a frontier city!

Fresno County has but 50,000 people, and so immense is its area, it could easily accommodate ten times that many in plenteous prosperity! There are no cold winters in Fresno, here no blizzards blow, there are no long seasons of hugging the stove while the earnings of the summer go to the coal man. Fresno County was developed by the men and women of moderate means. Fresno wants more of the same kind of men and women. The East is full of them—drudging away their lives in an endless and futile endeavor to make ends meet. Away to the west is the solution of life's problem. Here is the ever-present opportunity beckoning always, and insistently offering its largesse. Come ye, then, to the Land of Opportunity, where fortune waits on every one who has the willingness to use brain and brawn to win her golden smiles!

The Fresno County Abstract Company, which is located at 1215 K street, Fresno, California, was incorporated under the laws of the State of California on January 21, 1891. Since that date, it has continued uninterruptedly in its career as a searcher of records and conveyancer, and by its admirable business-like methods, and great accuracy observed in the searching of records, has grown to enjoy a clientele of great proportions. One of its particular specialties is the compiling of abstracts of title. This particular branch of the business is handled, as it must of necessity be, with great care and regard for the rights of the client represented. The capital stock is listed at $100,000, which is fully paid-up.

SCENE ON THE LAGUNA DE TACHE RANCH.—POULTRY RAISING PAYS WELL.

The list of officers and directors of the Fresno County Abstract Company, which is here appended, is the best index to the standing of the company. The officers are: A. V. Lisenby, president; L. L. Cory, vice-president; Bank of Central California, treasurer; Frank H. Short, attorney, and W. W. Eden, secretary and manager. The directors number such well-known citizens as Louis Einstein, Leopold Gundelfinger, W. H. McKenzie, O. J. Woodward, A. V. Lisenby, W. W. Eden and L. L. Cory.

THE FRESNO VINEYARDS

BY L. A. TEAGUE

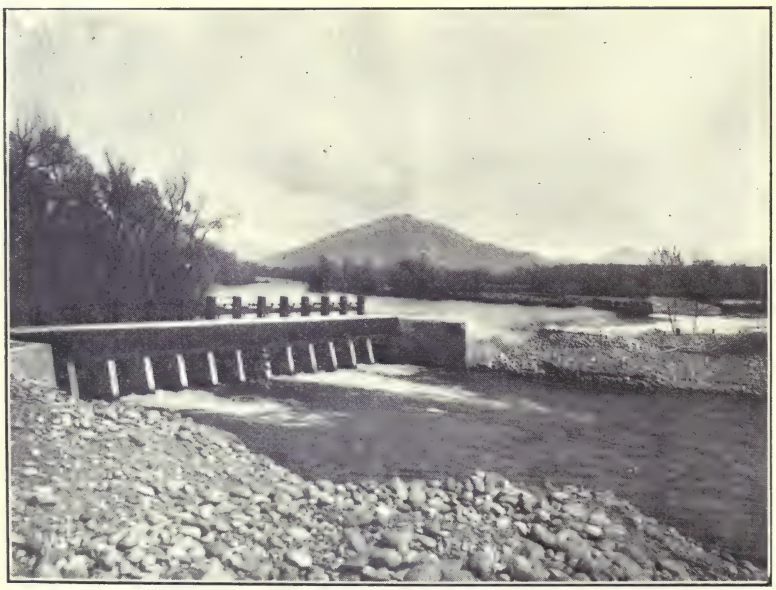
In going over the country round about Fresno and Clovis, one is greatly impressed with the prosperous appearance of everybody and everything, and cannot resist the desire to own a vineyard. Knowing that the Shepherd-Teague Co. had planted a large acreage to vines, we determined to try for a few acres of their holdings. On visiting their office with that object in view, we were informed that although they had planted between six and seven hundred acres to sell, they had withdrawn it from the market because the revenue therefrom was equivalent to ten per cent on $1,000 an acre net, and they knew of no investment where they could improve on the present one. As an illustration, we were told that an eighty acre vineyard on the road to Clovis was paying better than an $80,000 piece of business property in the large cities. This set us to thinking and moralizing. We wondered why so many mortals are content to remain where they are never free from the dread of no work and the fear of being penniless in old age, where they get no comfort and no luxuries that a piece of land gives gratis. Think of the many little luxuries the people in the city must be deprived of; fruits, flowers, cream, chickens, eggs, vegetables, etc., and then picture the abundance of all these that a little piece of land provides. Rockefeller, with all his millions, gets no better; but pshaw; "what fools these mortals be." The knowledge of what the land provides must either be a dark secret to the great multitude or they must think the cost too great. This last thought must be wrong, for we were shown a number of fine places where the owners started on a mere pittance, and are now kings in their own right. Oh, for the power to paint a pen picture of what is always in evidence here; the miles and miles of small vineyards with the little house surrounded by the palm, the fig, the orange, the family orchard in all its variety, the rippling brook profaned by the name of ditch; the beautiful rivers, called canals, margined with tall trees and waving palms, the ever snow-clad Sierras on the west, and the Coast Range on the east, bordering a great valley that is des-

THE BONNIE BRAE VINEYARD OF SHEPHERD-TEAGUE COMPANY.

A SCENE IN THE BONNIE BRAE VINEYARD.

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE SPELLS HAPPINESS IN EVERY FEATURE OF HER HANDSOME FACE.

SHEPHERD-TEAGUE COMPANY.



AN IRRIGATING CANAL IN FRESNO COUNTY. PHOTO LOANED BY THE FRESNO CONSOLIDATED CANAL COMPANY.

tined to become the depot of supply for millions.

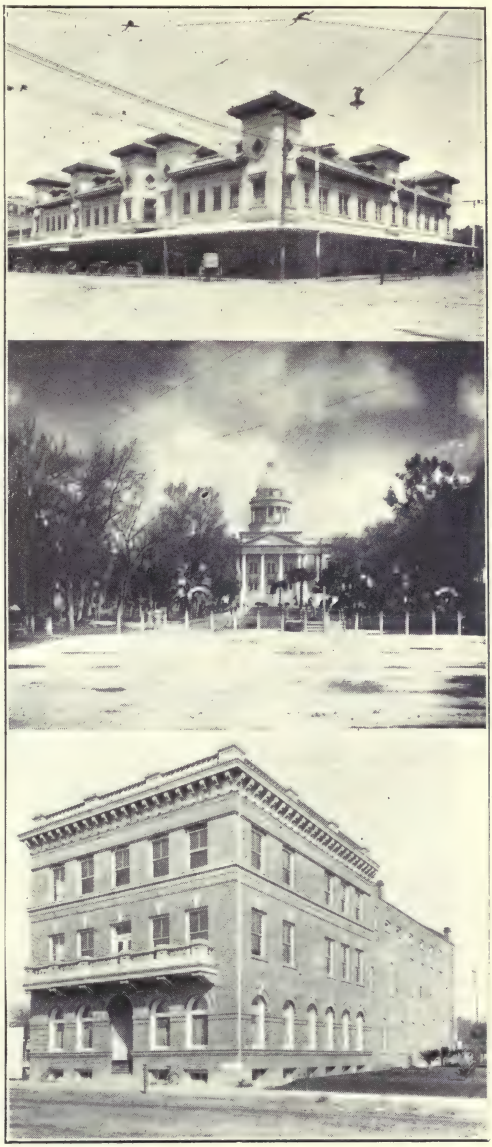
Inquiring and chatting, we learned a great deal of life and profits of the vineyardist. The land planted to vines gives results in the third year. The work to be done leaves a lot of time for pleasure. For instance, during the months of June, July and August, one can go to the sea shore, as a great many do, for there is no care necessary for the vines during that time. Then after the gathering of the crop comes another interval until farming time in the spring; in fact, an entire absence of the drudgery that we have always heard accompanies a life on the farm; but then, really this is not a farm but a vineyard, and is not to be classed in that same line of effort.

We heard, too, a great deal of the heat of summer before our arrival here, but soon learned that that was an asset, and our experience soon convinced us that the beautiful summer nights cooled by the bay breezes were ample compensation for our discomforts of the day.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Some one has said that "Fresno County, California, is an agricultural area of magnificent futures." He should have said that Fresno County is an area of a grand present, and whose future possibilities in soil production are to be measured only by the imagination. The physical, climatic and productive qualities of the county justly entitles it to be called the heart of the wonderful San Joaquin Valley, if not of the whole State, itself being an empire of agricultural productiveness and wealth-making. Within the borders of Fresno County will be found in addition to the most fertile of soil such minerals as gold, silver, copper, quicksilver, coal, iron, quarries of granite, marble, sandstone, limestone and coal-oil. The acreage of the county measures 5,940 square miles, one million or more acres of which are admitted to be possessed of the highest qualities of agricultural land. Mountain districts and broad valleys are the topography, with abundance of water for one of the most scientifically constructed irrigation systems now in operation, which supplies farmers, ranchers, orchardists and others needing such water supply service.

Although the growth of the grape industry has been proportionately more rapid hitherto than some other ground products, the increase in acreage devoted to alfalfa, fruits, vegetables and dairy



1. PATTERSON BLOCK, FRESNO.
2. COURT HOUSE AND PARK.
3. Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

NENNIS STUDIO, PHOTOS.

SCENE ON THE LAGUNA DE TACHE RANCH.—INDIAN CORN GROWS WONDERFULLY ON THE LAGUNA.

SCENE ON THE LAGUNA DE TACHE RANCH.

One of the most profitable of the great productive industries of Fresno County is the raising of hogs. The climatic conditions obviate all necessity of outlay for shelter, and the hog is permitted to range for himself at all seasons of the year. The soil, so productive of generous yields of alfalfa, corn sorghum, pumpkins and stock melons, contributes to the profits of this great industry of the county. Fresno, moreover, is in close proximity to the great markets of the State, reached at a minimum cost of transportation, which affords quick and prompt disposal of the product of the pen. The dairying interests have had much to do in contributing to the development of hog raising, which has become one of the great adjuncts of that business, as the hog turns into profitable account the products of the dairy which otherwise figure as waste. The constant tendency to increase in prices of pork and by-products has turned general attention to the profits in hog raising, and in this field of activity Fresno holds no second place.

farming has been enormous in recent years. This comes largely from encouraging the coming of home-seekers who purchase from ten to twenty and thirty acre parcels of ground and devote their attention to the greatest variety of products possible, and keep their ranches in a high state of cultivation, so that now nearly all of Fresno County appears to the stranger as a wide expanse of territory devoted to agriculture under the supervision of scores and scores of separate land-owners. But while grape culture takes the lead in the grape and its several products, every ground product to which the soil and climate of Fresno County is congenial is steadily expanding in output, it will never do so at the expense of grape culture. That is the underlying basis of Fresno's past, present and future agricultural and general business expansion and immigration. All this may be conceded by the growth of production in recent years. Thus in 1872 the county produced only 50,000 pounds of grapes; in 1882, 2,300,000 pounds, and 1908 is not unlikely to reach below 125,000,000 or more pounds. Were the business of grape culture not distinctively congenial to Fresno County soil, no such increase in production would have been made. Perhaps it is not estimating extravagantly to say that in the not very distant future the value of the annual grape crop of Fresno County, the grape's wide range as a commodity of commerce will be not far from $25,000,000. And yet there are thousands of acres as good for all purposes waiting in idleness for the thrifty, energetic and industrious new-comer.

No doubt the main reason, aside from its productiveness, that Fresno County has so rapidly grown by the influx of home-seekers is that land values have never been "boomed," and by adopting the colony system. This system is to seek immigration that as many who were acquaintances "back East" may be located in the same community as possible. This plan works two ways, and both work to advantage. The old community is merely transplanted to the new without materially disturbing the people's social life and customs, and each new-comer becomes an agent to solicit the coming of those still at the "old home." But to start with, Fresno County possesses inducements for home building in a new country which not many communities in California or in any other part of the United States have to offer. By the very nature, the climate, soil and opportunities for desirable and profitable home building in Fresno County, expansion in all lines of occupation should become more and more extended.

BY P. N. BERINGER, EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY

"Americans of To-day and To-morrow," by Alfred J. Beveridge, is one of a series. The other one is called "Work and Habits." The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, is the publisher.

Senator Beveridge has a singular lucidity of style that is highly commendable, and while we may not always agree with his deductions, we may at least find much food for thought. He writes in an anecdotal, free and easy way that immediately takes you into his confidence, and you feel that he is always a conscientious student, and that the opinions, although at times illy digested, are prompted by a splendid patriotism.

Senator Beveridge makes us see ourselves as others see us in his book, "Americans of To-day and To-morrow," and it is a volume that should be read not only by the student of political economy but by the college professor and the scholar of the colleges and the high schools of the land.

* * *

"Work and Habits," by the same author, is aimed at the young American with a view of showing him the evils of the day as they influence his life. It deals with every-day problems of the workshop or the business. Every page teems with common sense and the opinions of the high-minded man of affairs "who has been up against the game he writes about," and who knows all about it, and who at no time has shown any evidence of being a molly-coddle. There is nothing of the psalm-singer in this book. It is, however, one of the very best sermons on the conduct of daily life that has ever come to the reviewer's desk. Here is something I feel like calling to the attention of the young and the old men of the West: "What this country needs is more good losers and fewer winners. The vicious fear of losing is the greatest obstacle to the passage of needed laws with which the practical and the fearless legislator has to contend."

Henry Altemus Company, Phila.

* * *

Anne Warner has written a strange "Tale of Temptation," which is the sub-head, and the title given her allegory is "The Panther." It may strike some people as a wonderful piece of work. It may make others shudder and look askance at their own souls, and it may make the cynical sneer. Anne Warner has attempted much in this curiously quaint volume, and it should appeal to womankind because womankind is emotional, and I am not afraid to say that "The Panther" is the emotional book of the year. It is splendidly got up, and is illustrated by Paul K. M. Thomas. If you want a book that will send holiday thrills, shrills and terrors down your spine, read "The Panther."

The publishers are Small, Maynard & Co.

* * *

The Outing Publishing Company has given us many enjoyable books this season, but none that is more thoroughly of this class than "The Tent Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine. This book is as delicious as rare old wine. I am not sure that I have ever read a book treating of the great out-of-doors that I love more than this one. The drawings are by Henry Watson, and they are almost as clever as the text. There are all kinds of incidents in the book, and the comedy feature is not left out. This volume of Mr. Paine's makes an ideal gift for your friend, who is an apostle of the fresh-air-mountain-climbing-sleep-in-a-tent-variety.

* * *

"9009" is out in book form, and "Jimmie" Hopper and Fred R. Bechdolt have erected a claim to some little of the immortality that comes with fame as a writer of something that is more than ordinary, but the gentlemen have also just fallen short of doing something great. They have not written a story that will be read by thinkers, and their work, taken up in a moment of anger, pity, enthusiasm and disgust will die almost in the bornin'. Why? Because the author was not satisfied with writing what had actually happened to 9009, but, after releasing his prisoner from the pen he makes him go through a bunch of adventures which are in themselves a sort of defi to the world and an apotheosis of the criminal. "Les Miserables" was written under the stress of much the same emotion as that which moved the authors of "9009," and yet Hugo was great enough to stop, when the semblance of truth was stretched to the breaking point. Hugo accomplished more with his book than making a name with his publisher. Hugo got results in an improved penological system in France. Bechdolt and Hopper had a splendid chance to do something immeasurably greater than "9009," and fell far short of their aim. Yet the book is entrancingly and weirdly interesting, and is one of the very best sellers of the year.

The McClure Company, New York.

* * *

Mary Stewart Cutting's "The Wayfarers" is a fine holiday story. It is a clean, wholesome book that may be given to the young person of either sex as a Christmas present. The story will not hurt any one, and the interest is strong enough to hold the attention of even a blase reviewer, and that surely should be a recommendation. Alice Barber Stephens is the ar-

tist who has illustrated this book, and her work is always excellent.

The publishers are the McClure Company.

* * *

Colonel W. F. Cody, otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill," is the author of a book called "True Tales of the Plains," and undoubtedly it is all that its name implies. Colonel Cody may never lay claim to the fact that he is an author of renown, but his stories bear the impress of being told by one who "was there" and was there first and did not miss. He may stretch the string just a little, but it never breaks, and if the illustrations in the book had only the same quality and virility as the text, it might easily pass for a classic history of the times and places it presumes to represent. As it is, one cannot get away from the claim that it is the record of actual experience. The man who writes the book was there, and if after years have gilded his acts with a halo of romance, it is after all his halo, and it is impossible to deny the gallant old gentleman the use of it.

The publishers are The Empire Book Company, New York.

* * *

"American Highways and Byways" is one of the books of the year. It is an ideal holiday book, and the author is to be congratulated as fortunate indeed in his selection of his publishers. The MacMillan Company have succeeded in getting out a splendid specimen of the book-makers' handicraft. Mr. Clifton J. Johnson has a happy faculty of bringing the reader in a purely human and enjoyable manner in touch with the people and the land. He is one of the best descriptive writers in the United States. The book will be in demand for many years to come, and as a holiday production it ranks second to none.

* * *

The sympathetic world has reached out and has taken in Helen Keller, and it has lived over her troubles; it has imbibed her sweet patience and her philosophies, and her sufferings have been to many less afflicted props and spurs on the weary way of life. Helen Keller has written another book. It is "The World I Live In." Helen Keller tells us in her buoyant-all-seeing way of her own life. It is a hope inspiring book. Miss Keller transmits to the reader her beautiful buoyancy of spirit, and we read her daily life history as the chronicles of a wonder child who is living in a marvelous world seen through the eyes of others, in it but not of it.

The Century Company.

* * *

"Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend, Miss Musgrove," is the rather long title given to a volume by Grace Donworth, Small, Maynard & Co., Print., Boston. This is a collection of letters containing much homely, practical philosophy and wit. The artist, who furnishes sixteen very cleverly-drawn illustrations, is Mr. Frederic C. Gruger, and he has caught the very semblance of the text in his delineations. It would be impossible to give the reader an idea of the many quaint sayings and the weird way of spelling employed by Jennie Allen, and it is sufficient to quote any paragraph selected haphazardly, to give the gentle reader an idea of the truly delightful and quaint character of these "letters." Of course, a pretty story runs all through the narrative. Here is a sample of the letter writer's ability: "Then how could it have been Paradise to them, I says." "Eve must of been happyer after she had her boys than befoare that, till Cain's crime. She couldent of had any regrets for Paradise before that happened." Mr. Spinney says, "I never thought of it before, but who could they trace Cain's cussedness back to? Adam couldent say to his wife, "He got it from your side of the house," and vicy verser. It was the only case where a bad man's actions couldent be hove off onto some ancestor on the other side."

* * *

Maximilian Foster has given us for the holiday season a story of mystery that is most entrancing. It is entitled "Corrie Who?" There is plenty of humor and patnos in these pages, there is love and intrigue. It is a story that winds along in its threads like those of a spider, and the tracery is as delicately drawn. You cannot help following to the end the strands that are woven in and about the threshold of a charming old red brick house in the West Side of New York. Small, Maynard & Company are the publishers, and the book is splendidly illustrated by George Brehm, whose frontispiece, "Corrie," is a gem of the art of illustration.

* * *

American readers, and, in fact, people who love literature all over the world, have an affection for the works of Dr. S. Wier Mitchell. The mere announcement that he has given us another one of his stories should bring hundreds of readers in every city in the Union. "The Red City" is an historical novel, a continuation of the entrancing story of "Hugh Wynne." It is the story of a Huguenot emigre, whose father has been wantonly killed at Avignon by the Revolutionists. He comes to Philadelphia, and falls in love with a sweet Quakeress, goes into the employ of Hugh Wynne, and comes in contact with the illustrious of the day, including Jefferson, Hamilton and others.

The story is a valuable picture of the time of Washington, and the telling is in the ripest and best vein of good Doctor Mitchell.

The Century Company, publishers.

* * *

"The American College, A Criticism," is the title of a short treatise by Abraham Flexner. Mr. Flexner has devoted to his critical analysis of the American college a fine analytical knowledge of men and things. He puts forth very strongly what he considers the weak points in our colleges, and his ideas are endorsed by the foremost students of our educational system. There is much in what Mr. Flexner says that should be read by the High School student, the collegian and the professor or the parent. This book is sure to be productive of much real good, if the attention of the public is cleverly directed in its direction by the proper advertising.

The Century Company.

Mr. Charles S. Miller has struck a useful idea in the publication of his work, entitled "Appendicitis and Wound Infections," Oak Publishing Company, Chicago. This is an explanation in simple language of appendicitis and germ infections. It makes clear to the reader the truth about these important conditions, and gives the public the knowledge needed to enable them to understand the true attitude of the surgeon. It is one of the "Surgeon and Patient Series," and its publication is not as a technical work, but for the use of the general reader.

* * *

Perhaps no one but an artist knows the difficulties that are encountered in drawing a bear. Mr. Charles Copeland who has illustrated the new book by Clarence Hawkes, "Black Bruin," has made a big success of the pictorials connected with the production. Mr. Hawkes writes in his happiest vein and his knowledge of bruin is not second to that of Joaquin Miller.

This book is a fit present for young or old and is an addition to our knowledge of the bear and his habits. Mr. Hawkes is rapidly taking a place in the forefront of nature story writers. The publishers should be congratulated on the splendid binding and the wonderful beauty of the book.

George W. Jacobs, Publisher, Philadelphia.

* * *

Zane Grey in the "Last of the Plainsmen" has given us an additional book on the frontier life as our fathers knew it. The illustrations to this book are from photographs by the author. Buffalo Jones is one of the characters in the old drama that still exists, and is a strange character . His name is a household word in the territory through which wound the "long trail" of the long ago. The author made a long trip with the old hunter recently, through the Arizona desert, in pursuit of mountain lions and other large game. It is a most fascinating book and it is full of the love of the out-door life.

The Outing Company, Publishers.

* * *

"A Little Brother of the Rich," is the title of one of the popular books of the day. The story is written by Joseph Medill Patterson, and while the situations have at times the smack of the melodramatic there is that in this book that holds the attention of the reader to the end. Sylvia, the heroine, is a splendid character study, and Mr. Patterson knows his world well. Here again the publishers have been more than fortunate in the selection of an artist and Mr. Walter Deane Goldbeck, who furnishes five drawings, places himself at once in the rank of the foremost of the American illustrators of the day. The Reilley-Britton Company, Chicago.

* * *

Doctor Amos G. Warner's "American Charities," has been revised and enlarged by Mary Roberts Coolidge. This is a standard work on economics, sociology, philanthropy, etc. It is recommended to students who wish to keep informed on a vital movement. Miss Coolidge was formerly the late author's pupil and coworker and is fully equipped to carry on the work as his successor. There is biographical preface by George Elliott Howard of the University of Nebraska. The publishers are the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of New York.

* * *

Everyone is interested in knowing how to prolong life and the attendant energies and pleasures of existence. Doctor Pearce Kintzing has furnished a handbook on the subject and has entitled it "Long Life and How to Attain It." This is one of the works of the day, and it should be ranked among the works of Metschnikoff and others who are authorities. This is not a medical text book, but the text at once arrests and holds the attention of the reader and the scientific basis upon which the book is written will commend itself to the attention of any physician. The author has a happy manner of presenting his subject and his experience in adapting his advice to everyday life commends itself to the reader. Funk and Wagnalls, Publishers, New York.

* * *

Another scientific and scholarly work, "The Arcana of Nature," has been written by Hudson Tuttle, and finds publication through the Swan Sonnenschein Company of London-Stillman Publishing Company of New York. Students of Psychical research and all persons interested in what the author calls the spiritual life, the phenomena of clairvoyance, prophecy, trance thought transference, etc., will find this volume interesting.

Helen R. Martin has written the story of "The Revolt of Anne Royal." Many of my readers will remember "Tillie", "Sabina" and other pieces of literary work by the same author. The present novel is different, as it is a love tale. Is is new in conception and it is full of clever character delineation. Anne is a repressed and starved piece of winsome femininity. . She spends her childhood in her uncle's family, where she sees little, and is allowed less, of the pleasures of living. Her father is a brilliant man who does not understand girls, and who rules her with a rod of iron. The whole plot hinges on a confession made to the daughter by the father and his story of a dominating passion, a secret in his life, changes the entire existence of the heroine. Anne's "revolt" is a surprise and a beautiful one, and the book ends, leaving a very pleasant feeling with the reader. The Century Company.

* * *

Adeline Knapp is one of the San Franciscans that is well known to the world. It is true that she was not a San Franciscan by birth, but it is here and in the dun hills of California that she imbibed all the genius she has since given to the world in work. The author of "The Well in the Desert" was born in Buffalo, New York. She has had a varied experience as a special correspondent and has spent much time in Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Her book, "The Story of the Philippines," was one of the first on that interesting collection of islands and met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the reading public.

"The Well in the Desert," her new book, is a strong drama and it deals with the ele-

mental and vital things of life. It is a story of the Arizona desert, a drama on the edge of the world. Gard, her hero, is treated as a new type in fiction and is a refreshing and splendid character. His life in the desert, a Robinson Crusoe sort of reirement from the scenes of the world, after his undoing by the villain in the story, is strongly interesting and the book is one of the extraordinary ones of the year. Miss Knapp knows the desert and its people. The Century Company, New York.

* * *

The American Unitarian Association of Boston has just issued a beautiful volume entitled "Some Memories." These it is said were written by the Reverend Robert Collyer for the Christian Register, and they have been compiled and put in book form by the author. All who are fond of good English and the sweet philosophy of a master mind, would do well to procure the book. It is well printed and it contains a splendid photogravure autographed portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

* * *

The author, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, has illustrated her splendid book. "A Woman's Way Through Labrador," with some fine photographic reproductions in half-tone. The book is one of travel and it deals with the progress of Mrs. Hubbard through the country of the Nauscappee and George Rivers. Labrador is as yet the land of the far away, and the mystical unknown to most of us and it has not yet begun to yield its mine of literary worth. It is really a land of wonders and Mrs. Hubbard is one of its pioneers and her book will be found an addition to the literature on Labrador, an ornament to the library and the home.

The McClure Company.

* * *

F. Hopkinson Smith is always an enjoyable writer and his works are standards, in their way. He has added a valuable book to the "True American Types" series in "Captain Thos. A. Scott, Master Diver, one who was not afraid to speak the truth." Captain Scott was a deep sea wrecker and submarine diver. The story is a permanent record of heroism of a very high order, and the world owes Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith a debt for this veracious chronicle. The book is as interesting and soul stirring as a novel.

American Unitarian Association, Boston.

* * *

Mr. F. W. Bain has written "An Incarnation of the Snow," and it is quite an entrancing work. The author's descriptive powers are great and he is full to the brim with the mysticism of his subject. The book is commended to all students of psychology and to those who revel in word painting, for it is an enjoyable thing to read even if you be a scoffing unbeliever, and do not join the author or his followers in their spasms and delighted moments of self-hypnosis. The story is pretty and it is full of majestic pictures, in words. You lose yourself in the imagery and the orientalism of it all, the passion and the glamour, the mystery and the fantasm of it and you lay down the book with the same restful feeling that steals over your being after the spectres of a pleasant dream have passed away into the restful sleep preceding your re-entry among the horrid realities of daily life. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

* * *

It is rare indeed when a work of fiction comes to the care-worn Reviewer's hands and inspires his superlatives in its praise, but worthy books of verse are in these days far rarer than oases of the desert. All manner of rot and rubbish masquerading under the mantle of poetry is bound between covers by budding Byrons, and experience has made the literary chronicler approach the tender violet-covered volumes containing the metrical outpourings of the self-constituted poet with fear and trembling. In the face of all this it is with the greater pleasure that a little book of verse just received secures my appreciation and commendation. "Narrative Lyrics" it is called, and the poet is Edward Lucas White, whose name is not unknown to readers of the Atlantic Monthly, and whose verse has been honored by a position in the American Anthology, compiled by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman. It is an exceedingly colorful collection of narrative poems that Mr. White has given us in this volume, and his metrical form is everywhere dominated by a fine finish and quality. "The Titan" may be singled out for an especial word. It is an exceedingly graceful and telling piece of versification. The book will strike the responsive chord in those that are seeking real verse in these days of slush-mush-gush.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

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"The Point of Honor," is a new story by Joseph Conrad that is bound to have a great run. This story is a gem and it is beautiful in conception. It deals with the lives of two officers of the first Napoleon who were obsessed with a fierce hatred of one another and who yet fought side by side throughout the wars and who saved one the others lives in the fearful retreat from Moscow. The dramatic climax is consummately handled. This is one of the books of this glad holiday season that is bound to have a big circulation. The illustrations are in color and quaintly picturesque.

The McClure Company.

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The lady, be she wife, sweetheart or friend, must not be forgot in the holiday time and the "Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture" is a volume that will carry you straight to the secure and lasting harbor of her affections. It is daintily got up and the illustrations and text are by Oliver Herford and Cecil Clay. The female person-of-the-house will gloat over this booklet and treasure it muchly. As far as the gray haired curmudgeon who reviews books is concerned, "Cupid's Almanac" may only be classified among the unexplainable symptoms of National imbecility. It is filled with a balderdash of stupid puns and inane wit that make the flesh creep. That's the Reviewer's honest opinion, but the female-person-about-the-house will never agree with that crusty specimen of the age of troglodytes and the hairy mammoth.

Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

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